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LECTURES

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

IN EXETER HALL,

FROM NOVEMBER 1855, TO FEBRUARY 1856.

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PREFACE.

Popular Lectures form a very important and useful part of the modern provision for adult education, and are exercising a wide influence upon society, especially upon that large class, daily demanding more of earnest thought and consideration, who, having been compelled by the claims of business or of circumstances to enter upon the active duties of life ere their education was completed, require counsel and assistance, both as to the studies best to be pursued and the right methods of pursuing them. In many cases, however, the Lecture serves the purpose of direct instruction on specific subjects, and especially on subjects associated with moral or religious truth calculated to produce immediate impression and influence.

The Lectures delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association during Eleven successive winters have been addressed to both these purposes. The Committee entered upon their enterprise in the conviction that it was their duty to provide instruction, and help in earnest efforts at self-education and improvement, for the thou-

sands of Young Men brought under their influence; and the readiness with which their overtures were received, and the increasing numbers who flock to the Lectures year by year, evidence the necessity for and the adaptation of their plans. But they believed also that the permanence and complete success of their efforts would depend upon their subordination to the great object of the Association; and they are devoutly thankful to God that not one of the distinguished men who have lectured for the Society has entered upon his labour without a distinct recognition of, and an earnest sympathy with, that object —"the promotion of the spiritual and intellectual improvement of Young Men." To this fact alone, under the gracious blessing of God, can the Committee attribute the undiminished interest which attends both the delivery and publication of the Lectures, amid the peculiar excitements of the time, and notwithstanding the multiplication of similar attempts to instruct and edify Commercial Young Men.

An article which appeared in *The Times* newspaper on the occasion of the opening, by Lord John Russell, of the Course of Lectures published in this Volume, directs attention to the importance of this moral element in addresses delivered to the youth of "a self-flattering and self-indulgent generation." It fails to recognise (perhaps as beyond the province of journalism) that higher power—the GOSPEL OF SALVATION—which becomes the mainspring of moral action by renewing and sanctifying the heart; but with a wisdom and truthfulness which deserves a permanent record by the Association, it places before us a fact which we all, religious or irreligious, thinking or unthinking, need to

have perpetually in remembrance—that upon our conduct as individuals, upon our personal regard or disregard of truth, justice, and purity, in business intercourse and every-day life, must depend both the character of our own times, and the circumstances, social and national, which we shall bequeath to posterity. It is therefore appended, in the earnest prayer that God may give both to it and to the Lectures power for good upon the minds of those who shall read them.

"One of the worst evils of the war is that it absorbs the "whole attention of mankind. Whatever portion of heart "or mind, of time or strength, we can spare from our pri- "vate affairs, we give to the news from the Crimea. It is "what we read or think about; what two or three people "talk about when they meet; what we see in pictures and "study in maps and books. Three thousand miles from the "war, we become impassioned spectators, and for the time "are enveloped in all the splendour, all the gloom of war. "Thus day by day we degenerate into the worshippers of "Mars or Odin, and forget alike the dreams of human "progress and the dictates of a pacific religion. Everybody "who remembers the late war knows that it was all one "glitter of arms, one flutter of flags, one noise of reviews, "one perpetual talk of battles, deaths, and promotions. "Everything else was flat compared with victories and "defeats. The Universities languished, the churches were "empty, the House of Commons became more and more "corrupt; and all morality, philosophy, and religion seemed "to centre in the thought of dying in the breach, with the "sound of victory in one's ears. Society is fast relapsing "into that ungenial state. We read in the papers that the

"other day a bookseller of Sweaborg requested leave to go "on his business to Sweden, and was told by the authori- "ties that Russia wanted no more books. That is al- "ready our case. We want no more books. Give us good "recruits, at least five feet seven; a good model for a float- "ing battery, and a gun to take effect at 5000 yards, and "Whigs and Tories, Low and High Church, the poets, "astronomers, and critics may settle it among themselves. "Of course, the lower instincts survive, and as long as "money lasts we shall continue to appreciate good dinners "and grand houses; but whatever requires fineness of per- "ception and abstraction of thought is falling fast out of "favour. All the more credit, therefore, to anybody who "can so far insulate his mind from the perturbations of "society as to recall us to matters of universal and perma- "nent interest. Lord John Russell is one of the men "who can do this, and, so far from being out of his place in "lecturing a young men's Christian association in Exeter- "hall on some improving topic, he strikes one particularly "as 'the right man in the right place.' A man of less "authority may speak to little purpose; a private man may "be supposed ordinarily insensible to public affairs; but "Lord John Russell, who has been a statesman for a "whole generation, is certain of that attention to which he "is undoubtedly entitled.

"His subject last night was 'the obstacles which have "retarded moral and political progress.' It is a large and "suggestive description. The obstacles are on the surface "of history; they form its chief matter; they are salient, "multitudinous, fixed, and prescriptive. They are social "institutions; the powers that be; the world, whether "within or without us. Vain is it to comprehend them in "a definition or grasp them in a principle. The moment a

"man begins to talk of them he wanders over the whole "surface of society, and if he takes up his pen he fills a "book with infinite particulars of wrong and robbery with "which earth is filled. Lord John Russell attempted to "enumerate some of the chief heads of mischief,—religious "persecution,—that is, all attempts to enforce uniformity of "faith and opinion; interference with commerce, intem- "perance, ignorance, and the vices of wealth, sensuality, "excess, evil speaking, unkindness, and all those other "smaller violences with which men are wont to defend their "own selfishness. It is vain indeed to attempt any enume- "ration of the obstacles to improvement; it must be slo- "venly and offhand, for the obstacles are chaos, and chaos "admits of no description. We are conscious of something "uncouth, raw, dark, wretched, that is perpetually dwarf- "ing, twisting, and destroying the noble growth of virtue, "peace, and truth. It is not confined to barbarism, for we "are not barbarous ourselves, and we seem to find as many "obstacles in our way as the great kings and lawgivers "who rose up in the twilight of civilization and first moulded "the minds of men to goodness and order. No mere civili- "zation, as Lord J. Russell pointed out last night, is itself "capable of removing these obstacles. The Augustan eras "of Rome, of France, and even of England, were stained by "great vices; the first led to the decay of liberty and the "decline of an empire; the second produced scandals such "as could only be wiped out by a bloody revolution; the "third was disgraced by general depravity and scepticism. "If we are to take another supposition, and regard our pre- "sent civilization as at the highest, and the present era as "Augustan, then this is the period which is exciting the "deep anxiety of all good men. This is the very time when "it seems more difficult than ever to find the way and lay

"the foundation for any real improvement. This is the "time which we call the age of great cities; when we know "not what to do with our youthful offenders or our incor- "rigible convicts. This is the very crisis when we find "ourselves suddenly plunged over head in a war that "threatens to absorb the whole earth and last out our time. "Never was philanthropy so despairing as now. It is the "clash of arms, with the sudden stupor of the human mind "and the consternation of good men, that drives Lord John "Russell to the platform of Exeter-hall.

"Young men in these days, and, for aught we know, in all "ages, expect to have moral and religious progress made, "not only easy, but pleasurable, triumphant, and ingenious "—dignified with theories and sweetened with indulgence. "They want a royal road to improvement—a wide road, a "pleasant road, and not very tedious. So Lord John Rus- "sell does not hesitate to disabuse them, and he gives them "the stern old advice that the only way is to be found in "good habits. Bad passions and vicious inclinations, in one "form or another, are the real obstacles to progress, and "they are powerful ones. Strong restraint is necessary to "subdue them; and that restraint is to be found only in "morality and a good teacher. Good moral habits are the "very sinews of the frame, whether that be the frame of "one mind or of all society. They are the fibre that makes "the very muscles, that forms our solid consistency, that "gives us working power, and makes us true men. All the "talk in the world goes for nothing, if it does not end in "good moral habits, the want of which is sure to make "a clever man a fool, wise reforms nugatory, and a great "nation profligate and corrupt. Let Heaven send good "harvests; let our cities resound with the hum of factories "and the traffic of streets; let earth be covered with our

"railways, and the ocean with our ships; but let the salt of "life be wanting—let luxury spoil the rich, and intemper- "ance degrade the poor; let classes be set against each "other; let the moral sense be once blunted by bad habits, "and then all that should have been for our wealth becomes "an occasion for falling; and harvests, cities, factories, rail- "ways, ships, art, science, everything on which we were "lately boasting ourselves, passes over like a traitor to the "camp of destruction, and obstructs that moral and poli- "tical progress of which it seemed to be the chief means. "Immorality, whether public or private, is the one source "of this mischief; and Lord John Russell has read a good "lesson to a self-flattering and self-indulgent generation, "when he points out that nothing is to be done, and no "progress to be made, without good moral habits. Whether "all the young men who heard him last night thought this "more than so much sermonizing we know not; but if "they live long enough they will find it all true, to their "pleasure or their cost."

It only remains for the Committee to express their gratitude to the Noble, Learned, and Reverend Lecturers by whose kindness they are permitted to present this Volume to the public, for this as well as for the more public expression of their interest in the work of the Association.

Honour has been conferred upon the Society, and the comfort and order of its assemblies during the delivery of these Lectures at Exeter Hall in the past winter have been assured, by the presidency of the Earl of Shaftesbury; the Lord Panmure; the Lord Robert Grosvenor, M.P.; the Right Hon. W. F. Cowper, M.P.; the Hon.

Arthur F. Kinnaird, M.P.; Rear-Admiral Vernon Harcourt; R. C. L. Bevan, Esq.; Geo. Hitchcock, Esq.; Henry Tucker, Esq.; Edward Corderoy, Esq.; and William Morley, jun., Esq.; to each of whom the Association is indebted for previous acts of kindness.

T. H. TARLTON, Hon. Sec.
W. E. SHIPTON, Corr. Sec.

Offices of the Young Men's Christian Association,
165, *Aldersgate Street, London,*
10*th March*, 1856.

A Report of the Association, and any particulars of its operations, may be obtained on application to Mr. Shipton, as above, by any person anxious to support the Society, or to aid in the formation of Branch or similar Associations in the country.

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The Obstacles which have retarded Moral and Political Progress.

A LECTURE

BY THE

RIGHT HON. LORD JOHN RUSSELL, M.P.

THE OBSTACLES WHICH HAVE RETARDED MORAL AND POLITICAL PROGRESS.

My noble friend* has said truly that I have undertaken the task of delivering the opening lecture of this Association. I confess that since I have undertaken it, although I felt deeply the honour that was offered me, I felt appalled at that undertaking. Although, certainly, I cannot say that I am "unused to public speaking," yet an address of this kind is to me unusual, and I fear that I shall not perform the task in a manner adequate to its importance. I must say, likewise, that the subject which I have chosen, and which appeared to me one upon which I had given a good deal of thought and attention, when I came further to consider it, seemed so vast that I can but open a corner of that field; I can but make a beginning—and, therefore, what I have to deliver may seem to you in many parts to be proving that which has been abundantly and frequently proved, to be enforcing that which needs no further enforcement, and to be wasting time in discussing the value of that which has been long since ascertained and appreciated. Yet, at the same time, I think you will not find it unuseful to throw somewhat of the light of past history

* The chair was occupied by the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury, President of the Young Men's Christian Association.

upon the future, and we may find some guide to that future in looking back to the errors that have been committed,—not by barbarous nations, not in the dark ages,—but by some of the greatest and most enlightened among mankind. I have undertaken to point out some of the obstacles which retard moral and political progress. The latest lecture given in the course of 1854 was on "Opposition to great inventions and discoveries." Nor was abundant material wanting to such a theme. Roger Bacon, Copernicus, Galileo, and, at a later time, Harvey, and even Newton, afforded pregnant instances of resistance to the diffusion of light. But if the obstacles to the progress of physical science are great, how much greater are those which impede moral and political advancement! Mathematical demonstration and physical experiment carry with them a certain irresistible force which pierces through the thickest barriers of prejudice and superstition. When Galileo showed through his telescope the satellites of Jupiter, it was difficult for the most obstinate pedant to deny the truth of his discovery. When Newton demonstrated, by a series of geometrical propositions, the doctrine of attraction, those who understood his reasoning could not long withhold their assent to his conclusion. But in respect to moral and political truth, we have not, in the first place, the same certainty, and, in the second place, we have to contend against more than the pride of intellect, the tenacity of prejudice, and the force of habit; we have to contend against the jealousy of power, the credulity of superstition, and the alarms of timidity. Not to argue this matter further, I will at once show you by an example what I mean. The best commentary on Newton's *Principia* is written by Jacquier and Le Seur, two members of the order of St. Francis, called Minimi. This commentary is so simple and complete, that it enables a person who has but an imperfect knowledge of

mathematics, to comprehend and to master the sublime discoveries of Newton. There was, however, a trifling objection to the publication of this commentary. The Pope had, by his decrees, forbidden any one to maintain the doctrine of the motion of the earth. The learned Franciscans disposed of the difficulty very easily. They prefixed a notice to this part of the work, declaring that they bowed with implicit submission to the decision of the Pope that the sun moved round the earth, but that they had been incited by curiosity to show what would have been the case, had it been a truth instead of a fiction, that the earth moved round the sun.* The world laughed and learnt; the Holy See was satisfied and silent. Now, let us imagine that these erudite friars, instead of physical theories, had turned their minds to religion, and had examined, while bowing to the decrees of the Council of Trent, what would have been the result had the Bible been the only rule of faith, and all reference to tradition and the authority of the church set aside. It is evident that censure, penance, and expulsion, if not worse punishments, would have been the result. This instance brings us at once to one of the great obstacles to the progress of moral and political science. Truth is discovered by inquiry; knowledge is attained by the diffusion of opinion; Governments have undertaken to suppress inquiry and to guide opinion on all religious and moral, nay, on many physical subjects. Let us investigate this subject

* The Edition of Newton's Principia referred to is stated in the title to be "Perpetuis Commentariis illustrata, communi Studio PP. Thomæ Le Seur et Francisci Jacquier, ex Gallicanâ Minimorum Familiâ."

The declaration was as follows:—"Newtonus in hoc tertio libro telluris motæ hypothesim assumit. Auctoris propositiones aliter explicari non poterant, nisi eâdem quoque factâ hypothesi. Hinc alienam coacti sumus gerere personam. Cæterum latis à Summis Pontificibus contrà telluris motum Decretis nos obsequi profitemur."

further. We shall find that some of the greatest obstacles which have been interposed to moral and political progress are those which have been caused by a misapprehension of the functions and a misapplication of the powers of civil government. Those functions are extensive in their legitimate province; those powers are formidable in their proper sphere. But Governments have perverted to wrong ends an authority which is essential to society in its lowest requirements, and ought to assist its progress to the highest summit. Let us for a moment consider the objects of the formation of civil government. These objects are very large, lofty, and extensive. At home, a Government is bound to protect life and property. These few words imply the whole question of criminal law, the various relations of property, the laws of marriage, the relations of master and workman, the security of trade, the maintenance of internal tranquillity, the rule of all orders of men in their separate stations, and the complicated disputes which spring out of their dealings with each other. Let us grant, in addition to these—although it may be matter of some question—the promotion of religion and instruction of the young by public grant or endowment. But there is another duty still more complex and more difficult. Government is charged with the maintenance of the independence of the nation. As such it forms alliances, makes and dissolves treaties, maintains armies and navies, rules, perhaps, extensive foreign possessions, and, whether in peace or war, is bound not to sacrifice any vital interest to a foreign power. Surely here are functions enough for a Burleigh or a Sully—for the wisdom of Somers and the energy of Richelieu—for the capacity of a Henry IV. of France, or a William III. of Great Britain. It has been pretended, however, that besides all these functions it is the right and duty of Governments to prescribe the rule of religious faith, and to

draw a circle beyond which it shall not be lawful to move. I propose to show you—first, the argument on which this pretension is based; secondly, its hollowness; and, thirdly, the evils which this unhappy mistake has caused. A great master of morality and of reason, a pious and virtuous Christian—I mean Dr. Johnson—after speaking of the duty of parents towards their children, says,—"Now the vulgar are the children of the State. If any one attempts to teach them doctrines contrary to what the State approves, the magistrate may and ought to restrain him." On another occasion, Boswell relates the following conversation. The speakers are Dr. Johnson and Dr. Mayo:—

"I introduced the subject of toleration. *Johnson.*—'Every society has a right to preserve public peace and order, and therefore has a good right to prohibit the propagation of opinions which have a dangerous tendency. To say the magistrate has this right is using an inadequate word; it is the society for which the magistrate is agent. He may be morally or theologically wrong in restraining the propagation of opinions which he thinks dangerous, but he is politically right.' *Mayo.*—'I am of opinion, Sir, that every man is entitled to liberty of conscience in religion, and that the magistrate cannot restrain that right.' *Johnson.*—'Sir, I agree with you. Every man has a right to liberty of conscience, and with that the magistrate cannot interfere. People confound liberty of thinking with liberty of talking—nay, with liberty of preaching. Every man has a physical right to think as he pleases; for it cannot be discovered how he thinks. He has not a moral right, for he ought to inform himself, and think justly. But, Sir, no member of a society has a right to teach any doctrine contrary to what the society holds to be true. The magistrate, I say, may be wrong in what he thinks; but while he thinks himself right, he may and ought to enforce what he thinks.' *Mayo.*—

'Then, Sir, we are to remain always in error, and truth never can prevail; and the magistrate was right in persecuting the first Christians.' *Johnson.*—'Sir, the only method by which religious truth can be established is by martyrdom. The magistrate has a right to enforce what he thinks; and he who is conscious of the truth, has a right to suffer. I am afraid there is no other way of ascertaining the truth but by persecution on the one hand, and enduring it on the other.'"

Such was the conclusion to which a man of powerful understanding and extensive learning was driven by resting his opinions on false principles. There are two of those principles involved in the discourse I have quoted. The first is, that a man is at liberty to hold an opinion in his own mind, but not to communicate it to others. It were easy to show that such a doctrine fully established must prevent all moral and political progress. Indeed, I might go further, and say that even progress in physical science would be arrested if the magistrate were, in the name of society, to stop all diffusion of such opinions as were considered by him adverse to religion. The opinion of Galileo —that the earth moved—was condemned, not as contrary to physical science, but as opposed to revealed doctrine. The opinions of the geologists were, at the commencement of this century, denounced as at variance with the narrative of Holy Writ.

Is every man who has made a physical discovery to ask the civil magistrate whether his demonstration is at variance with some ignorant interpretation of the Scriptures before he ventures to publish it to the world? But, to meet the objection in front, is he who deems more highly of his God, than the emperor or high priest of his day, to hide his light under a bushel, because the civil or ecclesiastical ruler does not like to be disturbed? Were the early

Christians not to tell their brothers, their wives, their husbands, their children, to forsake idolatry and worship only one true God? Were the Christian martyrs rightly amenable to the penalties of the criminal law? Again, was Luther, after being convinced that indulgences and the other abuses of the Roman Catholic church were founded on perversions of the Christian religion, not to lift up his voice and proclaim his conviction? Was the martyrdom of Latimer and Ridley the just punishment of a crime against society? These questions must have pressed on the logical mind of Dr. Johnson, and accordingly they forced him to change his ground. But what is the conclusion at which he arrives? "The magistrate has a right to enforce what he thinks, and he who is conscious of the truth has a right to suffer. I am afraid there is no other way of ascertaining the truth, but by persecution on the one hand, and enduring it on the other." Why not? Why not permit the free circulation of truth and error—leave to truth its own all-sufficient armour, and to error its own stratagems and delusions—leave argument to be met by argument, assertion by inquiry? If the just cause suffer for a time, if human credulity embraces error with ardour, and is cold as ice to truth,* we may yet rely that the light of free discussion will in time disperse the mist of false opinions—that, however slow the process, the test of free examination will, in time, separate the dross from the genuine ore Here, in fact, is the turning point of the whole question. Dr. Johnson and others contend that, governments have the right and duty to control their subjects, as parents control children. The friends of religious liberty contend that, governments have no such right, and have no special

* "L'homme est de glace aux vérités,
Il est de feu pour les mensonges."—*La Fontaine.*

capacity to fit them for the task. A Roman historian speaks of the rare felicity of his time, when a man was allowed to think as he chose, and to speak as he thought. This rare felicity is the common birthright of mankind. It is the source of all knowledge; the privilege which elevates the nature of man; one of the most precious of the gifts of God :—

> "What is a man,
> If his chief good, and market of his time,
> Be but to sleep and feed?—a beast, no more.
> Sure He that made us with such large discourse,
> Looking before and after, gave us not
> That capability and Godlike reason
> To fust in us unused."

The exercise of the faculties of the human mind is the first step to the discovery of truth. The highest object upon which the mind, when once raised, and disciplined, and strengthened by instruction, fixes its attention, is religion. What we are to believe of God, what we are required to do in obedience to His will, engages the most earnest thoughts of good and wise men. Milton and Locke are great examples of this.* But we have

* "For not to speak of that knowledge that rests in the contemplation of natural causes and dimensions, which must needs be a lower wisdom as the object is low, certain it is, that he who hath obtained in more than the scantiest measure to know anything distinctly of God, and of his true worship, and what is infallibly good and happy in the state of man's life; what in itself evil and miserable, though vulgarly not so esteemed; he, that hath obtained to know this, the only high valuable wisdom indeed, remembering also that God, even to a strictness, requires the improvement of these His entrusted gifts, cannot but sustain a sour burden of mind, and more pressing than any supportable toil or weight which the body can labour under; how, and in what manner he shall dispose and employ those sums of knowledge and illumination, which God hath sent him into this world to trade with."—*From the Preface to the Second Book of Milton's Reason of Church Government, urged against Prelates.*

higher authority for the exercise of the right of teaching than any mere human dictum. When Peter and John were commanded "Not to speak at all, nor teach in the name of Jesus," they answered, and said, "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye. For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." Again, when they were threatened a second time, and asked by the high priest, "Did not we strictly command you that ye should not teach in this name?" they answered simply, but stedfastly, "We ought to obey God rather than men." Now, if this conduct of Peter and John was right in the sight of God, it follows that no man ought to be punished for publishing his religious convictions. For it is impossible that men can have a right to do certain things, and avow certain opinions, and that other men—their rulers—can have a right to punish them for these same actions and avowals. If a man, convinced of the truth of his own belief, has a right to propagate that belief, a sovereign or magistrate can have no right to punish him for it. For this were to admit two contradictory rights, two repugnant duties, in violation of all our notions of divine and human justice.* It is contended, however, that the public peace is only to be preserved by repelling the intrusions of fanaticism, by repressing the disturbances

* Robert Hall says, to the same purport, though much better:—"When the commands of a civil superior interfere with those which we conscientiously believe to be the laws of God, submission to the former must be criminal; for the two obligations are not equipollent, but the former is essential, invariable, and paramount to every other: 'whether it be right,' say the apostles, 'to obey God or man, judge ye.' But if an active obedience in such circumstances be *criminal*, to prescribe it cannot be *innocent*, since it would be absurd to affirm that exercise of authority to be right to which it is wrong to submit."

by which innovations in religion are always attended. This is the pretence of those craftsmen who wish to maintain inviolate the profits of their own silver shrines. Let us see how far history sanctions this pretence. Without recurring to the well-known example of the trial and punishment of Socrates, let us observe the exercise of this right in four memorable instances. The first I shall take is the punishment of the early Christians; the next is the persecution of the Reformers in the Low Countries; the third, the religious wars in France; the fourth, the revocation of the edict of Nantes. To begin with the Roman emperors. I will not quote the example of Nero or Domitian, but refer to the wise Trajan, and his minister, the enlightened Pliny. We possess the correspondence of Pliny with Trajan during the time that Pliny was Proprætor in Bithynia. In this curious correspondence we find traces of the provident care with which a Roman governor watched over the public peace; adorned the buildings of the chief towns, and guarded the health of the community intrusted to his charge. For instance, as a true sanitary reformer, he reports to the emperor, that an open space, near a town, has a stream running through it, which is called a river; but which is, in fact, a sewer—filthy to the sight and pestilential to the smell. He asks the emperor's permission to have this stream covered, engaging to find the money for the purpose, and immediately obtains the necessary authority. Thus we see that sanitary reform is not an invention of our own day. Among other public and private concerns on which he writes, he touches upon the progress made by the Christians. He complains that the temples are nearly deserted, that animals for sacrifice find no purchasers, and that the number of Christians is daily increasing. He interrogates some who had belonged to their community, and who had left it at various

periods from two to twenty years before. These persons readily worshipped the image of the emperor, and cursed the name of Christ. Examined as to the nature of their former religion, they said that all they had done was to meet on stated days, before daylight, and sing hymns to Christ, as to a God; that they bound themselves by an oath (*sacramento*) not to commit theft or adultery, to keep faith with their neighbours, and to restore goods deposited with them to their right owners; that after this they separated, and met again to take food together, in common, but without any evil intent. This account, from men who had obeyed the orders of the emperor, to desist from attending Christian meetings, and who were, therefore, disinterested, might, one should have thought, have induced so benevolent an emperor as Trajan, and so enlightened a governor as Pliny, to leave undisturbed the followers of Christ. But it was not so. Pliny seems, indeed, to have doubted whether the name of Christian, apart from any crime, was to be punished. He continues, however, his report to the emperor in these words: "In the meantime, with regard to those who were brought before me as Christians, I followed this method. I asked them whether they were Christians; to those who confessed themselves to be so I put the question a second and a third time, threatening them with punishment; those who persevered I ordered to be led out to execution." Trajan approves these proceedings, and only desires that the Christians who were not brought before the governor should not be sought out. I need not relate to you what fearful martyrdoms, what cruel massacres followed the adoption of this principle of persecution. Far from preserving public peace, the system of punishing Christians convulsed the empire, and was so far from being successful, that it finally terminated in the establishment of Christianity. I wish I could add that

Pagans were not in their turn victims of persecution. Nay, Christians persecuted other Christians. The learned Dean of St. Paul's, agreeing in this respect with other historians, places the first edicts sanctioning the punishment of heretic Christians in the reign of Theodosius the Great. I do not propose, however, to follow the history of the various persecutions of heretics in Christian times. I wish to make a transition at once to the persecution of the Protestants in the Low Countries, and to call your attention to a remarkable passage of Grotius on this subject. Speaking of the intolerant laws promulgated in that country, he says:—

"These laws, dictated by a disposition not usually cruel, had their origin in a religion impatient of dissent. For religion, which ought to be the means of softening and uniting the minds of men, has become, through the fault of human infirmity, a most bitter source of hatred. For it was at that time the conviction of many princes that the body of the commonwealth should be animated by one religion as by a soul, and that the best way to constitute laws for spiritual as well as for temporal matters was to give no choice to the multitude. Hence, the Emperor was the more easily persuaded, after the example of Germany, that if the reverence for priests was destroyed, his own authority would no longer be obeyed, and that a poison which drew its vigour from license might in a short time be subdued by punishment. But the event was contrary to his expectation, for though many perished, more succeeded in their places. For these things that we do to please the body are subject to force and to authority from the fear of death and of torture; but the soul, as it is by its nature free and immortal, if it has embraced eagerly an opinion, cannot be subdued by fire or by sword; for dangers themselves invite to resistance and it is accounted blessed and glorious to suffer cruel and

abhorred punishments with a conscience void of sin. Proofs of this fact are to be found in the early history of the Christians, and in these times. For, after the capital execution of not less than 100,000 persons in order to try whether this fire would be extinguished in a deluge of blood, such multitudes rose in Belgium, that public punishments were interrupted by riot and sedition as often as a famous criminal was to be executed, or a torture more painful than usual was to be inflicted."*

Such is the observation of the Protestant Grotius. Let us now hear the sentiment of an enlightened Roman Catholic. De Thou, President of the Parliament of France, speaking of his own country and his own time, says:—

"We have been sufficiently taught by experience that fire and sword, banishments and proscriptions, have irritated rather than cured a disease inherent in the mind. For such a cure it is necessary not to use remedies which

* Ea jura dictata ab ingenio, alias non immiti, quo minus miremur, vis religionis facit, dissentientis impatiens; quæ cum molliendis fœderandisque animis valere deberet, facta est humanæ imbecillitatis vitio, acerbissima odiorum materia. Ad hoc plerisque tum Principibus infixum, unum reipublicæ corpus una religione velut spiritu contineri, sacrisque, ut humanis legibus, ita optime constare rationem, si multitudini non reddatur. Quo facilius Cæsari, post Germanica exempla, persuasum, proculeata sacerdotum reverentia ne ipsi quidem mansurum obsequium, brevique pœnâ opprimi posse virus, quod alimentum haberet licentiam. Sed contra eventus fuit, effecto ut perirent multi, plures succrescerent. Ea nimirum quæ corpore exercemus, mortis et cruciatum metu vi atque imperio obnoxia sunt: verum animus ut est liber et immortalis, si quid per se arripuit non ferro, non igne eviceris; quin ipsa invitant pericula, beatumque et gloriosum habetur, extra sceleris conscientiam crudelia atque invisa perpeti, cui rei documento sunt et veteres Christianorum res, et hæc tempora. Nam post carnificata hominum, non minus centum millia, ex quo tentatum an posset incendium hoc sanguine restingui, tanta multitudo per Belgicam insurrexerat, ut publica interdum supplicia, quoties insignior reus, aut atrociores cruciatus, seditione impedirentur.—*Hugonis Grotii Annales de Rebus Belgicis. lib. I.*

only affect the body, but to apply to those which, by doctrine and careful teaching, are gently instilled into the mind. All other matters are ordered by the discretion of the civil magistrate, and, therefore, of the prince. Religion alone is not commanded, but is infused into minds well prepared by an opinion of its truth, with the assistance of Divine grace. Punishments are of no efficacy in producing this conviction; they rather harden and confirm than break or persuade the mind. What the Stoics said so proudly of their philosophy we may much more truly say of religion. For when a man is acted upon by religion, trouble and pain are of no moment to him; and any other kind of grief is cast at his feet by the virtue which is derived from that opinion which he has imbibed. Nothing he can have to bear disturbs him. He complains not of being subject to anything that may befall a human being. He knows his own force, and, while he thinks himself trusting in the grace of God, he believes that he shall be equal to the burden that is cast upon him. The executioner may stand before him; the minister of torture may prepare his instruments and his fire, he will still persevere; nor will he consider what he is to suffer, but what it behoves him to do. For his happiness is in his own breast; and if anything touches him from without, it appears to him light and to reach no further than his outer skin. It is worth our while to listen to what one of these men said and did. When he was tied to the stake, in order to be burnt by fire, he went down on his knees and began to sing a hymn, which the smoke and fire scarcely interrupted; and when the executioner began to light the fire behind his back, that he might not be seen, the sufferer cried out, 'Come here and light the fire before my eyes; had I feared it I never should have come to this place, which I might have avoided.' Thus, the zeal of those who labour to introduce novelties in religion

is not to be repressed by punishment; but, on the contrary, minds become more obstinate, whether to suffer or to dare. For when from the ashes of some, others are raised, and the number has increased, patience is converted into fury; nor have we to deal as before with suppliants, but with remonstrants and opposers, and those who before fled from punishment now appeared in arms. We have seen this course of events for 40 whole years in France—for somewhat less time in the Low Countries; and the matter has reached that point, that not by the punishment of this or that person, as it might have been at the beginning, can this be restrained, lest it should spread further; but when it has prevaded entire communities and whole nations, and thus reached the greatest part of Europe, we have need, not of the sword of the magistrate, but of the weapon of the Lord. For those who cannot be forced ought to be taught, and ought to be invited to meetings and to friendly assemblies."*

* Experientiâ satis edocti sumus ferrum, flammas exilia, proscriptiones irritasse potius quam sanasse morbum menti inhærentem: ad quem proinde curandum non iis, quæ in corpus tantum penetrant, sed doctrinâ et sedulâ institutione quæ in animum leniter instillata descendit, opus esse. Alla quippe omnia arbitrio civilis magistratus atque adeo principis sanciuntur: sola religio non imperatur, sed ex præceptâ veritatis opinione, accedente divini Numinis gratiâ, bene præparatis mentibus infunditur. Ad eam cruciatus nihil valent: quin obfirmant potius animos quam frangunt, aut persuadent. Quod de suâ illa sapientiâ tam magnifice prædicavere Stoici, hoc nos multo justius de religione dixerimus. Nam ubi quis religione ducitur, in eum nullum habent momentum vexatio et dolor; et quicquid aliud incommodi est, virtute, quæ ab illâ præceptâ opinione ingeneratur, obruitur. Nihil illi eorum quæ ferenda sunt, displicet. Quicquid cadere in hominem potest, in se cecidisse non queritur. Vireis suas novit; dumque se Dei gratiâ fretum putat, oneri ferendo se quoque parant futurum confidit. Stet illic licet carnifex, licet tortor ferrum et flammam admoveat, perseverabit; nec quid passurus sed quid facturus sit, cogitabit. Felicitas illi quippe domestica est, et si quid extrinsecus intervenit, leve est, et summam tantum cutem stringit. . . . . Audire est operæ

I come to the fourth and last instance of persecutions, which, like the former, regards France. After a long period of so-called religious war, Henry IV., in concert with his wise minister, Sully, by the Edict of Nantes, established concord between the two religions, by leaving Roman Catholics and Protestants in possession of all that they held. Peace for a long time prevailed. But Louis XIV., tormented by his confessor for the notorious profligacy of his life, resolved to atone for his sins by punishing the innocent and loyal Protestants of his dominions. Two schemes were proposed for his adoption; the one, recommended by the Jesuit La Chaise, aimed at nominal conversions, with a view to make good Roman Catholics of the children; the other, favoured by the Jansenists, looked to real and effectual turning of the heart and mind to the Roman Catholic faith. Between the two, however, interposed Louvois, Minister of War. Jealous of the influence which might be acquired during peace by other ministers,

pretium quid unus ex iis dixerit feceritque. Cum igni cremandus ad palum alligatur, ibi genibus flexis canere cœpit hymnum, quem fumus et ignis vix interrupit: et cum carnifex ignem post tergum, ne conspiceretur immittere vellet, Huc, inquit, accede et ante oculos accende ignem: si enim illum timuissem numquam ad hunc locum, quem fugere licuit, accessissem.

Itaque non cruciatibus repressus ardor res novas in religionis causa molientium, sed potius obdurati animi ad majora patienda sive audenda. Nam ubi ex cineribus aliorum alii enati sunt, et numerus crevit, patientia in furorem evasit; nec jam supplices ut antea, sed importuni expostulatores et flagitatores esse experunt, et qui supplicia prius fugiebant, ultro etiam arma intulerunt. Id jam quadraginta totos annos in Gallia, paulo minus in Belgio, cernimus: resque eo tandem devenit, ut non unius aut alterius pœna, quod fortasse ab initio licuit, malum, ne latius serpat, resecari possit; sed cum totos populos, totas nationes, atque adeo maximam Europæ partem pervaserit, non jam magistratus ferro, sed gladio Dominico, opus est. Nam doceri et moderata ratione ad colloquia et amicas collationes invitari debent, qui cogi non possunt.—*Thuani Historia, Præfatio ad Henricum IV.*

he undertook the conversion of the Protestants as a business of his own department. The steps he took, consigned as they are to everlasting infamy, under the name of the "dragonnades," were of this nature:—Troops of dragoons, sometimes accompanied by infantry and artillery, were sent into the provinces in which the Protestants abounded; they were quartered in the houses of the Protestants, especially of the rich of that communion, till they abandoned their faith; the troops were then removed to another district. If the Protestants attempted to assemble for public worship, they were charged, dispersed, and killed by the dragoons. The consequences were what might have been expected. Many nominal conversions were made; in one district more than 100,000 in a fortnight, but nearly all relapsed. They then remained excluded from the rights of marriage, their children declared illegitimate, and they themselves, a million of subjects, placed out of the pale of the law. The discontent, the confusion, and the misery were beyond expression.

So far, then, is it from being true that restrictions placed upon religious freedom have preserved the peace and order of society, the facts are all the other way. The persecutions of the early Christians, the massacres of the early Reformers, the violences committed against the Huguenots of France, have rent society to its foundations, and peace has only been established when the persecutor refrained from his unholy task, and liberty of conscience was proclaimed. I might illustrate these facts by the peace which took place in Holland, when persecution ceased in that country, which Sir W. Temple tells us was the first of all the countries of Europe to sanction the principle of religious liberty. I might allude to what took place in our own country—to the persecutions which took place in the days of Charles II. —the Act of Toleration, the attempt to revive persecution

towards the latter end of the reign of Queen Anne, and the peace which has prevailed since the accession of the House of Hanover, when religious liberty has been made a part not only of the law, but of the established practice, of this country.*

Nor should I forget that in the United States of America, where religious persecution has for many years been unknown, where indeed it only took place for a short time after the Pilgrim Fathers arrived in America, we have the authority of Lord Carlisle for saying that it is a happy and pleasant thing to witness the peace and harmony that prevail. I have spoken to you of the impediments which are interposed in the way of moral and political progress from a misconception of the duties of Government. I might give you many other instances in which Government have mistaken and overpassed their limits. There is one to which I will but slightly allude, because within a few years it has been a matter of political controversy in this country. Nothing seems a more natural right of man, or a right that may be more harmlessly allowed, than that of exchanging the products of his industry against the products of the industry of other men; yet one of the wisest of the French ministers, Colbert, inspired by what was then thought true political sagacity, finding that the people of France were exchanging their wines for the hardware and other manufactures of Holland, prohibited the admission of those products, and thereby reduced to poverty a great part of the people of France. Happily, in later times, we have been more prudent, but this is one of the subjects upon which Governments have overstepped their limits, and, in pretending to be wiser than their subjects, have only retarded the progress

* It has been observed that I omitted to notice the penal laws against the Roman Catholics. No doubt they formed a bad exception to the general rule.—J. R.

of moral and political improvement. I am very far from having exhausted the subject of the obstacles placed by Governments to moral and political progress. But, having given this example of the evil done by authority, I will pass to another part of this great question, and consider how far, at the present day, the people themselves obstruct improvement. We have now arrived at that freedom of discussion, that religious liberty, which good men sighed for, which Milton eloquently demanded, and Locke established by argument.

In certain countries, in Great Britain, in France, in the United States of America, the human conscience is no longer shackled by Governments or by laws. Have we, then, removed all obstacles to moral and political progress? A few references to the state of our own country will show that much remains to be done in this respect.

1. It was shown by the late distinguished Secretary to the Board of Trade, Mr. Porter, in 1850, that the sums expended yearly in spirits, beer, and tobacco, amounted to upwards of £57,400,000. It is stated by the same gentleman that among those labourers and workmen, heads of families, who earn 10s. to 15s. a-week, at least one-half is spent by the men upon objects in which the other members of the family have no share. Apart from all statistical results, observation must lead us to the conclusion that among labourers and workmen the vice of intemperance is one of the most common and the most hurtful.

2. The want of education, as proved by the returns of Inspectors, of Chaplains of gaols, is such that a great portion of our people are ignorant of the simplest elements of religion and the most common rudiments of learning.

3. While such are the prominent vices and defects of the poor, vices and defects of a different kind, but no less offensive to morality, are found among the rich. Sensuality

and excess, selfishness, evil-speaking, want of charity and kindness to those about them, abound. All these are Obstacles to Moral and Political Progress. Upon what can we rely to counteract them? Upon the force of civilization? Twice have its powers been tried, and been found wanting. In the days of Augustus Cæsar, when order had been established and prosperity revived, when Virgil and Horace flourished at Rome, and the vast provinces under his rule were blessed with peace and tranquillity, everything seemed to promise a long duration of happiness. But the Christian apostle and the Pagan satirist alike prove that all was hollow and delusive. Vice increased, knowledge decayed, power vanished, and soon everything portended the decline and fall of the Roman empire. Again, in the eighteenth century of our era, civilization had reached a very high point; that century, enlightened above all its predecessors, which enjoyed the literature of the age of Louis XIV. in France, and of Queen Anne in England, when Racine, Molière, Boileau, La Fontaine, Dryden, Pope, Addison, and Swift were read and admired, when Newton's philosophy was established, when Lavoisier, and Black, and Cavendish had advanced chymistry to a science, and Watt had, by his improvement of the steam-engine, rivalled the invention of the printing-press, seemed in its course tending to the happiness of nations. But before that century ended, revolutions tearing up the foundations of society, wars desolating all the nations of Europe, bore sad testimony to the mistake that had been made. What was that mistake? The nature of man is so prone to evil that strong restraint is required to keep down his bad passions and subdue his vicious inclinations. He requires likewise some special incentive to good The legislators of antiquity sought that restraint

upon evil and that incentive to good in powerful institutions, guarded by sanctity of manners. It was thus that Sparta and Rome were led to virtue. But these institutions perished when manners no longer supported them. The institution of monasteries had its origin in a similar feeling of the necessity of restraint. Historians, especially the historians of Spain, who have borne witness to the pious intentions of the founders of these institutions, have related how one order after another grew corrupt, and a severer rule was instituted by some more austere reformer, to give way in its turn to the evil inclinations, jealousies, and weaknesses of human nature. There are rules, however, not artificial, not founded on any prescribed form of society, or in isolation from all society, which are sufficient, if observed, to guide mankind. These are the rules of Christian morality, laid down by Christ himself. They give each man liberty, but place on each man a restraint. They do not begin, as human laws and institutions must do, with outward actions, but go to the source of affections and of passions—the human heart.

It is then to Christian principles, Christian morals, and a Christian spirit, that we must look for a better and higher civilization than any that has been attained. If it is vain to expect, either from the decrees of authority, or from free discussion, conformity of opinion in the interpretation of Scripture between different communities of Christians, it is not too much to hope for conformity in good works, conformity in a spirit of kindness. There have been great signs of this spirit of late years. Numbers of men in all stations of life devote themselves to the diffusion of religion, the promotion of education, and all the operations of charity. For, if temptation takes many shapes, and if the pilgrim's progress is impeded by giants and pitfalls, yet the

spirit of charity has on the other side many forms. She places the Bible in the hands of the young child to teach him the way he is to go. She gives a cup of water to the weary traveller, who is faint with the labour he has undergone. She watches by the bed of the wounded soldier, binds his wounds with a gentle hand, and tenders the nourishment he is able to bear. She watches over the decline of age, and finally points to the reward of a faithful pilgrimage on earth.

There is another consideration. Before many years are passed, there will be in Great Britain and the United States of America, sixty, seventy, or eighty millions of free people. May we not hope that these kindred nations—each speaking the English language—each deriving its pedigree of liberty from a common ancestry—each inheriting the English Bible —each reading Shakspeare and Milton—each divided into many denominations of Christians, but each allowing complete liberty of worship—will unite in the glorious task of peaceful conquest and bloodless victory? At least let us indulge in this high hope. If we do not arrive at, or even approximate to, perfection, we may look at least to uninterrupted progress towards a far better social organization than any we have yet enjoyed. I have spoken to you of those times of civilization when either the Christian religion was unknown; or being known, it was contemned, cast aside, and neglected. Let us hope that there is a period arriving when we may see realized those beautiful and powerful words of a great poet:—

> "Dim as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars
> To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
> Is reason to the soul; and as on high,
> Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
> Not light us here, so reason's glimmering ray
> Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
> But guide us upward to a better day.

> And as those nightly tapers disappear
> When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere,
> So pale grows reason at religion's sight,
> So dies and so dissolves in supernatural light."

To each one of us—to you, young men of the united kingdom more especially—belongs a portion of the noble task of speeding our country on her great and glorious way, by walking stedfastly in the full light of such truths as we already possess, and by hastening the noonday brightness of such as are only dawning. Let it not be the reproach of any one of us that, born in a land where the laws acknowledge that thought and speech are free, we have yet ever lent the helping hand of custom, folly, or intolerance to extinguish one spark of that Divine flame which we call the soul, or ever turned away from a righteous and peaceable endeavour to loosen the fetters that still bind it throughout the world.

Some there are who shut their eyes to one truth lest it should impair another they deem more sacred. But one truth can no more quench another truth, than one sunbeam can quench another sunbeam. Truth is one, as God is one. Go forward to meet her in whatever garb, welcome her from whatever quarter she comes, till at last, beyond the grave, you shall hail her in a blaze of glory which mortal eye can only strain in vain to contemplate. Truth is the gem for which the wise man digs the earth, the pearl for which he dives into the ocean, the star for which he climbs the heavens—the herald and the guardian of moral and political progress. You have many dangers to encounter. Of these I will only mention two. One is the danger of allowing the flowing waters of Christianity to be embittered by the gall of sectarian and polemical controversy. Your chances of achieving good would be destroyed by such an error. Another danger is that which has attended so many noble

attempts, so many great institutions, so many pious undertakings. The first ardour of zeal abates; difficulties, which at first were molehills, grow into mountains, enthusiasm subsides into apathy. Avoid these errors; go on improving; faint not in a good and great work. The blessing of God will reward your enterprise.

The Fulness of Times;

OR,

THE ADVENT OF THE LORD THE DIVINE KEY TO HISTORY.

A LECTURE

BY THE

REV. J. BALDWIN BROWN, B.A.

THE FULNESS OF TIMES;

OR,

THE ADVENT OF THE LORD THE DIVINE KEY TO HISTORY

THE subject to-night is "The Fulness of Times; or, the Advent of the Lord the Divine Key to History." It is a department of Christian evidences which has been too slightly studied, and which is full of peculiar adaptations to the mental and moral condition of our times. Our age accumulates evidences of the truth of the Christian revelation; and those are specially precious which tend to set forth, in clear daylight, the relation of Christ to the great human world. There are two ways of bringing a truth home to a human being—by demonstration of what must be, by revelation of what "is." Perhaps Christian evidences have dwelt too exclusively in the region of demonstrations, and too little in revelations of fact and truth. On spiritual subjects, closely connected as they are with will and passion, the most admirable demonstrations are chiefly convincing to every one except the man to be convinced; while, if you can show to him how the truth stands related to something which he already does believe, and in which he has a vital interest, the inner eye lights up in a moment—the man *sees* and *believes*. The truth which takes flesh, touches our hand in noonday throngs, or sits down with us at our hearth-fire, becomes a reality to us. Every day its divinity shines forth

more clearly, and its use becomes its lordly argument. The sunlight bears its own witness, even to blindness; and so would Christ, if we did not interpose so many starched veils of argument between him and the work-day world. "Come and see," was once the Christian invitation. Our ponderous evidences of the existence of God, the necessity of a revelation, the truth of the Scriptures, and the like, have changed it too entirely into "study and decide." Understand me. I speak not slightingly of the most learned labours which tend to harmonize the necessities of man's intellect and heart. The perceptions of the sense and of the spirit need to be sustained by the conclusions of imperial reason. A faith which rests only on a sense of personal satisfaction, and cannot establish a harmony with the satisfactions of brother men, and the right of things, in the great forum of debate, has no warranty of soundness. Thanks be to all men whose learned arguments establish for us this harmony; but let them be kept for those who need and can use them, and not be offered to poor men as the living bread of the truth. We have dealt with the great Christian verities so largely as things upon which the full judgment could be pronounced by men of disciplined intellect alone, that the poor and ignorant have left them to us, and now we cry out, "Why do not the working classes come and listen to the Gospel?" He is the best servant of the age, and scholar of Christ, who can make poor workmen feel that Christ can be known by them as well as by the highest: that HE whose Gospel we preach is already the author of everything within them and around them which makes their life more precious and sacred than the brutes; that His hand breaks for them the daily bread which nourishes their children, and nerves the cunning fingers for their creative toil; that of Him the heavens are telling when the flood of golden splendour gushes up from its eastern fountains, or the soft magnetic

moonlight drops a blessing even on the workman's world; and that He, "*of whom and by whom*" is everything good, and beautiful, and fruitful in creation, and in man's experience, may be trusted when he says, "*Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. He that hath the Son hath life; he that hath not the Son hath not life, but the wrath of God abideth on him.*" Our work is to bring the truth home to the daily cares, interests, duties, and sufferings of men—the workman in his factory, you young men in your warehouses, surrounded by temptations; you merchants in your counting-houses, with your ledgers and still too long hours. He who can best make the Gospel what it once was—a beautiful, loving, healing presence, in the temple and in the market-place, the desert and the village home—will be the best factor of evidences for our times.

Some thoughts of this kind have led me to the selection of the present subject of address to this Association of Christian Young Men. History is becoming a popular study. It is one of the finest studies for the development of those faculties which fit a man to take an intelligent and effectual part in the business of life. It is one of the royal prerogatives of man's intellect to enter the tombs of the buried ages and to exhume their treasures, or, rather, to walk freely along the highways of the past and people them with living men. It is a glorious thing to be able to fight over again the world's great battles, or sit at its council fires; to stand, as it were, side by side with Themistocles at Salamis, Cæsar at Pharsalia, or Cromwell at Worcester fight, or more difficult Dunbar; to sit with Socrates at his banquet, to stand by Cicero in the forum, to wander with our own great Alfred, psalter in hand, in the marshes of Athelney, or tread with Columbus the golden sand of a new world. And the facilities for the study of history are, at present, immense; and, if I might give a word of advice to

you, my young friends, I would say, read as much as you can the works of the original writers, which, by translations, have been placed within every man's reach. The old chroniclers of France and England, from Gregory of Tours to Froissart, are a rich store of historical reading for any man; and the characters stand out there with a boldness of relief, and a rich atmosphere of human interest envelops them, such as none but the most gifted can impart to their histories in these critical and unimaginative times. And if we are not all studying history, we are all busily writing it in these days. Some of those here may be living it, nay, we may all live it, if we will.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time—

"Foot-prints which, perhaps, some other,
Wandering o'er life's solemn main,
Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again."

History is a matter of vital moment to all of us. We are the heirs of a rich past, the parents of a richer future. The soil out of which the life-work of this generation is nourished is the sacred dust of many a heroism long forgotten and buried out of sight. Some of these old heroisms are quite dead, resolved into inorganic mould again; some are still shapely, like the fossil-ferns of our coal-fields; and some live on, are verdant and frondent, and will live on, yielding leaves and fruit to the nations, while man has a history, or earth her place among the stars. The world had had quite another history if the three hundred had not died at Thermopylæ, or Alfred had despaired of England at Ethendune.

And the more you study history with honest and earnest hearts, the more you will see that

"Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,"

the more you will be struck with a strange unity of plan in this great temple, this true Valhalla of man.

In history you can see a manifest development of humanity in its wholeness, with a clear law and method which reveals the thought of a mind which comprehends the end in the beginning, and can cause the most manifold and diverse agencies to work together for the fulfilment of his design. I believe in a divine plan of history. I believe that Christ is the King of the whole earth, and "has never," as saith St. Paul, "been far from" any one of his subjects. History to me would be full of horrible darkness if I could believe that the God of the Jews was not the God of the Gentiles also; that he concentrated his whole thought and care on one favoured people, and left the rest utterly uncared for, unvisited, and desolate. I believe that the Jews were set forth as God's witnesses to the nations; that for the world's sake, and not for their own selfish interests, God took them, and instructed them in the knowledge of himself. To know the Name revealed, to walk by the light of a manifested truth, was the work of the Jewish people—to "feel after" an unknown God, and learn how dark is the way which is unlit from heaven, was the lot appointed to the Gentiles. The world is richer far through *Jewish* experience of the blessing of a revelation, and *Gentile* experience of the want of it; and both are essential features of the history of humanity as it appeared before Christ *when he rejoiced in the habitable parts of the earth, and his delights were with the sons of men.* To the Lord of all the families of the earth, it was no matter of indifference

whether a Darius Hystaspes reigned or a Cambyses, whether Plato or Epicurus swayed the wider empire over men. A hand, unseen but by the seers, has been so shaping the ends of free-working man as to secure a patient but decisive progress. The DAYS of history have been man's, the AGES have been Christ's, and for HIM to whom the glory of the sunlight belongeth I claim this night the glory of that victory of right over might, of order over anarchy, of liberty over tyranny, of Cosmos over Chaos, which hath been won in all ages, from the dawning hour when the Greeks lifted the song of freedom on the field of Marathon, to this last noonday triumph of progress over barbarism which we have won over the ruins of Sebastopol. There is a royal thread woven by Christ into the texture of all man's history which proclaims its unity, a unity which we shall never fully understand till "*Many shall come from the east and the west, the north and the south, and sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of God.*"

I believe that man's history is full of vital interest for man; I conceive that it is becoming a matter of growing interest to all of you. I wish to show to you in a few brief outlines (in which I must, of course, rather state conclusions, and give you the results of study, than enter into elaborate proofs of the truth of my positions), that the KEY to this history, the fact around which it all centres, and by which it *is* what it *is*, is THE ADVENT OF THE LORD.

In the Gospel of St. Luke, the second chapter, it is thus written. Verses 1—20: "*And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. (And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.) And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judæa, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he*

was of the house and lineage of David:) to be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child. And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn. And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger. And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child. And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them. That narrative contains the key to human history. A careless student even would fix at once upon the age of Augustus Cæsar as the age in which the sceptre of civilization passed definitively and finally from Asia to

Europe, and society was constituted after a fashion which has exercised a direct, and, strictly speaking, paternal influence over the life of the modern world. The letters B.C. and A.D. express a fact of history as well as of Christianity. I want, if I can, to give you some idea of the influence which that fact has exerted upon society, and show that it was not in any wise by a lucky chance that the man Christ Jesus, the God-man, was in that age born into the world. I am aware that there is much critical difficulty in rendering the words the "whole world." But at any rate in the days of Augustus Cæsar we have arrived at a period of history in which for the first time the decree of one man could affect the whole civilized world; in which a complete political unity was realized which comprehended all the civilized inhabitants of the earth. The age of Augustus Cæsar introduces us to all the great western races which have since played a distinguished part on the stage of history. The empire of the Cæsars was the great parade-ground on which all the forces of modern civilization mustered, and whence they commenced their marches; he who could thoroughly master all that was stirring within the bosom of that vast empire, would have his hand on the springs which would make the future of man's history. That One did lay his hand on those springs, which the Cæsars could only play with or spoil, and produced the results which are the characteristic differences between modern and ancient society, I shall strive to show.

Speaking in the broadest way, I should say that the characteristic of the history of civilized humanity before Christ is—

Political development, joined with moral deterioration and dissolution.

The characteristic of the history of civilized humanity since Christ seems to me to be—

Political development and moral development keeping equal paces; since Christ the policies have been founded on the moralities—there has been a conscience in society.

We shall then ask, How is this broad fact to be accounted for? Is it enough to say, there is a clear progress of civilization, which lifts man intellectually to a higher platform, and brings new truths within man's reach, and truth is power: that, just as Plato was greater than Pythagoras, so, by the process of the ages, Jesus was greater than Plato? Will that sceptic key unlock the wards? or are you driven to believe, with the Christian, in the advent of a living Person in whom the God of truth stood upon earth incarnate, who could reinforce man's morality by a divine righteousness, and quicken a divine life in a world which was far sunk in death? The thing seems simple enough, and can be stated in a few words; but between these two solutions of the great question, there lies a whole heaven. The real political progress of mankind, from the days of Babel to the days of Augustus Cæsar, is, of course, too palpable to need proof. The steps of that progress, and their special significance, it may be worth while to trace.

In tracing the course of civilization, it is quite useless to dive into the recesses of a very remote antiquity; for many ages after the flood, Nineveh, the capital of the vast Assyrian empire, was the real metropolis of the earth. Still, vast and ancient as it was, it had but slight living relations with surrounding empires and the human family; its political vitality was of the lowest grade. Perhaps the first sign of real movement in the vast, slumberous Asiatic cradle of civilization, was the appearance of Pul, the Assyrian king, on the Jewish frontier, about 770 years before Christ. (2 Kings xv. 19.) The Jews occupied a country singularly situated with regard to civilization, having an Asiatic and a European frontier—looking one way to Asia, the other to

the Mediterranean and the West. The establishment of relations, no matter what, between the Assyrians and the people of Israel, is the first sign of a real movement and progress of society which appears in authentic history. In the course of that age, the eighth before Christ, Rome was founded, and the Macedonian kingdom took its rise. After an interval of 150 years, we find that Assyria has yielded to Babylon the sceptre of the east. Nineveh disappears, and Nebuchadnezzar, at Babylon, is the great king of men. Babylon, you will remark, is to the south of Nineveh, that is, the capital of the east moved up nearer to Egypt, nearer to Judea, nearer to India, nearer to the Mediterranean and to Europe. The empire showed a corresponding development. The monarchy, under Cyrus, was in every way an advance upon even that of Nebuchadnezzar. The era of Cyrus is 548 B.C., and then first the great eastern empire set itself definitively to cultivate relations with Judea, Greece, and the west. During these ages, a European people are rising to civilization and empire. The Greek communities present the complete contrast to the great monarchies of the east. Asia is the great mother of despotisms, in which the monarch (Asia is always pastoral) is the shepherd over herds of men. The strength of the Greek communities lay in the intellect, courage, and capacity of the individual members; few in numbers, compared with the Eastern human herds, each one of them was a man apt for action, and with a free man's soul in him; his force, compared with the force of an Eastern, was as steel to iron, diamond to clay. Hence, 9000 freemen at Marathon could breast, and break, and roll back the flood of a host of slaves. The two centuries after Cyrus are marked by a very free and fruitful intercourse between the three great communities of the world, Assyria, Greece, and Egypt, from which intercourse, both peaceful and warlike, the largest benefit accrued. But Greece, which had long

challenged the world's sceptre, which was trembling in the hand of Babylon, prepared at length to grasp it, and to establish a monarchy which should bring the three great members of the human family, Greece, Mesopotamia, and Egypt, under one sceptre, one language, and one law. In Alexander, the Greek universal empire was established about 200 years after the age of Cyrus; and Greek culture, Greek language, Greek habits, were mingled largely with the elder but less vital civilization of the valleys of the Euphrates and the Nile. In Alexander the Great, perhaps, we have the perfect fruit of the Greek political intellect, just as in Julius Cæsar we have the perfect fruit of the political intellect of Rome. But world-governing was not the Greek talent. To scatter in the soft earth of decaying civilizations the seeds which were the fruit of rich agriculture in the fields of thought, was the Greek office of ministry; and nobly was it fulfilled. Meanwhile, in the west, there was a nation growing steadily to manhood and to empire, in whom God seemed to have set specially the talent of governing men. Immensely inferior to the Greek in intellect, and to the Eastern in submission to the higher powers, the Roman was immensely superior to both in that understanding which gives to a man the practical mastery and government of men. Rome took up the experiment of the construction of a world-society where Greece had left it; and again, in about 200 years, a week of generations, Rome had mastered Greece, had entered Asia, and compacted the disrupted fragments of Alexander's empire into something like an organic whole. The Macedonian empire of the east lasted but a moment in its unity; but the Romans, when Pompeius returned from Asia, had laid the foundations of a solid and lasting dominion, stretching from the Nile and the Euphrates, to the Pillars of Hercules and the Rhone. No empire so solid, so lasting, so considerate of the rights of

men and the policy of government, had ever before appeared. But still the world was not ready for the advent of her King. Up to the time we are speaking of, 100 years before Christ, all the interest of the world's history was confined to the countries surrounding the Mediterranean Sea. The physical map of the earth must be carefully studied by him who would understand her history. A glance at Wyld's great globe will show you that Europe must be the home of the most civilized and developed races. The vast monotones of Asia—the deserts, plateaus, and river-basins—oppress him by their extent and grandeur. The characteristic of the Asiatic races is a fixedness of form and character, which is the greatest obstacle to progress. Europe is the continent of varieties; mountain and lowland, lake and river, alternating in rapid succession; a multitude of islands, peninsulas, and promontories, tempting the timid sailor; a sunny and tideless sea, and a coast-line, in proportion to its area, of singular extent and variety of form; and every feature which could stimulate man's enterprise, and lead to manifold commercial, social, and political relations between the various peoples nourished upon her wealthy breast. Asia is like the calm village home, where the boy is peacefully and solemnly nurtured; Europe is as the thronged city, with its manifold life, where he begins to discover and develop his higher, manly powers. There was physical reason in God's ordering of his earth for the westward progress of civilization, which we have so far traced.

The ancients were timid sailors. The real mastery of the ocean is the prerogative of the complete manhood of man, and (let me say) of hardier and more masterful races than any in the old world. How admirable the wisdom of Him who prepared those sunny shores for the habitation and exercise of the young nations, and then drove them into sterner and stormier regions to discipline their manly powers! Be-

yond the Rhone and the Alps there dwelt obscurely in those ages the fathers of those Celtic and Gothic races who were destined to play the chief part on the theatre of man's history. The time was come when THEY, too, must appear and take part in the drama of the world. While Pompey, with that vulgar habit of mind which was characteristic both of the man and his policy, was seeking easy triumphs in the rich east, Julius Cæsar, the most renowned secular name in history, plunged into the midst of the Gallic and German populations, and there trained himself for the empire which he knew that he must win. In eight years he met 3,000,000 men in battle, of whom 1,000,000 were made captive, and 1,000,000 left dead in his steps. It was one of the most tremendous struggles which history records; but his generous and clement spirit conquered the hearts of the people, as well as their country; and at the head of Gallic legionaries he descended to contest with Pompey the mastery of Rome. Then had the empire attained to that unity and completeness, and man to that stage of progress, which the Scripture designates "the fulness of times." Then was a path open for the new gospel, not to Rome only, but to Gaul, Spain, Germany, and Britain, the uttermost parts of the west. St. Paul, with the good seed of the kingdom in his hand, pursued that very westward path which had been trodden by civilization, and had been pushed to the shores of the Atlantic (the world's great Mediterranean), by Rome's most profound and politic statesman, her most invincible but most clement warrior, Caius Julius Cæsar.

I rarely read of St. Paul's desire to reach the uttermost parts of the west, without having before my mind's eye the shade of that imperial man who was God's great instrument in opening them to the footsteps of the preachers of His gospel.

Thus the world had rest. Augustus succeeded to the

empire which Julius had won; and all kindreds, tribes, and tongues of men, from the Syrian desert to the shores of the Atlantic, were made members of an all-inclusive unity; compelled to peace, and governed by the wise and righteous Roman law, sustained by the invincible Roman sword. Thus, step by step, we have rapidly traced the development of society; and, I repeat, it was a true political development. Each empire understood better than its predecessor the rights of men, the duties of rulers, the mutual relations, dependencies and ministries of men to each other in society. The mass of men gained something, life became worth more to them as each step was gained; and, oh, how gladly did the war-sick world (I mean the world of poor men who pay the piper, while kings enjoy the sport), lie down and rest under the tolerably even-handed justice and the vigilant guard of Rome! Do not suppose that there was anything very millennial in Roman rule. The theory of it was fine enough, the practice miserably marred by the corruption and selfishness of rulers, as I shall have to show; but it would be easy to prove that the poor provincials in Asia, Greece, and even Gaul, found Roman rule an absolute blessing, with all its drawbacks, compared with the wrongs and miseries of the petty tyrannies from which Rome had set them free. You need only read the Acts of the Apostles to see how admirable was the Roman organization, how it threw its shield over each of its citizens, and offered an appeal from the injustice of provincial rulers to Cæsar himself upon his throne.

I wish I could dwell on some of the features of the political organization of the empire, the system of Roman law, the magnificent works which she accomplished for the use of all generations. But my subject branches out into a multitude, each of which is sufficient for a lecture. I trust that I have said enough to prove to you that there was a

growing tendency to unity, to organization, to free commerce among men, to the development of the social relations, to what we call civilization, from the days of the old Assyrian empire to the age of Christ.

"Well; what more can we ask?" says some worldly-minded man. "If the world progresses in civilization, what more do we want?" That which makes civilization precious—that which is as salt to save it from corruption—that, without which, knowledge, wealth, poetic or mechanic skill, becomes a curse and a consumption to a man or a society—moral life. I have, my friends, to set against this picture of political progress, a picture which, could I paint it fully, you would feel to be horrible, of moral deterioration and degradation, threatening, at last, the very existence of that vast and compact empire whose organization I have briefly traced. Open any honest history of any age of the old world, and you will find vice enough, not veiled only, but rampant; but words would fail, and even truth be ashamed, to unfold the morals of the age of the Cæsars.

I believe if you take the Jewish people as a kind of type of old-world development and history, you will form a very fair notion of how it was with society at large. Some thousand years before Christ, you find the simplicity and severity of the ancient manners surviving, but struggling hard against the corrupting influences which the growing splendour of the monarchy brought to bear on the people. In the struggle, the corrupting influences gained the mastery, and the people plunged headlong into idolatry and sin. Some desperate efforts at reformation break the dreary uniformity of the history of 500 years. In the sixth century before Christ we have a great judgment on the people, bitter suffering, and a most earnest and successful attempt to restore the ancient purity of morals, and re-enact the ancient laws. Ezra marks this era—the

people return to their own land, the old spiritual life blossoms again, and the nation renews its youth; but for a time; in a few brief generations, we find them relapsing into ancient corruptions, as if spent with the effort, and for 400 years, broken only by the glorious Maccabean history which reveals the depth of the darkness, they are sinking into deeper and yet deeper sin. In the age of Christ the corruption was entire, the bonds of society were dissolved, the very spinal cord of the body social was rotten, and their Lord could but weep over them, as he gave them up to national death. It is the epitome of human history. In this, as well as in other things, the history of the Jews is the index of the history of man. In the earlier ages of Greece, Assyria, and Egypt, something of the nobility, severity, and grandeur of the early patriarchal morality survives; ages roll on, and in the age typified by the golden head of the image Nebuchadnezzar saw, the world was sunk in enervating luxury and degrading sin. Then, in the sixth century before Christ, an earnest and desperate effort at reformation seems to have been made in every great country of the earth. Then stood up Confucius in China, the Buddhist in India, Zerdusecht in Persia, Pythagoras in Greece, and bore witness to ancient truth, moral purity, and social order and law. A brief but bright period in universal history succeeds. These are the palmy days of Jewish revival, of Persian monarchy, of Greek literature and liberty, of Roman simplicity and grandeur. But how soon it wanes! From the decay of Greek liberty, the dissolution of Alexander's empire, and the eastern conquests of the Romans, the process of degradation is rapid and fearful; and in the age of Julius and Augustus Cæsar it had neared the point at which it must become utterly destructive of society. Paul sketches its outlines with manly truth in the first chapter of the Romans, while the Roman poets,

satirists, and historians, fill up the picture whose outline he draws. The moral corruption, which had eaten as a canker into the heart of society, had practical, political, and social results. The utter profligacy of rulers and ruled negatived all the wholesome and righteous ordinances of the Roman law.

Moral corruption cannot harmonize, ultimately, with liberty and progress. The most active and disciplined intellect, the most developed organization, in a man or a society, must fall at last, paralysed by the corruption of the heart. And that was precisely the process which was passing in the Roman empire—the highest experiment of world-rule which mere man could make—when Christ came to rescue it, and save all which man's intellect and heroism had won, through so many ages, by renewing the life-springs in his heart.

The proof of the moral corruption of society I cannot here adduce. Some of you may have heard of the Secret Chamber of the Museo Borbonico of Naples; all of you have heard of the fiery flood with which God swept dissolute Pompeii away. But a specimen of the political profligacy I WILL lay before you—a bad one I grant, but, alas! by no means an isolated one.

"About the period of Sulla's abdication, a young noble, named Caius Verres, accompanied the prætor Dolabella to his government of Cilicia. At Sicyon, in Achaia, he chose to demand a sum of money of the chief magistrate of the city, and, being refused, shut him up in a close chamber, with a fire of green wood, to extort the gratuity he required. From the same place he carried off several of the finest statues and paintings. At Athens, he shared with his chief the plunder of the temple of Minerva; at Delos, that of Apollo; at Chios, Erythrea, Halicarnassus, and elsewhere, on the line of his route, he perpetrated similar acts of

rapine. Samos possessed a temple venerated throughout Asia; Verres rifled both the temple and the city itself. The Samians complained to the governor of Asia; they were recommended to carry their complaints to Rome. Perga boasted a statue of Diana, coated with gold; Verres scraped off the gilding. Miletus offered him the escort of one of her finest ships; he detained it for his own use, and sold it. At Lampsacus, he sought to dishonour the daughter of the first citizen of the place; her father and brother ventured to defend her; one of his attendants was slain. Verres seized the pretext to accuse them both of an attempt on his life, and the Roman governor of the province obliged him by cutting off the heads of both. Such were the atrocities of the young ruffian, while yet a mere dependent of the proconsul, with no charge or office of his own. Being appointed quæstor, he extended his exactions over every district of the province, and speedily amassed, by the avowal of his own principal, from two to three million sesterces (about twenty-four thousand pounds) beyond the requisitions of the public service. Verres could now pay for his election to the prætorship in the city. For one year he dispensed his favourable judgments to wealthy suitors at home, and, on its termination, sailed for the province of Sicily. Here his conduct on the tribunal was marked by the most glaring venality. He sold everything, both his patronage and his decisions, making sport of the laws of the country and of his own edicts, of the religion, the fortunes, and the lives of the provincials. During the three years of his government, not a single senator of the sixty-five cities of the island was elected without a gratuity to the pro-prætor. He imposed arbitrary requisitions of many hundred thousand bushels of grain upon the communities, already overburdened with their authorized tithes. He distributed cities among his favourites with the air of a

Persian despot; Lipara he gave to a boon companion; Segesta to an actress; Herbita to a courtezan. These exactions rapidly depopulated the country. At the period of his arrival, the territory of Leontium possessed eighty-three farms; in the third year of the Verrine administration only thirty-two remained in occupation. At Motya, the number of tenanted farms had fallen from a hundred and eighty-eight to a hundred and one; at Herbita, from two hundred and fifty-seven to a hundred and twenty; at Argyrona, from two hundred and fifty to eighty. Throughout the province, more than one-half of the cultivated lands were abandoned by their miserable owners, as if the scourge of war or pestilence had passed over the island.

But Verres was an amateur and an antiquary, and had a taste for art as well as a thirst for lucre. At every city where he stopped on his progresses he extorted gems, vases, and trinkets from his hosts, or from any inhabitant whom he understood to possess them. No one ventured to complain there was no redress, even for a potentate in alliance with the republic, such as Antiochus, king of Syria, who was thus robbed of a splendid candelabrum enriched with jewels, which he was about to dedicate in the capitol of Rome.

All these objects of art were sent off to Italy to decorate the villa of the proprætor; nor were the antiques and curiosities he amassed less valuable than the ornaments of gold and silver. Finally, Verres laid his hands on certain statues of Ceres and Diana, the special objects of worship among the natives, who were only allowed the consolation of coming to offer them their sacrifices in his gardens.

Nor did the extortions of Verres fall upon the Sicilians alone. He cheated the treasury at Rome of the sums advanced to him in payment of corn for the consumption of the city. He withheld the necessary equipments from the fleet which he was directed to send against the pirates, and

applied them to his own use. The fleet was worsted by the enemy, and the proprætor caused its officers to be executed for cowardice. His lictors sold to the victims' relatives the miserable favour of dispatching them at one blow. He crowned his enormities by punishing one of the ruling caste with death. Gavius, a Roman trader, he confined in the quarries of Syracuse; the man escaped, was retaken, and fastened to a cross on the beach within sight of Italy, that he might address to his native shores his plaintive but ineffectual exclamation, "I am a Roman citizen!"

Such is a specimen of the charges which could be plausibly advanced against a Roman officer, and which the criminal, though backed by the united influence of his party, and defended by the most experienced and successful advocate of his times, shrank from rebutting.—MERIVALE, i. 160.

This was before the empire. Under the empire, let the governments of Pontius Pilate and Gessius Florus, in Judea, reveal the condition of society. The sufferings of the exhausted provinces were fearful. The finest lands went out of cultivation. Before the Western Empire broke in pieces, 330,000 acres, once under tillage, were lying waste in the most fertile province of the empire—Campania, south of Rome.

I am obliged to beg you to rest contented with affirmations and statements of conviction. I give you ideas which I believe and hope will be some sort of guide to you in tracing out the development of humanity for yourselves. To lead you to think, not to supersede the necessity of thought, we are lecturing. If this lecture system should ever cease to be an incitement, and become a substitute for study, as I sometimes fear, it will become a bane both in the church and in the world. I have said that you will find political development and moral deterioration a broad fact of ante-Christian history. I believe it to be characteristic,

belonging to the nature, and not to the accidents, of things as they then stood. But I beg you not to suppose that I can comprehend, in one weak sentence, all the phenomena which make up the sum of the acts and experiences of any generation, much less such a generation as that of which I speak; and I must beg your patient and candid attention while I point out to you that whilst, from one point of view, that of absolute morality, there was a clear moral deterioration during the five hundred years which preceded the birth of our Lord; there was, at the same time, an education and development of the human faculties going on which made the man of the Augustan age a more cultivated and developed being than the man of the earlier and purer time. I do not know whether I make myself understood. A man may be morally much worse than another man, and yet have all the faculties of his being more cultivated and touched to finer issues; *practically*, he is nearer than the other man to dark perdition; but should some redeeming influence reach him, there is a richer breadth of faculty to redeem and turn to divinest use. Thus was it with the Augustan world. The development of the individual, apart from the moral question, had been carried to a very high point—the ruin of such a world, if it must go to ruin, and that depends entirely on the moral question, must be a more utter ruin; its redemption, if redeemed, a more glorious redemption than that of the world of any preceding age. The prodigal, when he had spent all—lived through a world of experience, and plunged to the lowest depths of misery—was nearer to the bottom of hell on the one hand, to the father's outstretched hand on the other, than ever before in his career. Restored out of the depths, and forgiven as none but a father can forgive, he became the most loyal of the sons.

How many a prodigal, far from his quiet, pious home, wounded, well nigh dead, through the stress of the unequal

battle with the tremendous temptations of this great city, may be here to-night! The cry, "My Father," may be near your lips, but you have not dared to utter it; you have wandered too far, sinned too deeply, spent too much in riotous living. God grant that this picture of God's tender dealing with his prodigal world may bring some comfort, and suggest some hope. God grant that some prodigal may come home to-night and say, "My Father, I have sinned; I have sinned." The prodigal had learned thus much in his misery, how much a father's love was worth; no counterfeit of it could cheat his yearning heart; nor could that Augustan age be cheated with any idol counterfeit of the true King that was to come into the world. Thus much its degradation had taught it, that "*an idol is not anything at all;*" that thought is not the spirit's bread; and the cry for the bread of the Father's house, the cry, "My Father," was beginning to quiver on the air in many a far spot of the Roman wilderness. Hence, too, a courtly poet and a parasite philosopher of the age of the Cæsars could speak far more finely, far more clearly, of the expected Deliverer than the far higher men of the Platonic age. Virgil and Seneca came far nearer to the subject-matter of Christianity in their divinings and aspirings than Plato, though he, compared with them, lived in the upper hemisphere of thought; and this can only be accounted for on the principle which I have indicated, that the Augustan age had arrived at that point, both of corruption and development, that it became conscious that it must either die down into black Tartarus, or call a deliverer from heaven.

And the Deliverer came: "*God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that the world, through Him, might not perish, but have everlasting life.*"

Till that advent the world was quivering in death agony, and sinking fast into the shades. That love, with strong

victorious grasp, which even death could not loosen, tore it from the grisly terror, and bore it up to glory and to God.

I have tried thus to set before you the characteristic of the civilization of man before the age of Christ; let me now ask your attention to some brief analysis of the development of the world since the advent of the Lord. I have described its characteristic thus: "Since Christ there has been a coincidence of the political and the moral development, the policies have been founded on and governed by the moralities; there has been a conscience, not latent only, but patent, in society."

In the days of Tiberius Cæsar a small community grew to some strength and weight in Palestine, whose form and principle of confederation were altogether new. It was not national, unless the great world be a human nation; it was not philosophic, though it had truth of which Plato had hardly even dreamed; it was based on a belief common to the members, that a man, Christ Jesus of Nazareth, who had lived among them and taught them, was God incarnate; that after death he had risen from the dead, ascended to the right hand of the Father, and commissioned them to be witnesses to all men, both of his incarnation and resurrection; and that he lived in heaven to bring all the celestial forces to the help of every man, for the purpose of conquering and destroying that sin which was the one central, soul-consuming malady of mankind. They were strictly a propagandist community,—nothing could stop them from preaching their good news. Any man reading their simple records can see that the secret of their strength was the belief that God was with them. What were high priests, what was Cæsar, to men who believed that they were speaking and working before the face of the living God, even their Saviour? Their doctrines they preached with uncompromising absoluteness; they said, "God hath showed this

unto us; it is his truth, not ours, '*The Grace of God hath appeared unto all men, teaching us, that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world.*' "

Amid the prevalent truthlessness and moral despair their word spread mightily. Each new convert became a preacher, and published the good news; and thus, within one hundred years after the resurrection of Jesus, there was established, in all the chief cities of the Roman empire, a knot of men, a church they called it, quite unconnected with governments and politics, who believed, who knew, that they had and could impart God's thought about life and immortality, this world and the world which was to come. And so the church grew, presenting to the astonished world the compactest unity, the closest brotherhood which had ever been known, upon a basis purely spiritual, and manifesting in rich profusion the graces and virtues which have since made themselves illustrious under the name of Christian. Meanwhile the empire was holding on its way; the church growing quite independently. I speak of the church simply as a fact of history. We will see if we can measure its significance, and discover its relations by-and-by.

The empire grew after its kind; absorbing, by the strength of a superior civilization, like our Indian empire, the outlying barbarous peoples. Trajan departed, rightly or wrongly we cannot inquire, from the non-aggressive policy adopted by Augustus and his successors during the first century of our era; and the empire struggled on, with various fortune, through much fearful suffering, many reverses and many brilliant successes, for another 200 years. During these generations the empire visibly declined in strength, in manhood, in all which justifies rule. Each year the apprehension deepened that it was destined to fall, at last, a prey to the clouds of Gothic and Tartar barbarians who pressed

impatiently upon its barriers from the Caucasus to the Rhine.

During all these ages the course of demoralization, which I have already traced, proceeded coincidently with the political development and culture of the empire; which culture inspired in the barbarians a reverence stronger than the cupidity and lust which her manifest weakness inflamed. It is the secret of the preservation of the empire. Indeed, you will find the key to the political history of Europe, from Constantine to Charlemagne, in the fact, that the Gothic nations became Romanized before they found courage to break into and occupy the fairest provinces of Rome. But these ages developed a new and portentous fact. The welfare of the civilized world depended upon the wisdom, talent and goodness of one mortal man. In the hands of a Trajan, a Severus, a Diocletian, the trust might be fulfilled in a manner which commanded the grateful recognition of subjects too accustomed to misery to be very exacting in their demands. But, in the hands of a Domitian, a Commodus, a Caracalla—better be a dog in such reigns than a citizen of Rome. The power of the emperor (if but sure of the army) was absolute; there was nothing, humanly speaking, but those chances which are reserved to right in the great game of life, to hinder such a tyrant from destroying all the wisest and ablest men in his dominions, and laying whole provinces waste. Why, on one occasion in the midst of peace, Caracalla, on a slight provocation, issued commands at Alexandria for a general massacre. From a secure position in the temple of Serapis, he viewed and directed the slaughter of many thousand citizens as well as strangers, without distinguishing either the number or the crime of the sufferers; since, as he coolly informed the senate, *all* the Alexandrians, those who had perished and those who escaped, were alike guilty. As the empire declined

in strength and virtue, the question pressed upon the Roman people more urgently, How shall the despotism of one be limited and guided, so as to minister in some constant measure to the public good? It was the first time that such terrible power had fallen into the hands of one fallible mortal, and, in a decaying empire and dissolute age, the misery of the people under this uncertain tyranny was extreme. There appeared in the political world no possible solution of this question of limitation. Diocletian, a great name in the history of imperial Rome, made the wisest arrangement of the succession, in order to secure some measure of good government for the empire. But it availed nothing. In the next generation it was broken up by Constantine; and the old difficulty reappeared. Man had no help for it; there was no help, unless help could be brought from heaven. For 350 years the poor storm-tossed empire had groaned under the tyranny of a succession of isolated and utterly irresponsible chiefs. Human will, limited only by the moral sentiments of the half-disciplined and often barbarous men who occupied the throne, had the dearest interests of society absolutely at its mercy. Every effort of the more far-sighted emperors to transmit something more than the vaguest traditions of government, something which might be a law of restraint and guidance to their successors, utterly failed. Such constitutions of the empire were torn to pieces (much as the French constitutions were during the first French Revolution) by the passions and selfishness of men.

Just at this crisis the church, whose early history we traced, presented itself to Constantine, not only as the strongest and most vital body in the empire, but as able to supply that which, from all worldly sources, had been sought in vain; a moral principle and a spiritual power, absolute and changeless, to rule over the rulers, and place

the policy of government on a level basis of truth and right; which should lift it above the accidents by which again and again the very framework of government had been well-nigh destroyed. How to govern the governors was the great problem; and God presented it to society in the simplest form, by suffering the despotism of one man over so large a breadth of his world. I think that it was the great historical problem of the middle ages of Europe. I think that Charlemague, and Alfred, and St. Olaf, and Henry Plantagenet, and St. Louis, had to study it as well as Constantine, and in the same school; and I am not sure that we have quite done with it yet. I am not sure that our Administrative Reformers can close their doors and say that their work is done, until every official man through our broad British realms, in India as well as in England, has set himself with honesty and simplicity of heart to govern after the mind of Christ. That is what I call a thorough Administrative Reform.

But the question was a very pressing one with the Romans of the fourth century. Up to that time there had been a grand central want in society; a recognized truth of God remaining changeless through the ages, and giving alike to ruler and to subject the law of their mutual duties in the sight of God. Truth cannot support itself by the instincts and convictions of fallible, passionate, easily-befooled and be-devilled men. Through all the ages the endeavour had been made, and it had utterly failed. It had to seek for itself a shrine where it could nurse itself on its own pure aliment, and whence it could reveal itself to men, clothed in the splendour and armed with the strength of God. During these 300 years truth—God's truth—"*the words which one who was with God, who was God, heard of the Father, and declared to the world*," had been building itself a shrine, or rather clothing itself in a body by which, as a living organ,

it could express itself to men. The church, as was necessary, had grown quite out of the region of statecraft; among the humble, the unknown, the slaves, it had won its way. That Christian morality which was to become a law to nations, must of necessity grow independently; a creature of God, not of the world it was to rule. So the church wrought in seclusion, and, like its great herald, "*was in the deserts until the time of its shewing unto Israel.*" But so mightily did it work, that before 300 years, in every village of the Roman empire, in every department of government, in the army, in the Imperial Court, there were a band of men—brothers, verily—each one of whom professed that he was bound to obey the law of the Lord who made society, who was the King of kings, in the fulfilment of every duty which he owed to himself and to his fellow-men. The time came when that Christian truth, which was the nexus of that strong brotherhood, was to show itself openly, and enter on its task of speaking God's word, both to slaves and kings. With the public and solemn recognition of godliness —God manifest in the flesh—and all the truth of duty, life, and society, which it brings in its train—in the fourth century of the Christian era, modern history fairly begins. The world then fairly sets itself to the work which it has not finished yet, which it will not finish till all "*the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and his Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever.*"

There is another side from which this, the great fact of the fourth century, should be regarded. The real canker of the old world was, not simply slavery, but that which is the root evil out of which slavery springs—the utter want of the feeling and the principle of duty, on the part of man, to the poorer and dependent brother man. I keep a large part of the pity which historians, and philosophic ones too, lavish on the slaves, for those whose position was perhaps even more

wretched, the free poor of the old world. I cannot go into the subject, but there are conditions of society in which the poor man would be thankful to belong to somebody whose interest it should be to give him food and a home. Such a state of things is partly the fruit and partly the cause of that demoralization and degradation whose progress I have traced. It is a great thing to have a freeman's rights, but it is greater to have a brother's claims. In a state of confusion and strife, such as was the normal condition of the ages whose history I am tracing, be sure that what our modern seer calls the great bread-and-cheese question, and not questions of "rights" of any sort, was chiefly uppermost. "A morsel of bread and a cup of water for my starving children," was many a poor freeman's cry. The great mass of living, thinking, toiling men, were periodically blighted by the breath of plague or famine, or mown by the scythe of war; and the blood and flesh, the human sympathies and loves, the domestic bonds, the soul-life of these poor outcasts, counted for nothing in this great chess game of chiefs and kings. This want of a bridge of duty between rich and poor will, in time, bring any nation to destruction. Read in the Prophets how fatally it wrought in the Jewish state. Read Acts ii. 41—47: "*Then they that gladly received his word were baptized: and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls. And they continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers. And fear came upon every soul: and many wonders and signs were done by the apostles. And all that believed were together, and had all things common: and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need. And they, continuing daily with one accord in the temple, and breaking bread from house to house, did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God, and having favour with all the people.*

And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved." Wonder not that a brotherhood like that spread like flame throughout the empire. One passage from the Church history of the third century, to show that this life, not as a *communism*, but as a far diviner thing—a *communion*—was warm and fresh still in the Church's heart:—

"In times of public calamity, the contrast was strikingly displayed in the great cities between the cowardly selfishness of the Pagans and the self-sacrificing brotherly love of the Christians. Let us hear how the Bishop Dionysius of Alexandria describes this contrast, as it was manifested in the conduct of the Christians and the heathens respectively, during a contagion which raged in that great capital in the reign of the Emperor Gallienus: 'To the Pagans this pestilence appeared a most frightful calamity, that left them no hope; not so to us, but rather a special trial and exercise of our faith. Most of the brethren, in the fulness of their brotherly love, spared not themselves. Their only anxiety was for one another; and as they tended the sick, without thinking of themselves, ministering readily to their wants for Christ's sake, they cheerfully gave up their own lives with them. Many died after having, by their care, restored others from the sickness. Some of the best among our brethren, priests, deacons, and distinguished laymen, thus ended their lives; so that such a death, being the fruit of great piety and strong faith, seems scarcely inferior to martyrdom. Many who took the bodies of Christian brethren into their arms and to their bosoms, in order to compose their features and bury them with all due attention, afterwards followed them in death. But with the heathens it was quite different: when any showed the first symptoms of the disease, they drove from them away—they fled from their dearest friends. Many of them cast the half-dead into the streets, and left the dead unburied, making it

their chief care to get out of the reach of the contagion, which, however, in spite of every precaution, they could hardly escape."

The Christians at Carthage, in like manner, distinguished themselves from the heathen world by their disinterested conduct during the pestilence which, at a somewhat earlier period, ravaged North Africa in the reign of Gallus. The Pagans, out of fear, deserted their own sick and dying; the streets were full of dead bodies, which none dared to bury. Avarice alone overcame the fear of death abandoned men ventured to make a profit of the misfortunes of their fellow-men. The Pagans, meanwhile, instead of being brought by this calamity to a sense of their own guilt and depravity, accused the Christians, those enemies of the gods, as the cause of it. But Cyprian exhorted his church to look upon the desolating scourge as a trial of their character. "How necessary is it, my dearest brethren," said he to them, "that this pestilence which is come, bringing with it death and destruction, should try the minds of men! It comes to show whether the healthy will take care of the sick; whether relations have a tender regard for each other; whether masters will take care of their sick slaves."

However, that the Christians should simply show the spirit of brotherly love towards each other was not enough to satisfy a bishop who took the Great Shepherd for his example. Calling his church together, he addressed them thus: "If we do good only to our own, we do no more than the heathens and the publicans. But if we are the children of God, who makes His sun to rise, and sends his rain on the just and on the unjust, who scatters his gifts and blessings not barely on his own, but even on those whose thoughts are far from him, we must show it by our actions, by striving to be perfect, even as our Father in heaven is perfect, blessing those that curse us, and by being good to them

that despitefully use us.' Encouraged by his fatherly words, the members of the church quickly divided the work among them. The rich gave of their substance, the poor contributed their bodily labour, and in a short time the bodies that filled the streets were buried, and the city delivered from the danger of a universal infection."—NEANDER, i. 357-8.

You can understand, I think, very well how that community passed easily to the front rank in the Roman state. But you must understand that Christianity did not come forth in the fourth century to save the empire. Its mission was to save mankind. The empire could by no means be saved. The world then and now would be in no way thankful for its salvation. The church did not attempt it. The history of the two centuries after Constantine is not the history of an attempt of the church to make one vast despotism work well for humanity. God had quite other plans for humanity than one vast despotism. The German races were coming forth out of marsh and forest, where they had been studied and sketched by Tacitus. On them the hope of the future rested. "Westward, ho!" has been the watchword of civilization, from the days of Babel until now; and soon after the age of Constantine, Christianity began to look westwards. The empire, becoming more eastern in spirit and form as it declined, betook itself to the eastern shore of Europe, and planted its capital at Byzantium; while Christianity betook itself westwards, and, with an eye to its mission among the young stormful German races, planted its metropolis at Rome. I do not speak slightingly of that Byzantine empire, though it has been the fashion to do so among us busy men of the west. Roman civilization betook itself to those white marble palaces by the blue waters of the Bosphorus, as to an ark in which it could shrine itself during the stormy era of the education of the young western world. It dwelt there for ages, the most

finished, polished, consummate thing upon this earth. Its history is of rare interest. After ages it came forth again, and to Greek teachers in the fourteenth century, Boccaccio was indebted for that familiarity with the Greek tongue, the want of which Petrarch so bitterly lamented. But still between 500 and 800 A.D., all the life, stir, and progress of mankind is in the west—and there, not in the *midst*, but literally in the very *heart* of it, is Christianity.

Would that I had time to trace civilization and Christianity in their conjunct westward career. The church became dominant in the empire in time to weld itself to the civilization which was the rich legacy of the ages, and bear it away in a stronger and healthier form than that which lived on at Byzantium, to plant it among the rising nations of the west. I believe that, from the days of Nero, the church was the salt of the empire, and saved it silently from corruption; but it had no purpose or commission to save it ultimately; it had far larger purposes, and far richer ministries to mankind.

From the fifth century to the eighth, the great interest of history lies in the struggle of the church to master and to civilize the nations who occupied the western provinces of Rome I am not considering the question, whether the power of the church, in its simplest and purest form, was brought to bear upon them. It was a strong-handed age, and the church certainly strengthened its hand mightily to deal with it. It is quite open to question, whether a simpler and purer method might have had larger and more Christian results. Still do not dismiss it with a word. Study the question thoroughly, whether the unity, discipline, and culture of the Roman Church in the sixth century was, or was not, an advantage to the truth, in dealing with those stormy children of the north who settled in the fairest homes of the western empire. But, as matter of fact, I am confident

that you will find *this* the dominant characteristic of the nascent western civilization—viz., the introduction into the laws, habits, and life of the strongest and most richly endowed races which this earth had nourished, of the elements of Roman law and civilization on the one hand, and ideas of truth, righteousness, duty, and responsibility to Christ, which are entirely of Christian birth, on the other. Had I time, I could show you, in a thousand instances, how the power of Christ was at work through the church, taming the ferocity of manners, securing the administration of justice, teaching kings their duty, and throwing a shield over the slave, the widow, the orphan, and the poor; thus laying the very foundation of the modern nationalities of Europe, on a belief in the kingdom of Christ, as a real ruling kingdom, to whose laws ruler and subject alike must bow. That this gain was dearly purchased, that churchmen themselves wanted taming and governing, is most plain; but the dominant fact is unquestionably as I have stated, the benignant, constructive, fostering influence of Christianity on the rising nations of the west.

Joined as Christianity was to the culture and civilization of the dead Western Empire, it was the ruling fact in their history. The coronation of Charlemagne at Rome, as Christian emperor, at Christmas-tide, 800, is the great landmark which shows to us what had been gained during those 300 years. Another fact, dearer to us, is connected with our own great Alfred. Such men make the history of ages. Wandering alone in the marshes of Athelney, the only man who did not despair of England, David's Psalter was his companion and solace; and his code of laws, when he had won back England's liberties, opened with the words: "*And the Lord spake all these words, and said, I am the Lord thy God;*" and then follows the Decalogue, and then, "*Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, that do ye also unto them.*"

The history of the growth of civilization in our own country is deeply interesting, and amply illustrates the point which I am seeking to establish. It so happens that the early history of our country affords us better means of testing the relation of Christianity to the growth of a people than any other country in Western Europe. The facts are briefly these:—

The Frankish and Gothic nations mostly invaded the empire already Christianized, and amalgamated readily with the Roman and Christian elements they found there. The Saxons entered Britain as Pagans, and made a most entire clearance of both Roman and Christian elements from their part of the island. Thus, while in the sixth century the Gallic church had already attained to some development, the Anglo-Saxons were still in Pagan night. Towards the close of the sixth century, the Roman Bishop, Gregory the Great—and never did man more nobly win the name—set on foot a movement for their conversion. God prospered it mightily, the old British Church helping too, and in one century that Pagan Anglo-Saxon people became the leaders of Europe in civilization and Christianity, incomparably the most developed of the new peoples of the West. In the eighth century England spared a Boniface to Germany, an Alcuin to Charlemagne, who sowed the seeds of the intellectual cultivation of the great French monarchy. Many things may be said to account for the preeminence of England in the eighth century, while in the sixth it was utterly Pagan. Much, no doubt, is due to the apprehensive and earnest spirit of the people; but I believe that the chief reason will be found to be this:—The continental nations received their civilization from the palsied hand of the corrupt and dying Empire; England hers, fresh and vigorous, from the warm young mother's hand of the Christian church. Ever, thank God, this hath been the distinction of our country;

historically as well as believingly we say it is the secret of our prosperity, the source of our power among the nations of the earth.

Turn where you will, you will find that the key of modern history is the advent of the Lord, as the starting point of the development of the church. And in completing my demonstration I must beg you to note—for I cannot dwell upon it—how all the most earnest tendencies and movements of modern society are working out the idea of that first Christian society which assembled at Jerusalem; the duty of society to the sick, poor, and criminal. Who hears not the echo of the words of Jesus, "*For I was an hungered and ye gave me meat, thirsty and ye gave me drink, a stranger and ye took me in, naked and ye clothed me, sick and in prison, and ye came unto me?*" The emancipation of the slave—who finds not in it the recognition of the words of Jesus, "*All ye are brethren?*" All these are so many acted gospels. And woman! Native German manhood, as well as the Gospel, decreed to her the place she should hold in the modern world. But has she fully found her place—her ministry? Is not there a cry for deaconesses still? Socially as well as spiritually, do not we want work for womanhood, work for ladyhood, in which woman may find a public as well as a private ministry to society? I much misapprehend the matter, if Miss Nightingale's great example is to be lost. Open the 16th chapter of Romans. How many women's names occur among the list of fellow-workers! They had already solved that problem in the early church.

There is no end to the demonstrations which I might offer in support of my position, that the advent of the Lord was the event to which all the ancient ages were working, and from which all the modern ages live.

I have taken the church as a fact, the existence of which is to be learnt from history. I am aware that it is a deeper

and more difficult matter to account for it; difficult at least, not to us, but to the sceptics, who *will* believe (and great, as Dr. Vaughan will show you, are the credulities of scepticism), that the church is simply a development of humanity, and not a new creation of God. I feel the vast importance of this question, but I should have small hope of settling it by argument here. I believe, moreover, that a healthy, honest view of the work which the Lord has done in history will do more to incline you to the belief of St. Peter, rather than to the belief of the modern Deist or Infidel, than any arguments I could now present to you. Is Christianity the fruit of the natural progress of humanity in the regions of intellect and spirit, the last and highest expression of that religious instinct, nay, yearning in man, which is the parent of all the Gentile systems, the completest shadow of all the shades; or is it the fruit of the advent of a living person, who is the substance of all the shadows, God manifest in the flesh? Is the gospel simply the complete wisdom of the wise, eliminated by the struggles of the human intellect in its age of maturity; or is it "*the power of God unto salvation unto every one that believeth?*"

I believe that those who are best acquainted with history and experience would be the strongest witnesses, that it is not knowledge that man wants, so much as power. "*To will is present with me, but how to do I find not,*" hath been the cry of the noblest, from Adam until now. I spoke of an earnest effort at reformation in the 6th century before Christ. You would be surprised if I showed to you how much real solid truth about life and about society was uttered in that age, and was believed in; and yet where was the world morally in 300 years? I speak not only of Plato. I might quote many celebrated passages, besides that in the Theætetus, in which he says: "To become like God, as far as possible, is the highest scope of man's life." Nor of Socrates, who

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calmly concluded that it was better, infinitely, to die than to do what God forbade; but I might quote passage after passage from the Hindoo and Chinese records of that age, which would prove to you that an exceeding high conception of duty is not all that is needed by man. Take one specimen. "Hwuy said to Meng-tseu that formerly there was no country under heaven more powerful than Tsin: but since I have ascended the throne we have been defeated by Tse on the east, my son has been slain, and on the west we have lost territory; I am ashamed of such things, and wish on behalf of the dead to wipe off the stain. Under such circumstances, what can be done? Meng-tseu replied, With a province of one hundred Le, you may become sovereign of China. Exhibit a kind benevolent government, make the punishments lighter, diminish the taxes, let the people exert their whole strength in ploughing and cleaning the fields. Let the young employ their leisure time in learning the principles of filial piety, fraternal affection, fidelity and truth. Then, when at home they will serve their fathers and elder brothers, and abroad will serve their superiors. Thus you may with sticks oppose the strong armour and sharp swords of Tse."

China is the worst governed empire in the universe, except perhaps Naples, and yet these political ideas have not only been expressed in the literature, but taught in the public schools of China for more than 2000 years.

Alas, "*how to do*" China finds not, and cannot find till she shall cry with Paul, "*I thank my God through Jesus Christ my Lord.*"

The characteristic difference between Christianity and Paganism is not to be found only or chiefly in the purer truth which the Lord of truth brought into the world. Minutius Felix was nearer the rights of the matter when he

answered the Pagan questioners about Christianity: "Non eloquimur magna sed vivimus."

Life from the Lord of life, the incarnate Word, is the great gift of God in the gospel. I am persuaded that an honest study of history and experience will demonstrate this convincingly, and will strengthen your belief in that for which the great Athanasius battled as for the life of the church, that the Word, "*who was with God, and was God, became flesh, and dwelt among us.*" Beautiful are the words of the most thoughtful and finished workman of all the poets of our time:—

> "Truth in closest words shall fail,
> When truth embodied in a tale
> Shall enter in at lowly doors.
>
> "And so the Word had breath, and wrought
> With human hands, the creed of creeds,
> In loveliness of perfect deeds,
> More strong than all poetic thought.
>
> "Which he may read who binds the sheaf,
> Who builds the house, or digs the grave,
> Or those wild eyes which watch the wave,
> In roarings round the coral reef."

Believe it well, young friends; it is a vital matter, more needful to your being than nightly slumber and daily bread. The rock of that church whose living influence upon man in society we have traced, is the truth to which Peter confessed, "*Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.*" The truth as it is in Jesus is not ashamed to walk abroad along the highways of history. It has crouched too much behind subtle intellectual forts of argument; the time is come for it to walk abroad in the world, with open, loving face, and say, Trust me; for all this work—this proud, rich, fruitful, modern civilization is mine. You ashamed of the Gospel, or content to leave it to the saints? You are here, because there is a

Gospel. You are what you are, as men and Englishmen, because there is a Gospel. "*Then, kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. But blessed are all they that put their trust in him.*"

But God forbid that I should take my farewell of you to-night without bearing witness that you utterly misconceive of the "advent of Christ," if you do not translate it into "the presence of Christ," for all the practical purposes of your life. He was made flesh, who from old "had rejoiced in the habitable parts of his earth, and whose delights were with the sons of men." His incarnation was but the completion of his constant comings, and the prelude of his constant presence with the world. That which is the great fact in universal history, is the great fact in your history. By that you will be justified, or by that you will be condemned. He is here beside you, in your daily temptations, to strengthen you to resist the devil, and to destroy his works; to abide with you in your homes, as once in the cottage home of Bethany, a warm sunlight of blessing; to grieve as he once wept over doomed Jerusalem, if you will break from him and seek the outer darkness where all the wreck and waste of the universe is cast out to perish, "*where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth for ever.*" The advent of Christ! "*Behold, I stand at the door and knock.*" He is come to you. Look into history, look into your heart, and see how it is selfishness, cursed selfishness, which is at the root of all your wretchedness and weakness, all the wretchedness and weakness of the world. This is the heart's curse—the world's bane: and there is no strong antagonist which can conquer it, but godliness, the doctrine of "God manifest in the flesh;" the truth whose living influence on the world I have set myself this night to trace. It is self which mars all the concords of life; it is this truth which strikes them

more thickly. It is this which expands and fructifies the virtues, blights and kills the vices which else eat out the very core of man's heart. This adds to all virtues their supplemental graces, gives gentleness to strength, to beauty its robe of grace, to joy its bright contagion, to hope its untiring wing. This makes power considerate, righteousness loving, justice merciful, and truth tolerant. It ennobles the dullest handicraft, and stamps on perishing gold the imperishable images and superscriptions of heaven. There is no destructive passion which it will not chain for you; no germ of goodness which it will not foster and develop; there is no true joy which it will not exhilarate; no sorrow which it will not soften; no hope which it will not quicken; no dear bond which it will not tighten; no marriage of souls which it will not consecrate, and register in God's high court in heaven. Life without it were weary for a brute; life with it were blessed for an angel. "Godliness"—the doctrine of the incarnate Word—"IS PROFITABLE FOR ALL THINGS, HAVING THE PROMISE OF THE LIFE THAT NOW IS, AND OF THAT WHICH IS TO COME."

Saul of Tarsus.

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A LECTURE

BY THE

Rev. HENRY ALFORD, B.D.

SAUL OF TARSUS.

I AM about to speak to you to-night of one man—his character and his work. Every person, every event, every country and habitation of men, is a link in a vast chain, of which one end is hidden in God's past eternity, and the other in his future. And the business of the study of the facts of man's world—of history, chronology, and geography, is, to assign to each link its place in this great and manifold chain. When we have done this, and in as far as we have done this, we can be said to have a knowledge of these sciences.

For you can never too strongly bear in mind, that history is not a mere list of events, nor chronology of dates, nor geography of names of places; nor does any man know either science who knows only these; but history should teach us the interconnexion of events, and human agencies, and tendencies,—chronology, the succession and evolution of the periods which have marked the advance of our race,—geography, the circumstances and the reasons of those homes in which God hath appointed the bounds of the habitations of mankind. Any fixed contemplation of an age, an event, a life, or work of man, a land, or a sea,—with this intent, to assign its place in the unfolding of the divine purposes,—is

and ever must be profitable to us. And if, to resume our figure, that link of the chain to which we direct our attention proves to be no simple one, merely connected before and after, but one in a central place, to which many separate cords converge, and out of which many more proceed, the profit will manifestly be greater still. Now such will be our employment to-night. We shall be regarding a man of whom it may be truly said, that his work combined more separate elements than that of any other agent in the world's history; and that more influences have been exerted by him, than by any other mere man, over the destinies of his kind.

We shall best disentangle the separate elements which his work combined, by a survey of the state of the world at the time when he lived, with reference to the object for which he worked; and we shall best appreciate the influence which he has exerted over our race, by consideration of his work itself, his character, and his writings.

Our lecture will thus naturally divide itself into two parts; the work that was to be done, and the workman whom God raised up to do it. The former of these will employ us during the greater part of our time. And I will begin it at once, by asking you to accompany me in the survey which I just now indicated. At a certain period of the world's history, we believe that the fulness of the time was come for the final revelation of God's will to be preached to all nations. What was the character of that period? On surveying the great field of human society, then white for the divine harvest, what various growths meet our notice? On looking back over history, can we discern any preparation for the great intermingling of the world's inhabitants in a church which was to be one body in Christ? Let us sketch the leading features of the history of that portion of the world where Christ's

religion was introduced, and see whether we can trace in them any signs of such preparation. I will ask you to transplant yourselves in imagination to a date of about nine hundred years before our Christian era, and to stand with me on some promontory of the beautiful eastern coast of Greece, looking over the sea towards Asia. As God's glorious works are now, so were they then; the same everlasting hills, the same myriad waves dancing in the sunlight, the same shady creeks reaching far up into the deeply-indented shore, their banks rich with verdure, and studded with bright habitations of man. But let us look out to seaward, and what do we behold? Not, as from our own island coasts, the unbroken line which is the frontier of sea and sky; but many islands, peacefully throned on the pathless plains before us. Some, near to the shore on which we stand, tempt us by their green slopes, their rich forests, their crags that catch the sunshine; beyond them are others, visible only as masses of blue against the sky; further still are faint and fainter outlines of more, studding at increasing distance the vast and beautiful horizon. And when as we stand upon our cliff, you turn to me and say, "What mean these islands?" I answer, "They are God's stepping-stones, by which His ways are being prepared." Tempted out by their richness and beauty, see the first sailors, half merchants, half pirates, creeping, in the summer calms, timidly from the creeks beneath us; behold them (for we will suppose ourselves endowed with the power of making years into seconds) increasing in number and in boldness; advancing from island to island, till they have reached the opposite continent of Asia; then we hear from our lofty watch-tower the clash of arms, and the din of war, and the wailing of captives; and we see other fleets approaching, that went not out from our peaceful creeks—and our nestling villages are wasted with fire and sword; the

wild shriek rings through the woods beneath us; the roaring flame comes up along the forests; and when you turn to me and ask, "What mean these squadrons? Who are they? and who is their leader?" I answer, "One who girds them though they know Him not. These are the battles of the Lord of hosts; the skirmishes of the vanguard of that army with which He will conquer the world." And now descend we, as one of our own fleets approaches, to the sound of shouts and music, laden with spoil and with captives. Let us go unseen on the strand, and watch that guarded company, sorrowful amidst the joyous, who step forth from the prow of the first vessel as she touches the beach. Foreign and strange they are all; but who are these, brethren not in misfortune only, but also in countenance,—and in misfortune not like others,—these, who seem clothed with higher purpose and nobler endurance, who walk as if they saw one who is invisible? Wait awhile, and we shall see. Watch them as they pass from the market of captives, into the towns, and the villages, and the families of Greece. Trace them, as they stand up, when the licentious, when the robber, when the murderer says, "Come with us,"—behold them stand up, the only race under heaven that has a conscience, and make answer, "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?" And when again you turn to me, and ask me, "Who are these?" I answer, "These are God's heralds; these are the sons of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob; these are they of whom is writing a prophet, even now prophesying in their own land, 'The children of Judah and of Jerusalem have ye sold unto the sons of the Grecians, that ye might remove them far from their border.' * These men in their day have gone up to the mountain of the house of the Lord, and worshipped in the very temple which was filled with the glory of His presence;

* Joel iii. 6.

and now they are come to sing the Lord's song in a strange land—they are come with the 'Deus Misereatur,' if not yet with the 'Jubilate' of the future church universal—the first unconscious missionaries of the glorious gospel."

But regain our look-out, and mark them yet awhile. See yon town, now gathered fair and populous beneath us, busy with its hum of commerce—busy to all else, except one band, whom I can trace slowly moving to an enclosure by the river-side—busy to all but to them—for it is their day of rest, and their hour of prayer. But they are not alone—not all brethren in countenance this time. See, there are others with them, others resorting thither—the stately matrons and the beautiful daughters of Greece. And if you ask, "Why follow these in their steps?" I answer, "These are they whose hearts the Lord has opened—these are the first-fruits of the great harvest which He is preparing on earth."

But while we have been watching, ages have passed away. A cry has been heard in Samaria, and a cry in Jerusalem: her walls have been broken up, her holy and beautiful house destroyed, her nobles slain, her sons led away captive. See them scattered over Chaldæa and Media, and Asia, and Egypt, and Libya. See them in the courts of kings, in the palaces of nobles, in the houses of merchants. Now every town has its synagogue—every family its proselytes. And though, ere long, a proclamation goes forth, that the captives are emancipated, and that the scattered bands shall gather into one, and seek with joy their beloved home—though the wall is rebuilt again, and the city, in troublous times—yet we know that hardly a tenth of them returned; where they settled, there, for the most part, they remained—the leaven of the nations—the streaks, in every dark moral prospect, of the coming dawn.

But was God's only preparation this brightening of the

world's darkness? Were all Israel, who were of Israel? Come with me to their favoured city—there behold them rebelling and provoking Him to anger—behold them, when that first evil spirit of idolatry had been cast out at the captivity, yet after their return, empty, swept, and garnished,—worshipping the form, but denying the power, till at last those seven other more wicked spirits entered in, and their last state was worse than their first. And if you ask, "What means the decline of this people from God?" I answer, "It is His preparation, to show that no hedging about of the vineyard will keep it from bringing forth wild grapes; that there must be a new engrafting into a new and living vine, and for this engrafting men must long and pray,—being weary of the law, weary of commandments and ordinances,—waiting for the consolation of Israel.

But meanwhile, in that fair land where our survey began, has no corresponding preparation been carried on? Climb once more to our station, and behold beneath us, in the midst of yonder plain, a city of temples and palaces gathered round its central rock. On that rock, clear against the deep blue sky, rises the form, in precious metal and in costly marble, of its tutelar goddess, by her noble virgin-temple; round it and beneath it cluster multitudes of eager citizens, keen of glance, and sharp in intelligence, and quick in question and reply. On this spot were nurtured the noblest intellects that God ever created; under the shadow of that Acropolis was fashioned, and polished, and whetted for use, the most admirable weapon of language which the thought of man has ever wielded. Behold them even now thronging, on the side of yonder hill, round the orator, who on those stone steps is vehemently addressing them. Mark them well, a multitude with hard hands and soiled faces—the

mason with his chisel, the leather-cutter with his knife, the sturdy man-at-arms, the bluff mariner with his thong and cushion. And having marked them, listen, as they are listening. What hear we? Not the commonplaces of a mob orator, but the patterns of the world's eloquence. The subtlest distinctions of philosophy, the brightest flashes of raillery, the deepest wisdom of statecraft,—these by turns fall on that eager and listening company, and none are lost. As sensitive as the plate of the sun-painter to the rays of light, their minds catch, their faces reflect, every most delicate shade of thought. We seem to have reached the zenith of the human intellect, to have found a people whose very rabble are philosophers.

And does any again turn and question, "What means this? Why has the genius of the race been thus concentrated in one spot? Why have the artisans of Athens inherited a tenfold portion of God's noblest gift to man?" I answer, "These too are His preparations: that orator, that audience, those philosophers, those poets, those historians, were His workmen; it is in His forge that they are working, preparing, in the language of their own fables, thunderbolts for Him—even the chosen vehicles of that word of His, which is sharp and powerful, and can divide asunder the joints and marrow, and penetrate the thoughts and intents of the heart.

But this preparation too has another and a darker side. I dare not take you with me through the streets and the chambers of that intellectual city of Athens—*one* has drawn, in darker colours than I can exhibit to you, their depravities, their abominations, their unnatural horrors.* And when you think over that terrible description, and ask me, Why was this? Again I reply, They were all God's preparations, that it might be known to His world,

* Rom. i. 18—32.

that neither the keenness of the intellect, or the sharpness of the wit, nor the power of the imagination—no, nor all the lovely symmetries of language, nor all the fragrant flowers of poesy, can ever save or purify man; that men's hearts might be emptied of self-reliance and of human confidence, and yearning for something mightier, something deeper, something holier, than the noblest human genius.

But we must hasten onward, our journey is long, and we seem as yet hardly on our way. We spoke of expeditions, in the infancy of warfare, between Europe and Asia. But all these were as nothing, to that one of which we have now to speak. Historians have counted its numbers by millions. Asia poured her warriors into Europe. We read, and wonder, at the army, at the navy, of Xerxes; but we forget, perhaps, that about the time of his invasion of Greece, "a Jew was the minister, another Jew the cupbearer, and a Jewess the consort, of the Persian monarch."* Hundreds of thousands of his soldiers were left, after the main body of his army was defeated, to waste away and be led into slavery throughout Upper Greece and Macedonia. How many of these may have been the ancestors of the Jews of Thessalonica, of Berœa, of Corinth.

Pass onward yet. A hundred and fifty years more, and Europe took her reprisals upon Asia. Already long ago the Asiatic coasts had been covered with Grecian colonies But now the arts and language of Greece were carried by Alexander over all her extent, even to the utmost east. Henceforth the world of letters has but one language—the society of the refined and polite the same. Everywhere Greek is spoken. In Judæa itself it was the ordinary language of intercourse with the world without. But the conqueror founds in Egypt a vast city, and calls it after his

* See Conybeare and Howson's Life and Epistles of St. Paul, vol. i. p. 18.

own name, Alexandria. And now begins that closer connexion between Jew and Greek, which immediately paved the way for Christianity. In this his own city, he plants immense numbers of Jews. He assigns them one special quarter for their own; he ensures them liberty of worship and civil privileges.

Here the famous Septuagint version of the Scriptures was undertaken, which gave the Greeks the word of God in their own language. Here sprang up that strange mixture of Grecian philosophy and the truth of God, whose terms the Spirit himself has condescended to use, to describe some of the most sublime mysteries of our faith. And we find that the influence of these extended soon and widely beyond the place of their origin. During the reigns of Alexander's successors it made rapid progress. There were multitudes in Egypt, and in Asia, and in Europe, who, while Greeks in life and in language, were Jews in belief and heart, using the Greek Scriptures, meeting among themselves for worship, fearing God, but not so strict as the pure Hebrews in the observance of the law of Moses. These Grecians were known, according to the degree of their approach to Judaism, as proselytes of various kinds; or, as the Hellenistic Jews, they formed the link between the Jew and the Greek. And they too were one of God's preparations. It was through them that Christianity must make its appeal to the Grecian world;—through them that the exclusive Jew must be approached with the matter and form of the reasoning and persuading power of the Greek.

Such then was the mingling, gradually moving onwards from the first dawn of the world's history, between these two remarkable races. But, meantime, there had been going on also *political* preparations of a no less wonderful kind. Early history is but a confusion of petty interests and jealousies. States, narrow in territory and insignificant in

number of men, subdivide all those countries, which afterwards were known under one name, partook of one national character, and represented each some important and deeply interesting principle. And as time goes on, this process is carried yet further. These portions of great continents are absorbed into some two or three pre-eminent powers, which contend for the mastery till one or other gains it, and universal empire is the result. This is the tendency of every period of man's progress, to issue in universal empire. With an absorption of this kind, every such period has as yet been concluded; and it is to ward off such a result that the nations are, in the present day, set against one another in conflict—with what success remains yet to be seen.

But never was that process so notably exemplified, as in the course of the period which preceded the Christian era. One after another, the powers which rose to eminence had aimed at supremacy. Each grasped more than its predecessor, and empire in one hand grew wider and wider. In the east we have successively Egypt, Assyria, Persia: in the west, Sparta, Athens, Macedonia; this last eventually absorbing the Asiatic empire itself.

But meanwhile, far westward of any of these, a power was growing up, which was to crush them all down, and hold them in fusion under its boundless extent of sway. You cannot read the workings of Providence anywhere more plainly, than in the growth and consolidation of the Roman empire. All its earlier ages are ages of civil contest—fierce conflicts for popular rights, and for the removal of internal grievances. Through all these, the states were kept together by the continual pressure of external wars, forcing the reluctant people into union. As possessions and provinces increased, internal power became consolidated and centralized; till, at the very time when Rome became mistress of the world, her government was wielded by one

man, who had absorbed in his own person all the magistracies of the state. By his subordinate officers, he was everywhere present throughout the wide extent of the provinces under his rule. One mind possessed that vast political body. Everywhere the government of Rome was that of order and of civilization. Just before our era, one of her statesmen and warriors had effectually put down piracy in the Mediterranean; and about the same time those admirable roads were constructed, along which the Christian missionaries, as well as the Roman legions, advanced to the conquest of the world.

These were, in the main, the preparations which God had made for introducing the revelation of His will among mankind. And if it be asked, what was the temper of men's minds with regard to a religion at this time? Was there any strong moral power, as there was a political, which must be displaced, before Christ's kingdom could be brought in? Were theological principles well fixed, human motives understood, truth searched for and acquiesced in, men moving contentedly in the order and light of a system received and acted on? To this inquiry there is but one answer;—that at the second creation, as at the first, "the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep." It was one of those intervals of moral upbreaking and transition, which we can only compare to the great physical wastes, which seem to have separated the fertile periods of the world's geological history. The hearts of good men were disappointed and sinking: with very rare exceptions, there was no faith on the earth—no faith in the law for the Jew—no faith in philosophy for the Gentile. As for the religion of that Gentile world, if ever it had power for good, it was lost: vile and sensual in its theology, it had wrought its work; had become for the vile the instrument of their sin—for

the better among its professors, an object indeed outwardly of decent reverence, but inwardly of utter contempt. The moral and religious state of society cannot be better described than in those three characteristic words, uttered by him who, as the world's representative, judged the Lord of life, "WHAT IS TRUTH?"

At such a time, in an obscure corner of a province of Rome, lived, for thirty years, the Divine Saviour of mankind;—terminating His life, after three more years of a bitterly-opposed public ministry, by the shameful death of a malefactor and a slave. His execution was public; but after it He rose again from the dead, and appeared not in public, but to His chosen witnesses—those very men who had, during life, been His disciples. In their sight, and theirs only, He ascended up to heaven, and then left them, not indeed unaided from above, but still working by the human means of persuasion and enlightening, to spread His gospel on earth. Can we conceive a task, humanly speaking, more utterly hopeless? The *shame* of their Master had been public and notorious; wherever they went, this would be cast in their teeth: nay, they had no disposition to conceal it; for this very disgrace they were to proclaim as the central fact of their preaching. His triumph and exaltation were sure to be received with scorn as an idle fiction. But there was far more than this. These men were to break down every barrier of race and prejudice, and unite all men into one body under the new faith. They must, in order to do this, be able to lay hold on their hearers by the strong cords of individual persuasion; for each man's place, and each man's race, they must have a word in season; they must have gone out into the wide world to be all things to all men, or their mission would never prosper. How they did go out and prosper, we know but very partially; one thing, however, is remarkable; that in almost every case.

their labours appear to have been confined mainly to the East, and to races congenial to themselves. We will leave the Twelve, their toils and their journeyings, of which we know so little,—and we will go in search of a man who shall possess all the qualities necessary for carrying, under these discouragements and unpromising circumstances, the religion destined for all men into the world as it then was. WHO, and WHAT, must he be, that is to accomplish such a work? He must unite in himself qualifications of a kind not commonly found united in one man. Let us specify a few of them.

First, it is absolutely necessary that he be a JEW. It can be only through the Jews that the world can receive Christ's gospel. That gospel was founded on Old Testament promises—was the true filling up of the Jewish law and prophets. Besides this, superior as the Jews were in divine knowledge and moral light to the rest of mankind, any universal religion, which did not primarily embrace them as its nucleus, must necessarily be imperfect and inadequate. And in order to embrace them, it must be *of* them, and spring from among themselves. None but a Jew could have access to them; they would not for a moment have listened to a Gentile. Nothing short of convincing out of the law and prophets, would render them disciples of the new faith. Among them must the foundation of every church be laid.

Again, he must be not only a Jew, but a Jew of PURE DESCENT. If he is a Hellenist, a Jew of Greek extraction, using a Greek version of the Scriptures, unacquainted with the sacred language of the law,—all his efforts among Jews of pure birth will be unavailing. These latter held themselves aloof from their Hellenistic brethren, never entered their synagogues, and looked on them with disparagement and even contempt. Such a champion of the new religion

would have brought with him a scaling-ladder too short to surmount the central fortress of Judaism. He would never have gained access even to its outer works; would never have lifted up his voice in its synagogues, nor been fitted to reason with Jews out of their own Scriptures.

But far more than this. Let our Apostle, of whom we are in search, be a Jew, and a Jew of pure descent,—yet this will not be enough. When he had entered the fortress, he would find a citadel still inaccessible to him, unless he were also of the straitest sect of Judaism—a PHARISEE. Let us review for a minute the position of this remarkable body of men at the time of which we speak. The Pharisaic society formed a compact and organized body, united in their purpose, and unscrupulous in their means of attaining it. That purpose was, the upholding of Judaism as they had received it—as a hierarchical and political system—and in it of themselves, their power, and their influence, and their credit with the people. They appeared before men as the rigid and unbending devotees of the law, and of the traditions of the fathers. Wherever Jews were, they were found. They were the Jesuits of the ancient world. Their history, like that of the Jesuits, is one of intrigue, turbulence, and bloodshed. We find them in the courts of princes, and in the houses of widows; compassing sea and land to make one proselyte; praying apart in the holy places of Jerusalem, and mingling with the great concourse at Rome; the stirrers-up of the people to sedition and tumult, the secret organizers of conspiracies and the subverters of thrones. By their stern Israelitish exclusiveness, their minute literal observances, their proselytizing zeal, they formed the inner stronghold of Judaism to which we have compared them; the conservative power, which kept inviolate the letter, long after the spirit had departed. And like every such closely-combined society, they had their secret teaching, their hidden senses of the law, their rabbinical

books and mysteries. They touched the concealed springs which moved the public opinion of the Jewish people.

Unless then our Apostle of the world is a Pharisee, all will be in vain. He must have been trained to stand forth to the Jews as a master in Israel. None must be able to say, "Whence hath this man letters, having never learned?" In our Lord's case, this was otherwise. He came, not so much to persuade, as to offer himself to those who ought to have been waiting for him and to have welcomed him; not so much to teach, as to bear testimony to himself as the Messiah. But with our Apostle it is not so. He comes to persuade—comes armed with all appliances with which the most consummate human prudence could have armed him; and though he is to carry the convincing power of the Spirit, is to be a *selected* vessel. If the Pharisees are able to say of him, "This man, who knoweth not the law, is cursed," his influence in the synagogues would be gone, his arguments wielded in vain.

But there was another and even a more cogent reason, why the Apostle of the world must be a Pharisee. It was ever the lot of our Lord to be best understood by his bitterest enemies. Of all the opposition offered to him, that of the Pharisees was most consistent and entire. They saw, and they alone saw, that if his teaching prevailed, their hierarchical system was at an end. If he were that which he professed to be, the ceremonial law had passed away, the barrier between Jew and Gentile was broken down, and Judaism became an empty husk henceforward. And none understood this thoroughly but the bigoted Pharisee. The greatest of the twelve Apostles, though himself chosen to admit the Gentiles into the church of Christ, though warned by a heavenly vision, though ripe with the experience of years, in after days went wrong, and vacillated on this vital point; and the church

at Jerusalem seems to the last to have retained strong prejudices against the full admission of the Gentiles, as Gentiles, to Christian brotherhood. But one who had been a Pharisee, would even thereby be sufficiently secured from error in this matter. He will have clearly understood that which he had long in his hostility proclaimed, that the reception of the faith of Jesus of Nazareth was the death-blow to Judaism in all its forms. We may expect such a man to be the most consistent and earnest champion of the union of mankind in Christ. And clearly this, for one who is to unite all mankind in Him, is a point of the most vital and essential importance.

Jew then he must be, of purest descent, and a Pharisee. But is he therefore to be born in Palestine, and brought up there alone? Where then would be his fitness to deal with that other wonderful element of the ancient world, on which we have said so much to-night? How is he to approach even the Hellenistic portion of his own people, with nothing but the sacred Hebrew text of the Scriptures, which they did not understand? How to address them in the form of thought and language with which the Alexandrian school had familiarized them? And, to go further, how would Greeks, and those Romans whose whole culture was Greek, listen to one who came to them with mere saws of wise rabbis, mere burdens of "it is written," which they cared not for? Must he not have known from youth, and be able to quote, the Greek as well as the Hebrew Scriptures? Must he not be aware of the power of that wonderful language of which we have been speaking to-night,—and that not as a mere awkward learner, but as a familiar speaker of it? He will have to stand before kings and governors; not only as an accused person, but as a defender of the faith. We know indeed that under such circumstances divine help was specially promised, anxious

premeditation was expressly forbidden; but we do not find that another style, or a different language from that ordinarily spoken by the Apostles on other occasions, was supplied to them on these. When Peter and John stood before the Sanhedrim, on that first occasion of which a lecturer here lately reminded you, and which I will take leave to call the noblest scene in history, we find that they spoke as plain men, mere simple, short, homely words; it was the Spirit of their Father which spoke in them, and therefore those simple words have rung through ages, and to this day cleave the heart, and moisten the eye, and nerve the man for his conflict;—it is the Spirit that fills the world and flashes light over a thousand men's paths;—but the words are very like the words of Galilean fishermen; as they spoke at other times, so they spoke then. And thus too will it be with him of whom we are in search. Nay, he may even have to stand on that very rock where we saw that keen multitude gathered just now—and to plead his cause before those eager faces. Will they listen to his precedents from the Jewish Targums? Will they thank him for telling them that Rabbi Jonathan said this, and Rabbi Simeon said that? Not a whit. Were we only reasoning about him *à priori*, as one to be provided merely, we might for certainty say that for such a task he must know something of their national spirit and intellectual requirements—must be able to introduce his strange subject with something of dialectic skill, and careful choice of words, and avoidance of unwelcome ideas nay, we might say that such a situation and such an oration would be no mean test of the man who is required—when he, a Jew and a Rabbi, should stand in the metropolis of Gentile cultivation, and try on the fastidious and proud Athenians that power of persuasion which is to be his gift for his apostleship of the world.

Well then, he must be thoroughly acquainted, and there-

fore from his boyhood acquainted, with the Greek tongue, and in some measure with the Greek lore; no stranger to these, but brought up in them. And, as a consequence, not born at Jerusalem, nor instructed there in his early childhood—there, all was adverse to such culture. At the same time, there, and nowhere else, he must receive his maturer education:—no foreign tuition could initiate a Pharisee. In the Holy City alone, and in the schools of the Jerusalem Rabbis, was the fountain-head of Judaism to be drawn from.

Thus far we have advanced, sketching out characteristics which we may suppose were very rarely combined in one man, a Jew and a Pharisee—but born out of Jerusalem; nursed not only in his own sacred faith and learning, but also in the school of secular knowledge of the time—and matured in the metropolis of Judaism.

But one important element remains yet unconsidered. A Pharisee turned Christian—a persecutor become a confessor—will fix upon himself the most deadly and concentrated hatred of the vast combination of which we have spoken—the Pharisaic party. This hatred will be unrelenting, and will pursue him wherever his message is delivered. No calumny will be spared, no attempt of any kind withheld, to make him odious to the local magistracies. In Judea itself, ever turbulent and jealously watched, it was only needful to represent him as a stirrer-up of sedition, and the Roman procurator would be too eager to make him a sacrifice, to secure his own popularity and his credit with his imperial master. It would be unlike the dealings of Him, who commanded his disciples, when they were persecuted in one city, to flee to another,—were the Apostle of the nations left entirely without protection against his career being thus at any time cut short by the tyranny of an unprincipled provincial governor. And in only one way can we conceive, humanly speaking, such a safeguard provided. If he were a

Roman citizen, he would be secured from all such peril of life, by his privilege of appeal to the central power at Rome; while at the same time the local Roman government would always prove a refuge from the mere conspiracies or tumults of his own hostile countrymen.

Thus far then have we combined external circumstances to form the man of whom we are in quest. We have found it necessary that he should unite in himself the three great streams of civilization at the confluence of which stands the Christian Church—that he should be by birth and education a Jew—by early training and culture a Greek—in political privilege a Roman. But can we find no peculiar fitness of personal character and qualification, which should designate the workman to be provided for such a work? Suppose him to be of commanding person and voice—of consummate oratorical powers—carrying with him a weight which none can resist—we might conceive that wonders would be wrought by his presence; but would not the withdrawal of that presence go far to withdraw his influence also? When so great things depended on the mere instrument, might not that instrument be in danger of being glorified too much, and his Master too little? But suppose our Apostle were insignificant in appearance, and without any of the outward adornments of eloquence; suppose his whole power to arise from the intensity with which he cast himself into his work, so that the instrument was almost forgotten, and the work alone glorified in its great object; then, indeed, the impression would be far more likely to endure after his withdrawal —the persuasion to be inwrought and permanent.

Again, suppose him whom we seek to be a man of gigantic and inflexible power, of calm endurance, of imperturbable temper, of stoical fortitude,—not drawn this way or that by human sympathies and infirmities, but going on steadily and uninterruptedly with the care of all the churches.

We might imagine such a person to possess great advantages, considering what hindrances, what persecutions, what thwartings, what disappointments, he will be sure to meet with at every turn. But let us consider a moment with whom he will have to deal; with alien races, and elements hostile to one another. These it is his aim to blend together into one body, and to teach them to be members one of another. Set your Stoic to such a work, with his immovable countenance, his level temper, his quiet-beating heart. Place him where he must reprove, rebuke, exhort, in season and out of season. Nay more, where he must gain men's hearts, and knit them to his own, and through human love win them to Christ. Will you gain your end by his retained power, his freedom from excitement, his blameless temperament? Oh, no! it is "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin;" for such a work we want a man of leaping heart and kindling sympathy—for such a work we want not dry precepts, but exhortations steeped in tears—for every such work we want a person whom men can love. For *every* such work—and here is one of our fatal mistakes in our doing good. When we want to do good, we frame our plan, our society, our rules, excellent perhaps and faultless—we construct our scheme, we build our church, we build our school, we build our hospital—but we forget, that for any stirring, living good, engrafted and growing and prospering, we must have *men*, first and above all, *men*, personal centres of love, and respect, and devotion; —that a cause, however good—rules, however faultless—pleading, however earnest and sincere, will never win and set in motion the energies of many men—but that a loving, self-sacrificing, weeping, tender-hearted man will stir multitudes, even with a weak cause; and that every great movement among mankind has, if not originated with, grouped itself about and centred in such a personal agent,

round whom, and in sympathy with whom, others have gathered. If we are wisely pursuing our aim for church, schools, institutions of any kind to be effective, for such a man we shall pray, and search till we find him. And shall not the Great Head of the Church, who Himself set us the example by placing Himself in our humanity, as the source and centre of love, shall not He provide for this His world-wide work, one who can bind men's hearts together by love —who shall rejoice with them that rejoice, and weep with them that weep—nay, will not such a person, seeing He ever works by human means, be essential to the founding and consolidating of His Church among the nations?

We have now spoken somewhat of the work to be done. We have shown you a few of its complications and difficulties. We have inferred thence the kind of workman who, according to the analogy of God's dealings, must be selected for accomplishing it. And now what remains is no longer surmise, but matter of fact. Such a man, complete in every one of these particulars, and bearing besides many qualifications for it which we have not enumerated, WAS PREPARED for the work, and in due time went forth on his course of evangelizing the nations.

About or shortly after the beginning of our era, the future Apostle of the Gentiles was born, a Jew of pure descent, a Hebrew of Hebrews, at Tarsus, the capital of the Roman province of Cilicia. With his birth he inherited the citizenship of Rome. His native place was, as he himself designates it, "no mean city." It was, indeed, one of the most celebrated seats of Grecian learning. The tutors of the Emperors Augustus and Tiberius were taken from the schools of Tarsus. A contemporary writer on geography, Strabo, prefers it as an academy to Athens, and Alexandria, and every other in the world. Here it was that he was educated in precisely that combination of studies

which we have seen to be necessary for his future work. At home, the Hebrew Scriptures would be taught him day by day; and by some means, as his writings testify, he here in his childhood gained the very knowledge which was required of the Greek language and literature. Here must have taken place his intercourse with Hellenists, or Grecian Jews, which enabled him in after times familiarly to quote their version of the Scriptures, and reason with them as well as with his own people. But before long he was sent to the Holy City. He dates his training there from his youth. He was the pupil of Gamaliel, one of the most celebrated of the Rabbis. He was known to all the Jews, as living after the most straitest sect of their religion, a Pharisee.

At this time, Jesus of Nazareth was yet in obscurity, far away in that corner of Galilee, waiting the hour of His manifestation to Israel. How long the youthful Saul received rabbinical training, we cannot tell; but it is almost certain that he must have quitted Jerusalem before the beginning of our Lord's public ministry. It is hardly probable that he ever saw Him in the flesh. If he had seen Him, we can be at no loss to assign the part which he would have taken; and the young man Saul would have been sure to have appeared as one of His most eager and bitter persecuters. Had this been so, we might calculate on finding some allusion to such a circumstance in his writings. He who made no secret of his having been a persecutor of the church of Christ,—would he be likely to conceal the fact of his having withstood Christ himself face to face? As no such hint occurs, we may safely say that he was absent from Jerusalem, for some reason or other, during those three years or more. Nay, it is not till the eighth year after the Ascension that we can with any certainty trace his course. We then find him a member of the council of the Sanhe-

drim, a zealous enemy of the name and followers of Christ, —voting for, and active in, the first Christian martyrdom, and put in high trust by the rulers of the Jews—so much so, as to be sent into distant parts with warrants against those who were of the hated sect.

Now it is an important question, What image must we form of him in our minds at this period? There is sometimes a great mistake made in regarding Saul as what is commonly called an *unconverted* man—*i. e.*, one careless about solemn things, and living in and of the world. I need hardly remind any student of the Bible that this was very far from being the case. Long before this, the mind of Saul had gone through that stirring and awakening process, which he himself describes in Rom. vii. 7—11: for to none other than himself, and his own personal history, can I for a moment consent to refer that remarkable passage. He had been awakened to the justice, holiness, and truth of God's law; he found himself dead under sin; he was eagerly, but we may well believe almost desperately, throwing himself into what was believed to be zeal for that law.

And another point is most important. Many of the Pharisees, Christ's enemies, were hypocrites. It is the name by which he constantly upbraids them. But we may safely affirm that Saul never was a hypocrite. He hated Jesus of Nazareth and his followers with all his heart. He saw in Him the greatest foe of the practices and traditions which he held sacred. He was not one who could act a part. His thorough and fervid disposition cast itself entire into whatever it undertook. He had then all the advantage at which we before hinted of having from a hostile position well surveyed and apprehended the character and strongholds of Christianity. While even those who seemed to be pillars among the apostles could not comprehend the incompatibility of the gospel with Judaism, there never was the

shadow of a doubt on the mind of St. Paul. He, and he only as it seems at first, had embraced it in all the exaggeration (which proved indeed to be no exaggeration, but the sober truth) of its world-wide freeness, which he had so well and so eagerly framed to himself when viewing it with the eye of an enemy.

On that sudden and wonderful event which turned the whole current of his thoughts, I need not dwell before you. To recite his own descriptions would be superfluous; to attempt to vary them, impertinent.

As regards us to-night, it is the internal effect on himself with which we are mainly concerned. The history of great and decisive changes in men's views would form a most instructive chapter in psychology; and at the head of it would stand as an example Saul of Tarsus. To say merely that he now preached the faith which he once was destroying, would manifestly be to take a most imperfect view of the matter. The whole current of his life was changed; every friend was abandoned; every conviction rooted up; every employment reversed. It was as if the sacred rivers of his being had stopped their current, and flowed backward to their source. And all this by a sudden stroke—a heavenly vision—a voice from Him whom he persecuted. It is impossible that such a change can pass over a man, and leave him scatheless and sound; as well might the lightning scorch up every leaf on a tree, and leave its trunk safe and uncharred. There can be little doubt that Saul emerged from his three days' blindness a shattered and enfeebled man. Woe to him, it has often been said, who is the vehicle of the Spirit's power to men! The divine glory had shone upon him, God had revealed his Son in him; but as he could not at first see for the brightness of that light, so there is reason to believe that ever after he bore about with him visible signs that his bodily frame had been crushed and blighted by the

sudden shock. Whatever it was,—whether partial paralysis, or extreme weakness of sight, or tendency to nervous disorder,—certain it is from his own testimony, that there was some thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan, as he calls it, to buffet him,—which made his bodily presence weak, and his speech contemptible.* So that when he went forth on his mission, it was not commanding figure, nor recommendation of eloquence, that won his way for him. Decrepid in person, and perhaps even ridiculous in gesture, he came, like the gospel and its divine Founder, with no beauty that men should desire him; and gained his victories by demonstration of the Spirit and power—by *that of which*, not *that which*, he spoke.

The same considerations would show, even did not his own natural character vouch sufficiently for it, that he was no Stoic—no man of even temper and unruffled calmness. I suppose there hardly ever was one whom the world would be less likely to account a hero. His anxieties were intense, feverish, unremitting. His love was deep, fervent, restless. He was known, by his own testimony, to break off on one occasion in the midst of a ministry where the Lord had opened a great door before him, and to cross the sea in eager anxiety, because he could not find there the friend of his heart.† His sympathies were exaggerated almost to the extent of being morbid. If any were weak, he felt himself weaker; if any were offended, his heart burned in him. He was a man of many tears. Everywhere in his writings we are told of tears; we almost trace the great drops as we read. Half his character seems to be feminine. Like a woman, he weeps; with attachment even passing that of women, he loves. When he exhorts his sons in the faith, Timothy and Titus, it is more as a tender mother than as an ecclesiastical superior; every one of their weaknesses,

* Compare 2 Cor. x. 1, 10; xii. 7—9. † See 2 Cor. ii. 12, 13.

and even their physical wants, are borne in his heart amidst the care of all the churches. When he is driven to glory, he reverses the hero's estimate, and glories in his infirmities. And what is the result? St. Paul is no hero—O no—never call him by such a name. St. Paul is, in the sense in which the name belongs to the Twelve, not patriarchal enough, not stately enough for an *apostle;* he is an apostle in a sense peculiarly his own. When I think of the twelve, I always fancy them in Solomon's porch, standing in solemn assembly, giving forth their testimony with power, unapproached by the people; but when I would call up my mind's image of St. Paul, it is on the deck of the storm-tossed ship, or amidst those midnight psalms of praise while the earthquake shook the prison at Philippi, or with the Ephesian elders clinging round his neck on the beach at Miletus, or sitting in that hired house at Rome, writing with his fettered hand, and the tears falling thick as he wrote, and that soldier who was chained to him gazing on with a look of kindling sympathy, which shall not end there. Those others seem to me to be teaching, exhorting, testifying; but St. Paul stands with one hand on Christ and the other clasped in mine, or pressed on my beating heart:—I feel as if such a man—so unwearied in love, and yet so full of feebleness and imperfection—was just the link which I wanted, of which it might be said, "Be ye followers of me, as I am of Christ."

Let us now just select a few passages in his apostolic career, which may serve to illustrate his wonderful fitness for the post assigned him in the Church of Christ.

It was full five years after his conversion, before he was separated by divine command, together with Barnabas, on his first missionary journey. As they looked from the port of Antioch, Cyprus, the native island of Barnabas, was seen upon the distant horizon. Thither they directed their

way; and there the conversion of the Roman proconsul, Sergius Paulus, brought into the gospel the first fruits of a harvest which none but a preacher so qualified, could, humanly speaking, have gathered. I mention this partly to endeavour to remove from your minds what I must call a foolish idea, though found even in Jerome and Augustine. I mean the idea, that it was from this eminent convert that Saul took the name of Paul. Every personal consideration is against the notion. Such a piece of secular conceit would have been wholly alien from his character. The circumstance of the name being henceforth adopted, seems to be fully accounted for, by the Gentile cast and locality of his exertions from henceforward, and the gradual prevalence of Greek names in the church over Hebrew, as it became more strongly tinged with a Gentile character. Nothing was more common than for Jews to bear two names; one their original Hebrew appellation, the other some name of similar sound or meaning, but more suited to Grecian or Roman ears.

Time will not permit us even to glance rapidly over the various journeys. We hasten on to one or two of the prominent scenes. Watch the missionary band, consisting of Paul, Silvanus or Silas, the youthful Timotheus, and Luke, the beloved physician, as they first set foot in Europe. It was at Neapolis, the port of the city of Philippi, then recently famous as the place where the decisive battle of the world had been fought, between Augustus and the forces of Brutus and Cassius; but destined to witness the opening of a conflict on our continent far more decisive of the world's fate. Philippi was a Roman colony, *i. e.*, it had a government and privileges like those of the mother city, and was a miniature of Rome itself. Here we have the first recorded example of the combination to which so many ages had been converging.

Here we see the Jew, in a Greek city, seeking the few Jews and proselytes who assembled on the river's brink for prayer; and when cast into prison and beaten by the Roman magistrates, obtaining honourable dismission by means of his privilege of citizenship of Rome.

If there is a moment in the history of the world full of strange interest for the Christian, for the scholar, for the man of imagination,—it is that when St. Paul stood on Mars' hill, at Athens. Not, indeed, for its results, for these seem to have been unimportant:—it was not from the metropolis of the human intellect that the triumphs of the gospel were to be won; Athens makes no figure in the annals of the early church;—but for those elements which were there mingled—for that testimony which was there borne to the divine preparation of man for the gospel, and of the gospel for man. When we see the Apostle, prepared by Jewish birth and training, united with Grecian culture, standing in the Areopagus, and preaching God's revelation,—we feel, if ever we do, the unity and harmony in the Divine counsels of all that is holy, and beautiful, and great in our race;—that ours is not a nature of bright fragments, disjointed and helpless, but that there is a power able to unite and hallow all that is good, or seeking after good, among us. In the words uttered there, also, we have a noble proof of the workman's fitness for his work. There does not exist a more perfect specimen than this speech affords us, of cautious prudence and consummate skill. It might well be so, when such a man had been so prepared—when a mind of the highest order was enlightened and directed by the special suggestions of superhuman wisdom.

At Corinth, on this same journey, he wrote his two epistles to the Thessalonian converts—the first of that invaluable series of letters, in which, while every matter

relating to the faith is determined once for all, with demonstration of the Spirit and power, and every circumstance requiring counsel for the time so handled as to furnish precepts for all time,—the whole heart of this wonderful man is poured out and laid open. Sometimes he pleads, and reminds, and conjures in the most earnest strain of fatherly love; sometimes playfully rallies his converts on their vanities and infirmities; sometimes, with deep and bitter irony, concedes that he may refute, and praises where he means to blame. The course of the mountain torrent is not more majestic or varied; we have the deep still pool,—the often-returning eddies, the intervals of calm and steady advance, the plunging and foaming rapids, and the thunder of the headlong cataract. By turns fervid and calm, argumentative and impassioned, he wields familiarly and irresistibly the weapons of which Providence had taught him the use. With the Jew he reasons by Scripture citation; with the Gentile, by natural analogies; with both, by the testimony of conscience to the justice and holiness of God. Were not his epistles among the most eminent of inspired writings, they would long ago have been ranked as the most wonderful of uninspired.

But we make rapid strides onward, and view him on his last recorded journey to Jerusalem. Full of eagerness for his object—determined to go up by the time appointed—persuaded that this journey would be his last, he dared not trust himself at Ephesus, the scene of former labours and dangers. He might be involved in the one or the other, anew, and thus his object be foiled. But while the ship rested a day or two at Miletus, he sent for the Ephesian elders; he spoke to them that great discourse, so full of earnest warning and tender affection,—which, with its results as there recorded, gives us the most admirable picture of the deep love which such a father in the faith felt himself, and awoke in

his converts. And now follow quickly, one after another, the great crises of his course. His apprehension at Jerusalem—his rescue from the conspiracy of the Jews—his appeal to Cæsar—his detention at Cæsarea—all hastened on the fulfilment of the divine announcement, "As thou hast borne witness to me at Jerusalem, so thou must bear witness at Rome."

What a wonderful history is that of the voyage to Italy—wonderful, not for its perils and adventures—these, however intense in interest, are not uncommon—but wonderful in this, which we, accustomed to wonders in the history of such a man, pass over perhaps without thought, that a prisoner in chains—a despised emissary of a despised faith—should ever acquire and maintain the power of which we read over the motley crew of that huge Alexandrian corn-ship. He is the adviser, he is the comforter of them all. Though his words seem to be disregarded, he, in fact, is the centre and stay of all, it is his exhortation at which they take food; it is his warning which keeps the seamen in the vessel, without which they could not be saved. What a testimony do these facts bear to the point which we are illustrating to-night—the fitness of the man for his work—the amazing power of persuasion which dwelt in that fettered, enfeebled, diseased bodily frame, and made him that which we find him when directly engaged in his solemn mission of converting the Gentiles.

When we have brought the Apostle to Rome, the great end of his missionary plans, as it was the centre of the Gentile world,—the sacred record closes, and with it all certain trace of his proceedings. We know that he dwelt two whole years in his own hired house, in the full liberty of preaching and teaching. We gather from some of his epistles that they were written during this imprisonment; from one—that to the Philippians—that he was, though still full of

faith and joy in Christ, yet subdued in spirit, and looking on a speedy death as probable. We have yet another Epistle —the 2nd to Timothy—obviously written in the immediate prospect of becoming a martyr for the faith.

Such are the few indications which penetrate the shades that fall around the evening of this wonderful life. They are scanty indeed, and uncertain. *When* each of these Epistles was written,—whether he was ever set free from that imprisonment,—to what period to assign other epistles whose indications are less certain, will never be known, until all things become plain in the light of our restored knowledge. "It is the glory of God to conceal a matter:" and, as it is said of the great Lawgiver of the Old Testament: "The Lord buried him, and of his sepulchre knoweth no man unto this day," so it is with the great Apostle of the world. Where and how he witnessed his last confession, we know not. Tradition tells us that it was at Rome: and nothing is more probable. But we have no certain record. All we know of him is, his preparation for his work, and his life in it: his warm and loving heart, his untiring energy, his living and burning words, his fast-falling tears. All these are with us yet—but his sepulchre is not with us. When that heart ceased to beat—what stroke gave rest to that busy hand, we know not: who received his parting words, or wiped his latest tear; what hands, or whether any, composed that body, which had been in so high a degree the chosen vessel of the Spirit of truth and love. Our God is not the God of the dead, but of the living; our churches are not the sepulchres of martyrs, but the congregations of believing Christians. Among these, he being dead yet speaketh; and as often as God would arouse his church to fresh purity and life, it is over these epistles that the Spirit of knowledge, the Spirit of inquiry, moves anew. Hither came Augustine, and proclaimed the doctrines of grace; hither came Luther, and

justification by faith was once more known and upheld in Christendom. And here too is the armoury, whence future champions of God's truth and man's right shall yet equip themselves for victory.

For the Apostle of the world preached not only from Jerusalem round about unto Illyricum, and to the bounds of the West,—but to the unborn empires of modern Europe, to America, and Australia, and Africa, and to as many as the Lord our God shall call. He not only drew to himself, and thus to Christ, the religion, the thought, the shape and feeling of the day when he ran his course,—but spoke, and wrote, and loved, and wept, for all times, all hearts, yea, for all unfoldings of Providence in every age of time.

This Lecture is an expansion, in a popular form, of an article, by the author, on the same subject, in the "Edinburgh Review" for January, 1853, to which the reader is referred.

The following works on the great Apostle will be read with interest and profit:—

Conybeare and Howson's Life and Epistles of St. Paul. 2 vols. 4to.

Life and Epistles of St. Paul, by T. Lewin, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo.

Saint Paul: Cinq Discours, par Adolph Monod.

Labour Lightened, not Lost.

A LECTURE

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LABOUR LIGHTENED, NOT LOST.*

I HAVE come a long way to tell you what may turn out, I fear, rather a long tale; but I hope that the length of the journey may prove some apology for the length of the speech; and, if I should trespass a little beyond your ordinary limit of endurance, bear with me, for I have an extensive subject to get over, and I cannot come back another day.

Let me not waste your time in any further apologies, but begin my task at once, and see how labour may be lightened and yet not lost.

In the first place, I would make one or two general statements in regard to labour—man's labour. Work, exercise, is quite essential to the development and health of the human frame. Work was man's original destiny. For this purpose, among others, he was placed in the world as a garden, not to be idle there, but "to dress and to keep it." The fall, however, brought a sad change: *work* became *labour;* the ground brought forth thorns and thistles, and the doom was, that man henceforth should "eat bread in the sweat of his face." But there is no afflictive dispensation from God which may not, by its right use, be converted into a

* The Lecture was delivered extemporaneously, and is printed as spoken. It deals with an important practical matter in a simple, practical way; and the author hopes to be excused for venturing on its publication with but slight alteration of the reporter's notes. The subject is little more than sketched in, and that roughly.

blessing; and so the hard and heavy labour of fallen man, when regulated and controlled by those means which human reason and instinct dictate, and which the holy and merciful law of God enjoins, may become, ay, does become, less and less unlike the joyous and happy work of holy Eden. Work, I repeat, is necessary for the development and health of the human frame. "Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work," was spoken, not in might only, as a command, but in mercy too, as a boon.

The second proposition I would state is, that the frame, by prolonged exercise, becomes exhausted, and needs recovery by repose. Take the most common illustration of this. Hold up a weight in your hand; first the hand is steady—there is plenty of muscular power; then it wavers; more and more unsteady it grows, until, being exhausted by continuous exertion, down it falls as if palsied. How shall it recover itself to grasp the weight again? Give it rest. We may compare the muscular power, the working power, of man, to a cistern. Take any of the cisterns here in my diagram. There is a little feeding stream trickling in at the top; there is always a supply going on to meet the demand; but there is a large cock running off at the bottom—that is the exhaustion-escape—and it far more than overbalances the other. Let it run, and the accumulated material within must fall lower, and lower, and lower; and, if it run long enough, it will run dry. And what will fill the reservoir again? Simply stop the under cock; then the feeding stream above, however feeble, still goes on; and, if you give it time, there will be the same stock as before. The truth is, we working men—for we are, or ought to be, all working men—should not eat into our capital (and our capital as working men, is health and strength—or working power); else, sooner or later, we shall come to physical bankruptcy. We must live upon

the interest of it; that is to say, we should never resume work, if possible, until the stock in hand is made up to the same amount as we had before the last work began. I shall run down pretty low to-night, perhaps; but I should not like to begin work to-morrow morning again, if I can help it, until the working cistern is full, or nearly so.

The next statement I make is, that this shutting of the lower stop-cock, or repose, ceasing from labour, is of two different kinds:—First, there is absolute repose—man lying, like a dog exhausted in the course, resting almost all his voluntary muscles; better still, lying asleep, resting all his voluntary muscles—sound asleep, and snoring. Ay, snoring: it is a good, healthy sign, and I will tell you why. Man is like a steam-vessel in this respect. The ship is on her course at night. What becomes of her crew? They are all below asleep, filling their cisterns for to-morrow's labour; all but a few—a man at the helm, a man to look out, a man or two to manage the machinery, a man or two to look after the sails—as few men as possible. Well, the voluntary muscles are our crew, and they are down below at night, as many as can be spared. Some muscles are required to keep the machinery going—the heart, the lungs, the viscera; but the rest are asleep. Now there is a sail in the back of the throat; they call it the curtain of the throat—or *velum* of the palate; and there are a few little muscles—a part of the crew—which manage that. When they are awake, it is all "taut" and right, and makes no noise flapping; but when they are below, along with the rest of the sleeping crew, then it is moving "flap, flap," idly in the wind, or breath, and that makes the snore. The only objection to this is the noise. But if there be a solo performance, and no listeners, it is no matter; and should there be a plurality of performers, the movement may perhaps be made a concerted one, and produce no inharmonious result

There is another kind of repose — not absolute, but relative, by alternate action; not by ceasing to act with all our voluntary muscles, but by ceasing to act with a certain set, and employing another; or acting with the same muscles, in one way during work, and during rest in another way. I am tired of using my arm; it will be a refreshment to me to use my lower limbs. I am tired of using my right hand; it will be a refreshment to use my left. I am tired of standing on one leg; it will be a refreshment to stand on the other. Hence the military phrase, "Stand at ease."

But there are not only these two *kinds* of rest; there are also different *periods* of rest; and these have reference to the daily labour of man, compensating for it, atoning for the exhaustion. There is first, what—I was going to say *our*, but I must, remembering where I am, say—*my* national poet calls "the blink o' rest."

> "And though fatigued wi' close employment,
> A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment."

That means the rest at breakfast-time, and the rest at dinner-time, with reference to the divided labour of the day; when a man should be resting all his voluntary muscles, save those of his jaw; and I wish that these were then more thoroughly exercised than they often are.

The second period of rest is the *night*; call it *night*, the time of repose, in contradistinction to the *day*, the time for labour. How shall we divide the twenty-four hours? Halve them? That is the worst bargain, to my mind, you dare make for the working man; twelve hours for work, and twelve hours for refreshment. My impression is—and I believe I am right—that no man is entitled to work his fellow-man more than that. It is the worst bargain the working man can consent to. But is there a better divisor than two? Yes, I prefer three. Three times eight are

twenty-four; eight hours for hard, hard work; eight hours for hard, hard sleep; and eight hours for mental and bodily recreation and improvement. I believe that is very nearly about perfection. Of course there are exceptional cases. There are certain professions and trades where such a division will not do; but, on the average, I believe that such an arrangement of the twenty-four hours will be found the best arrangement for master and man alike. But some people may say that is extreme. Very well, I don't want to drive a hard bargain; let us make a compromise, and halve the difference, as we say in Scotland. There are your twelve hours, and here are my eight; let us have a ten hours' bill all over the country. How shall we divide the entire day, then? Ten hours for a *day's* work; eight hours for *night*-sleep, and nothing but sleep; and then the *evening*, not continuous hours, but let us technically call it *evening*, in contradistinction to the sleeping *night* and working *day*, —six hours ("Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour *until* the evening") for mental and bodily recreation and improvement.

There is a third period of rest—the Sabbath. That has reference, not to the portions of work in the day, nor to the entire working day, but to the entire working week. The command is special and direct, that we shall do no work upon that day—"thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates." That is for the working muscles; but then, as you all very well know, there is besides a special refreshment on that day for the soul, not by idleness, not by absolute rest, but by alternate action; by a spiritual and special exercise and communion with the Father of our spirits. I have not time to dwell upon that now; but I have written a little *brochure* on the subject; and, if the Association will allow me, I shall ask to be permitted

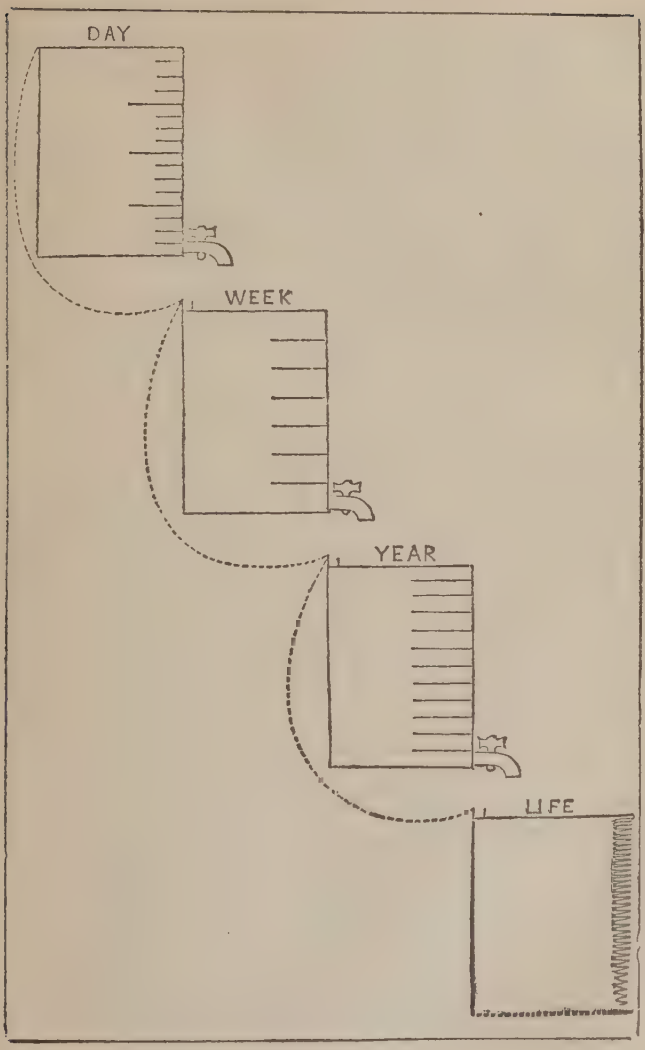
to present 50 copies of it to your library. You can read it at your leisure, and you will there find the statements fully explained which I have now made in the abstract. This double rest and refreshment for body and soul upon that day, is the highest privilege of the working man; he is possessed of a right to that so soon as he is born into this working world; he is not for any consideration to part with it; he is to resolve, God helping him, that on that day he will serve no master save the God that made him.

Then there is a fourth period of rest which does not refer to the portions of work in the day, nor to the daily work, nor to the work of the week, but to the work of a larger portion of time—that is, the year. Now, all people have their vacation, except those gallant spirits who refuse to leave the post of duty until their country's difficulty and danger have been safely overpassed (*alluding to the Noble Chairman*). But look at the schoolboy, the student, the teacher, the lawyer, the judge, and the member of parliament—they must all have their vacation, and they are right. A period of rest in reference to the working year is absolutely necessary. Take, as an illustration, a fish. Man is like a fish in many respects. Look at the salmon. He has gone up the river for his yearly labour in the spawning-bed, and that being over, he hies him down again. And how does he look? A lank, long, lean thing—black in colour—all back and fins—with a sharp nose that you might hang a hat on—and of no value in the market. If he rises at the end of your line, you say to your fisherman, "Was that a fish?" "No, Sir," he says, "it was *only* a *kelt*." What is he about? He is hasting down to the ocean—swimming for his life—and after he has had his *vacation* there, you will find him coming back double the size, with all his glorious scales upon him; he is a prize indeed, if you catch him then, and will bring his two shillings a-pound or more at

Groves' or Sweeting's. Oh, there are many kelts among us. Pent up by yearly toil in our smoky towns, we, too, change colour; we, too, get lank and lean, all legs and arms; and we, too, have lost some of our value in the labour-market. I think I can see some kelts here. My advice is, away to the ocean, to the ocean of free country air. Away with the first flood; take advantage of the first opportunity you have, the first half-holiday. Away to the mountains, and streams, and woods, and fields; away to find "tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." Well, then, if there are masters here, as I presume there are, who have their time very much at their own disposal, let me advise them, as they value their own health and efficiency, to take their annual period of rest, their vacation. The minimum is a month, 31 days. But I think I hear some dissent, and say, "It is not easy to get away." Never mind—go! There was an old clergyman in the north of Scotland who had his manse, that is, his parsonage, on a noble salmon-stream; and a fishing friend and brother clergyman (and all good clergymen are fishers, with very few exceptions) visited him in the close time; after they had been walking together, the friend said to the incumbent, "Now, in the season when that stream is in good order, on a Saturday afternoon, when you are busy with your sermon, you will be sorely tempted." "No," replied the other, "I'm never tempted—*I just gang.*" So let it be with you. Don't wait till you *get*, don't be *tempted:* just *go.* Then, what is to be done with the working-man? He cannot at his will go away for 31 continuous days, and leave his master's work behind. Perhaps not, but we can make an arrangement with this as with other things. The master buys his soap, and his sugar, and his tea by wholesale, perhaps by the chest or hundredweight, while the poor man is content with an ounce or a pound at a time. Let

us do the same here; and if the poor man cannot have 31 continuous days, he can always have a half-holiday once a-week; and 52 halves will make 26 wholes. Then we want five other days besides. I am not greedy in entire holidays, and I will be satisfied with five. I don't want a great many feast-days, non-labour days. I am not an advocate for idleness, but for industry. I wish to be very limited and discreet, in asking only for these five days, in order to complete the monthly period of 31. And as to this, I believe it is the duty as well as the interest of the master to give that time to his working-man, while it is the right of the latter to receive it; and that it is the duty and interest of the working-man to make a good use of that time, while that good use it is the right of the master to claim.

Now let me direct your attention for a moment to my diagram. There is an intimate connexion between these different periods of rest. The fill of the cistern is not complete; it is not up to the brim. Why? There is a leak at the bottom. That cistern was broken by the fall, and no power on earth can solder it quite. There is a leakage ever going on; a balance of uncompensated fatigue is ever being carried on to the next cistern; from the "*blink*" to the *night*, from the *night* to the *Sabbath*, and from the *Sabbath* to the period of the *annual vacation*. There is a chain of compensations; but the result is not perfect. The leak is gaining. To change the metaphor, it is down-hill with us all, even though there be *brakes* appointed; and those who neglect these brakes will most certainly come all the sooner to the bottom, with a crash and a collision. Let us descend the hill, as we must, using the brake. The steeper the descent, and the heavier the weight we carry, screw it all the more tightly, and then we shall come gently down,—safely shunted at last into the goods station. Yes; man is like machinery in some respects. He is like a steam-engine.


DAY
WEEK
YEAR
LIFE

That requires to be put aside for a time, to have its brasses burnished and cleaned, oil applied to the wheels, cokeing and watering looked to. So with the man; his brasses want burnishing, his wheels need oiling, he must be coked and watered too; but there is this difference: you can get up the steam of a steam-engine in a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, and set it safely on the rails again; but you cannot get up man's working steam under twelve hours at the soonest. A man is like a clock: he has got an eight-day movement. But while you may wind up a clock in a very few seconds, you cannot wind up a man, to keep time, under twenty-four hours. He takes the whole Sabbath-day to it. A man is like a razor. A razor gets blunted in using. You sharpen it, not by putting it on the hone every time—else you speedily reduce it to a mere back, and have to cast it away as useless. No; you give it rest; you have relays, and use another; and then an invisible rust forms upon the edge, and, after a few turns on the strap, it is keen again when you want it. So the sharpest blade among you will get blunt in the using; and how are you to sharpen blunted man? Not upon the hone every time; else he too will be reduced to a back, and nothing more—a wasted, useless thing. Let him lie by; give him a little repose; and then, not by rust, but by rest, the edge will come again. Man is like a coat. Your coat becomes somewhat threadbare in using. How do you mend that? Not by a brush, but you fold it up, and lay it by; and, when after a time you take it out, you are marvellously astonished: its pile seems to have grown anew; and you are apt to exclaim, like my countryman, Dominie Samson, "Prodigious! verily the air of Kippletringan is favourable unto wearing apparel." So with man. When he is threadbare, don't brush him, but let him lie by; and *his* pile *will* grow. And let me tell you, if by hard brushing or rubbing you once

make a hole in poor threadbare humanity, it is the most difficult thing in the world to patch it up again.

That reminds me that man is not like a machine in some respects. Man has within himself the power of self-regulation and repair, placed there by the Hand that made him; an instinct innate to the wondrous mechanism. It would be a rare watch that always wound itself up at the proper time, oiled its wheels, and put them right when wrong, and regulated its going, on being merely hung upon the peg. And yet that is all that wearied man requires. Hang him on the peg; give him rest. He has the power, and can then exert it (on his physical nature), of self-regulation and repair.

Man is unlike a machine in another respect. Look at that steam-engine; its daily toil is over; it is snorting and throwing off its spare steam; there is no value in that vapour. But there is man, with breath in his nostrils, and that breath the emblem of his better, his immortal part. That portion of his humanity must be specially attended to; and there must be time given for that great end. *Man is not a mere machine;* and it is high time that this fact were more acknowledged and more acted on in the labour-market.

Now, then, let me apply these general principles to the working man. For that purpose I shall take the liberty of practising a very slight dissection—taking the man to pieces and putting him together again. First, I will take the muscles—that ordinary instrument of labour. How shall we use these periods and these kinds of rest in reference to the wearied muscles? That depends upon circumstances. Sometimes the working man will rest *all* his voluntary muscles, even in the *evening*, before he goes to bed. You see a man at the treadmill: let his work be over, with every muscle jarred and jaded; he will gladly rest them all when

the time of ceasing to labour comes. Well, there are some of us who are labouring just as hard as if we were at the treadmill; and we, at closing time, will rest all our muscles too.

But perhaps, more frequently, we will seek to refresh ourselves not by absolute repose, but by alternate action. There is the blacksmith, wielding his heavy hammer all day long; how would he look if you asked him, when his labour is over, to amuse himself with the heavy dumb-bells? Yet he may greatly enjoy a walk, a run, or a game at leap-frog. There is the postman trudging through your city all the weary day, and, as somebody has said, the flags of the street are often flags of distress to him, poor fellow; how would he look if, after his day's work is over, you asked him to take a walk? There is the tailor, sitting cross-legged upon a hard board, like a Turk, all day—stitch, stitch! How would he look, when his day's work is over, if you asked him to sit down and rest himself? Rather he would get up with a bound, and have a wrestle or a run with you. In young men such refreshment by alternate muscular action is specially useful; the frame being thus kept in a state of equipoise, and deviations from the symmetrical avoided.

There are some, on the other hand, who will *exercise all* their voluntary muscles at the end of their day's ordinary labour. Look at the poor clerk, perched up on the top of a stool all day, writing; exercising only the muscles of the ball of his thumb, and perhaps those of his tongue. See what instinct teaches him after his day's work is done. He comes down stairs with a bound, and is out into the street with a run and a leap, buttoning his coat, looking as if he were going to clear the lamp-post, or pommelling some imaginary foe with both his arms. Not that he has got a quarrel with anybody; far from it; he is on the best possible terms with himself and every one else. He puts me in mind of a cow that has been stall-fed for a season, getting

out on some spring morning. There she is, with her heels in the air, twirling her tail, tossing her head and horns, and bellowing for very gladness of heart. *A propos* to that, I see some people in this city are of opinion that it is a very wise precautionary measure that working men should have that kind of "strike" taken out of them in the evening before they go home. I have seen it proposed as a remedy for the beating of wives. Man has a certain amount of "strike" in him, it is supposed, and it must be taken out in some way; else if he take it home, unmodified and unappeased, accidents may happen. I think I can see two better ways of this. I believe that this kind of "strike" does not get into the man in the workshop, but in another shop—the gin-shop. There was a parliamentary inquiry about that some time ago; and you will find it stated in the blue books on the best authority, (in such a matter,) that of the publicans themselves, that there is no instance on record of a man (of any of *their* men, at least) beating his wife before ten o'clock at night. Their phrase is, that a man is but "mellow" by that time. It is only after the fruit remains too long upon the upas-tree that it becomes sour and dangerous. Well, we have a bill in Scotland that shuts these shops at eleven every night; get you a like bill for England; and I advise the wives to move for an hour sooner in the closing, that the shops may be shut while the man is yet "mellow," and likely to do harm to no one save himself. But there is a better way yet. Don't bring merely the terror of man's law upon the man; get him to fear and to love the law of God, comprehended in the short sentence, "Honour to God, and love to fellow-man,"—and then the strong arm that else might have struck her down will be used only to caress and to defend the wife he loves.

Well, in the *evening*, after our work is done, we sometimes rest all our voluntary muscles, we sometimes refresh

ourselves by an alternate action of them, and sometimes we refreshingly use them all. What do we make of these agents of work *at night?* Sleep, nothing but sleep—sound, snoring sleep.

What of the Sabbath, the other period of rest? "Thou shalt not do any work." No muscular labour, imposed or voluntary, on that day. Why? People are apt to think it is merely an authoritative command. No; it is given in mercy as well as in might; for the weal of man as well as for the honour of God. My child is wandering in the meadow; his eye is attracted by a glistening luscious berry, and he stretches out his hand to pluck it. I say, "No; thou shalt not eat of that!" Why? Not merely to exercise my parental authority, but because I love the boy. It is the deadly nightshade that has caught his eye. And so here. "Thou shalt not labour." Why? Not merely in might, but in mercy spoken. "Thou shalt not eat thereof, for in the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." Well then, as we are not to labour, shall we sleep? Shall we rest these muscles in sleep? No; night is the time for sleep, and the Sabbath is not the night of the week; it is its bright and beauteous morning. The Son of God rose right early upon that day, after a dark and dreary night in the tomb, after the hard toil of redemption complete—all for you. The labour of a working man brings sweat to his face; the labour of Christ was an agony, and his sweat great drops of blood—all for you. Up! sluggard man, and praise him. Up! and serve him, that ye may be like him now, and may be made meet for entering with him hereafter into that glorious and eternal Sabbath that remaineth for the people of God.

So much for the muscles; let me now say a word or two in regard to the skin. You know the wondrous structure of the skin—among other things, its immense machinery of tubes.

The number of these tubes is almost inconceivable. Seventy-three and a-half feet of them in every square inch; twenty-eight miles of tubage in the adult body; and their orifices represented by seven millions of pores; constantly doing the work of carrying off effete matter. There 's a sewerage for you! And don't you see the danger of a check to its working? Let that be obstructed, and what a strain there must be upon the internal organs! And let me tell you that a large proportion of the diseases of the body are results of the obstruction of these seven millions of pores. Well, what is the deduction? The working man must have time to be his own sanitary commissioner. Let me lay down here a principle applicable to all. To keep these pores open, clean, cold water ought to come in contact with every one of them, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, once every day. "Oh!" you say, "that is all very well for gentlefolks who have their large baths that they may tumble about in like porpoises; but how can the working man manage?" Quite well. Where there is a will, there is a way. He can always have a basin—or a saucer; and a sponge, or something like a sponge; and the rougher the towel, the better afterwards. I always think the canary teaches two good lessons to the working man, if only he would be taught them. First, the bird whistles in his captivity, preaching contentment. The man looks up and whistles too; and that is one of the ways of lightening labour. Somebody has said most truly, that the cobbler who smooths his wax-ends with a song does twice as much work as the crusty old fellow, that has no music either in or over his *soul*. But the canary teaches yet another lesson. What is the most precious gift you can make over to it? A saucer with some clean water. In it hops with a chirp; and, spluttering with its wings, how it enjoys its bath! Well, we can always have a saucerful of cold water too, with a

sponge, or something like a sponge; and the man, if he will, can then make a splutter of it, like the canary.

There is another point. Sea-bathing is admirable—an excellent tonic, independently of its bearing on the seven millions of pores. That kind of bathing requires the summer season, and a half-holiday; it is good in its season, but never let it supersede the other. We are all apt to be too easily satisfied with our own proficiency in the art and act of washing. In the days of horsewhipping it was customary, I believe, when you wanted to horsewhip a man, not to arm yourself with a huge thong and belabour him, but to take the tiniest little riding-whip you could get, shake it delicately over his shoulders, and say, "Consider yourself horsewhipped, sir." Even so many a man, in the present day, shakes a little water over himself, and, with an air of satisfaction, says, "Consider yourself washed, sir." Now that won't do. Nothing can ever safely supersede the daily and complete ablution.

But there is still another duty to be performed towards our cutaneous tubage. What do the authorities in this great city do every now and then with their sewers? Don't they flush them? Is not a flood of water sent to clear away accumulations and obstructions? So it should be with the tubage of the skin of the working-man. Many do not require it; they, poor fellows, are "flushed" all day long; like the furnace-man or glass-blower—obliged to drink bucketfuls of water daily to keep up the supply. But take once more the clerk perched upon his stool. To use a sporting phrase, a day's work never "turns a hair on him." His business over, however, instinct tells him to be in the open air, running and racing, quoiting or cricketing, digging or delving, till he bursts out into profuse perspiration; and so he "flushes the sewers." Let those who in like manner need it, do this once or twice a week at least.

Depend upon it, there is a great advantage to be obtained in this way. Economy. That cold bath, that simple, spluttering cold bath of a morning, is equal to a coat. Your bath over, you go out to meet a cold east wind, and you face it like a man. Some other day, you have forgotten or neglected your bath; you button your coat, and creeping along like a guilty thing, you dodge the wind from post to pillar; and after all you are beaten and taken captive. Case-hardened by your ablutions, besides not feeling cold, you don't take cold. The bath saves drugs. It also saves doctors. Man is very like a horse in many things. If you want to get a horse into good health and good condition (and some people pay more attention to their horses than to their men), what do you chiefly attend to? His feeding? Yes. And exercise? Yes—short stages and regular rests. And his skin? Why, there is the groom hissing and rubbing at it for hours in a day, till it is clean and polished like a mirror. I do not say we are all to be begroomed after this fashion; but let every man be his own groom, and after his morning bath let him, with the roughest possible towel, rub and hiss, if he will, till he becomes as hot as a coal, and as red as a lobster—"hissing hot," like Falstaff when he was tumbled into the "muddy ditch, close by the Thames' side." Moreover, morals will be mended too. Somebody has said, "Cleanliness is *next* to godliness." That is a very difficult text to expound, in one sense, and there are a great many different readings of it; but I am sure of this, that, other things being equal, the more cold water a man puts upon the outside of his body, the less likelihood is there of his putting much gin in the inside. And besides all this, the mind derives a passing benefit.

"From the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid."

Now, time must be given for such duties ; and that comprises the early-closing movement.

The next part of man we shall consider is his lungs—the bellows. This is a very important organ to the working man, but I have not time now to dwell upon its functions. Fifty-seven hogsheads of air are said to rush through a man's lungs every day ; and twenty-four hogsheads of blood meet it there. I, of course, do not mean to say there is all that blood in the lungs at any one time, but they circulate it at that rate. Is it not strange that we take so little trouble to get the right air for them ? If you keep a poor mouse without food, it will live many days ; but if you keep it without air, it will die soon. Man does not think of that. But let us think of it. How do we apply these facts ? We must have air—good air, and enough of it The harder the work, the greater the necessity for good air. Have, then, your shops and places of business better ventilated. Get out of the shop, too, as soon as you can, with propriety. What have you been breathing there ? Gas,—air which you get at second and third-hand, having been breathed already by yourself or neighbours—dirt and dust, too—and volatilized particles of what you work in. Pandora's box would have been an uncomfortable dwelling for any one—cooped up with all the diseases under the sun. Methinks an apothecary's shop is not much better ; boxed up, not with all the diseases, it is true, but with all the means of cure, to which man is liable—aloes and assafœtida, gamboge and camphor, and all the vast accumulation of the Materia Medica—What an atmosphere ! Let the man out ! Where ? Into the street—into his home ; and better still, into "the lungs of the town,"—these glorious parks of yours. Have a jealous care of these ! Permit no deposits—no stone and lime to accumulate within them ! What so fatal to our lungs as

deposits? There begins consumption. Beware of the deposits! and, worst of all obstructions—a lawless multitude on the Sabbath-day. Imagine a moral signboard up, "No rubbish shot here." Expectorate these obstructions. Out with them, working men! Have them not in your city lungs; otherwise the fell and fatal disorder, ere you are aware, may have seized your vitals.

Out of the smoke into the free air beyond! Smoke is of no use to the animal fibre till after it is dead; smoking will *cure* it then, not before. And let us beware, whilst we run away from the smoke, that we do not run into the gin—"out of the frying-pan into the fire." That is another thing that is not necessary to the conservation of human fibre till after it is dead. There is the "jolly old admiral" going on his lengthened cruise. So long as he keeps his health, he need not taste the grog, unless he please; but as soon as his breath leaves him, in he must go into the rum-cask, and be brought home "in good spirits." There is a poor worm; you wish to preserve it; put it in spirits of wine, and place it then on the shelf of the museum. Ah! but there is from undue labour and unwholesome atmosphere, (and in the lower ranks also, from want of attention to personal cleanliness,) a diseased state and feeling engendered in the frame that seems to demand, and is refreshed by, alcoholic stimulants. It comes upon us in all classes and degrees of life. The overworked statesman, lawyer, clergyman, teacher, merchant, doctor, all suffer. After a certain time, in the working day, the man is exhausted; he cannot rest, he cannot eat; he must have his little glass of brandy and water, or his glass of wine; and that stimulus requires to be increased in its dose from time to time. He feels the better for it; there is a physical craving for it; and by its use the system seems satisfied—for the time. What is the cure for this abnormal state? Not to dally with and attempt palliating the

result, but to seek to drive away the cause. Less work, less in the cabinet, less in the study, less in the doctor's carriage, less in the merchant's counting-house or ware-room. Away to the open-air! Have your half-holiday and early closing movement; then the cause, if not removed, at least is lessened, and the morbid condition and craving will proportionately disappear. It is the same—or worse, rather—with the poor labouring man. When he comes out of the workshop, especially on Saturday night, with his wages in his pocket—exhausted by toil, and half-asphyxiated by foul air—he feels the craving strong; and instantly rushes, driven by an instinct, to what he knows will temporarily refresh him. Night by night, week by week, it is thus: the relief is bought and dearly paid for; the habit is contracted; the dose must from time to time increase; he is in the toils of the publican, and at length becomes his slave—a confirmed drunkard. We wish to put a stop to drinking, excessive drinking, intemperance, in this our land; and well we may, for it is a sore evil. Let us take the sensible means, by seeking to *get rid of the thirst*. There was an old drunken man in Scotland, who, in his sober moments, would often bitterly bewail his fate, and say, "It is very hard that while everybody is speaking of my drinking, nobody thinks of my *drouth*." Let us speak of our intemperance as a nation—and, as we confess, bewail it; but let us bethink ourselves also of the *thirst*. To stop drinking, cure the thirst. And the lightening of labour is a most important mean to that end.

Depend upon it, the worst use a man can put his half-holiday to, or his evening, is the practice of intemperance. Look at the drunkard after his half-holiday; follow him; and, if you are a ready arithmetician, take paper and pencil in hand, that we may have a debtor and creditor side of the page. Where is his hat? Crushed like a mummy, or left

in the last hedge he struggled through. Where are his boots or shoes? One left in the mud, and the other down at heel. What of his coat? Torn to the neck. And so with the rest of his wardrobe. Add these items up. What of his character? Cracked; and it will cost time and money to mend it. What of his credit? A flaw in that, and time and money must mend it, if at all. What of his poor body? Poisoned now—damaged and diseased to-morrow; and time and money may be needed to mend that. Add up these items too. What of his soul? Perilled—it may be lost. Count that up,—if you can. And what on the other side? A short period of pleasure—no, delirium—followed by remorse and gastric fever. Is that a fit bargain for a working-man to make? Rather than he should so misspend his half-holiday, he had better abstain from it altogether. Let him stay at home and sleep, like a mere animal, rather than wallow in the filthy slough of drunkenness, like a lower animal still. Or, rather, let him abstain from that kind of misnamed "refreshment," which proves so dangerous in the using—and still have his half-holiday. I remember a quaint turn of verse that I have somewhere seen; and there is reason as well as rhyme in its jingle. It tells in its own way what I have been endeavouring to expound; and runs on somewhat as follows—

"Work both fast and fair,
Yet rest when you are weary;
Breathe the purest air,
Neither smoked nor beery.
Publicans may go—
To the Bay of Biscay:
Flatly tell them no
Brandy, ale, or whiskey.
Let alone their gin,
Yet keep your spirit cheerful;
Of nothing but of sin
Let your heart be fearful.

Eat the plainest food,
Drink the pure cold water;
Then you will do good,—
Or, at least, you ought to (r)."

This puts me in mind that there is a class of the community on whose behalf I am exceedingly anxious to apply the early-closing movement—the publicans. I think they are greatly entitled to that benefit. We have thankfully experienced the advantage, in Scotland, of shutting the public-houses at eleven; we have concluded, to-night, that it will be better for the female part of society, at all events, to shut them here an hour sooner—at ten; and, had I my own way, I would take an earlier hour still, and shut them at eight. I would have the *curfew* again rung out. Let England send forth her merriest peal at eight o'clock to put out the fire; the most dangerous of all fires—seeing it consumes not our property alone, but our bodies, ay, and our very souls. Yes; and I would have a like merry peal of England's bells on Saturday afternoon, proclaiming that England's labour is over for the week. Then I should like to see the publican smoothing down his brawny arms—fit for an honester trade; laying aside his white apron—unfit emblem of his present calling—and putting up his shutters. Then we should all have a rare half-holiday. Besides, I would plead on his account, too, for the Sabbath rest. We have a bill in Scotland that shuts the public-houses at eleven o'clock every night in the week, and all day on the Sabbath. We rejoice in it. We have felt its benefit and blessing. Get one for England. No half-and-half measures; they are dangerous. Give the publicans the rest of the entire Sabbath. Never mind the taunt, "What! will you make a man sober by Act of Parliament?" No; but by Act of Parliament we will prevent one portion of the community from systematically manufacturing drunkards on that day; ay, and manufacturing paupers too. I have said in Scotland, and I

repeat it here, that it is a shame the *pauper-mill* should be going on the Sabbath, while the other mills—such as corn and paper mills—are stopped. There is a striking relation, by the bye, between the pauper and the paper mill: they both deal in rags. There is this difference, however—the paper-mill puts in the rags at the right end, and there comes out the wholesome product, paper; while the publican entices into the open door of his pauper-mill the sound broad-cloth of humanity, and after that has gone through the cruel teeth of his accursed rollers, it comes out torn and tattered, in rags and wretchedness. England wants not that manufacture any day of the week, least of all on the best day of the seven. That day which God has specially designed for raising fallen man to the image from which he fell, for fitting him to hold communion with Himself here, and even to enjoy His companionship hereafter—is that to be used by man for crushing his fellow-man down in the dirt and dust—for his own selfish and miserable ends degrading him to a lower level than that of the beasts that perish?

Now for the brain. How do you rest that? By absolute repose? No. The wearied brain would sleep, but the sleepless mind will not let it. "I sleep, but my heart waketh." A harp is stirred to give forth mighty strains by the hand of a strong and skilful player; and that same harp, left in the deserted hall, is moved, too, by the night-wind to soft and gentle sounds of sweetest harmony. Even so it is with this many-stringed instrument of thought. The strong will of man is sleeping and silent; but the soul is waking up, ever and anon, its else idle chords, in strange and fitful ways—not yet dreamt of in our philosophy. Sleep is the nearest approach to absolute repose of the brain. And let it have eight hours of that, or at least the offer of them. The main refreshment of the brain, however, is not by absolute repose, but by alternate action; by shifting its work,

"from grave to gay, from lively to severe." As I have already said, a man, tired of standing on one leg, by instinct shifts to the other. The brain, tired of thinking on one leg, thinks, and rests itself by thinking, on the other.

But working men must have time to think. People say, "What business have they with thought, other than of their work? Or if they want to think otherwise, let them do it as they are working. The tailor, for example, has a quiet vocation, and he may think as he pleases." Let him try. Let him work out a problem in Euclid, or a social problem—much more difficult—(and tailors are great politicians); ten to one his stitches all go wrong; he sews on the buttons on the wrong place, and in the wrong way, and spoils the cloth he else would have fashioned into a goodly garment. A gentleman was on one occasion travelling from London to Edinburgh, and a lady, who had just stepped into the same carriage with himself, began to mumble in an extraordinary way; listening, he made out the words, "Big box, little box, band-box, bundle; big box, little box, band-box, bundle." This was repeated rapidly and continuously He could not understand it at all, and he thought she must be mad. However, he ventured, when once she paused to take breath, to ask her the meaning of these vain repetitions. She said, "My mistress is a very particular lady; the last time we went down to Scotland we lost half the luggage. I have the sole charge of it this trip; we have put it into small compass, and I am responsible, so I must be sure to take care of it. Big box, little box, band-box, bundle:" and off she went again, at score. The gentleman, considerately, took out a pencil, wrote down in good legible letters, "Big box, little box, band-box, bundle," and presented the paper to his fellow-traveller. She was very much obliged to him, and then stopped her muttering. But suppose that he had not done this kind

act towards her, and, so long as exhausted nature would bear her up, she had gone on, during the whole journey, "Big box, little box, band-box, bundle,"—how much valuable thought would she have accumulated at the end? Not one farthing's worth; not the value of a straw. And there is many a young man in this city who is occupied all day long much in that way—the draper's assistant, for example. "Five shillings, ma'am; no, ma'am, two-and-six. Warranted to wash, ma'am. Beautiful colour, ma'am. Yes, ma'am. Not at all, ma'am. If you please, ma'am. Only five-and-four. Anything else, ma'am?" Thus occupied, in almost unmeaning phrase, all the live-long day, his store of thought in the end is not much weightier than that of the poor waiting-woman.

But some may say, "Why give working people special time to think? What good use can they make of it?" Let us see what they *have done*. Take general literature. Look at Daniel Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," one of the greatest masters of prose fiction that ever lived; he began life as a hosier, and was almost wholly self-taught. William Cobbett, the great master of racy Saxon English, was in early life a farmer's boy, and afterwards a common soldier. Izaac Walton, the pleasing biographer and "complete angler," was a linen-draper. Then in science. Thomas Simpson, the distinguished mathematician, wrought, for the greater part of his life, as a weaver. Captain Cook, one of the most scientific of English sailors, and a very pleasing writer, was wholly self-taught. His father, a poor peasant, learned to read when turned seventy, in order that he might be able to peruse his son's voyages. Arkwright, subsequently Sir Richard, the inventor of the cotton-spinning machine, was a poor man, and commenced life as a barber. James Brindley, the author of canal navigation in England, the first who tunnelled great hills, and brought ships across navigable

rivers on bridges, was a millwright. Herschell, subsequently Sir William, originally a musician in a Hanoverian regiment, became a skilful optician and a great astronomer. To him Campbell refers in the well-known line—

"Gave to the lyre of heaven another string."

Then for the fine arts. Chantrey was a milk-and-butter boy, and his first modellings were in softer material than marble. Sir Thomas Lawrence was the son of an inn-keeper, and wholly self-taught. John Opie was found by Dr. Walcot working in a saw-pit. William Hogarth, the greatest master of character that ever developed his ideas by means of the pencil, served his apprenticeship to an engraving silversmith, and commenced his professional career by engraving coats of arms and shop-bills. Then in poetry. Gifford, the first editor of the "Quarterly," began life as a poor sailor-boy, and afterwards served an apprenticeship to a shoemaker. Bloomfield—pardon me for calling him the English Burns—wrote his best poem, "The Farmer's Boy," whilst he, too, worked in a garret as a shoemaker. "Ben Jonson," says Fuller, in his "English Worthies," "worked for some time as a bricklayer and mason. He helped in the building of the new structure of Lincoln's-Inn, when, having a trowel in his hand, he had a book in his pocket." Shakespere, your own Will Shakespere, was a poor man's son; his father could not write his name, and his cross or mark still exists in the records of Stratford-on-Avon to attest the fact. The poet's own education seems to have been very limited, and tradition describes him as having lived for a time by very humble employments. Then turn we to theology, the highest range of all. The two Milners, Dr. Isaac, Dean of Carlisle, and his brother Joseph, author of the well-known "History of the Church," began life as weavers. Dr. Prideaux, author of the "Connection," and Bishop of Worcester, got his education by entering Oxford

as a kitchen-boy. John Bunyan, the greatest master of allegory, and author of the second-best book in all the world, was a self-taught tinker. These be some of England's working men who have thought, and thought to some purpose. These be some of your hosiers, and linen-drapers, and millwrights, and masons, and sawyers, and shoemakers, and weavers, and barbers, and tinkers. Is England proud of them? Well she may. Does she want more of them? She needs them all. Then let England give her working men time to think; for the man's sake, for the master's sake, for England's sake—for God's sake.

That brings me to the last part of man that I can notice now—the soul. Need I dwell upon its comparative transcending importance? No; time will not permit, and it needs not. Methinks the lower animals themselves might teach this lesson to man. Look at the bee; how busy in her hour of sunshine, how earnest in laying up her store for the coming winter! And man, forsooth, will speak disparagingly of this industrious worker in connexion with his fellow-man. "Oh, such a one has got a bee in his bonnet!" Would that we all carried a bee in our bonnets—fit emblem of present industry, with thoughtful foresight and preparation for the future!

What special time is there set apart for the refreshment and the exercise of this better and immortal part of man? The Sabbath. As the night is to the working day, as it affects the body, so is the Sabbath to the working week as it affects the soul; refreshing and recovering it from the toil and taint of the busy working days. Man is born for the possession and use of two great rights; and these are intimately related to each other:—The Bible, the Lord's Word to man, his great Directory of Life; the Sabbath, the Lord's Day to man, specially designed for the study and application of that Directory—that he may live. Woe to

the master that robs his servant of that day! Woe to the man that robs himself! Woe to the man—be he master or servant—who robs his God! But then you say, and most truly, religion is not confined to the Sabbath-day. No; religion is not like a man's coat. I have seen a working man, and so have you, put on his best blue coat, go to church in it, and then take it off, fold it up, and sit in his shirt sleeves the rest of the day, and work in his shirt sleeves the rest of the week. Religion is not a coat; it is our body-linen—would that it were fairer and purer!—worn next the heart, Sabbath and Saturday, high-day and holyday, day and night—"not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." But *time* must be given for reading and meditation on God's word, for this daily attention to the soul, this every-day religion. There is a day of reckoning at hand. There is "the Lord's-day" now for preparation. There is "the day of the Lord" coming—the day of reckoning. We shall all be there, master and man alike. "Working man, what of thy body?" No; "What of thy soul?" He has not thought of that. Stricken with terror and amazement, he looks round; for he cannot look up. His eye glances upon his master, and his finger points him out accusingly. "*He* so hurried and bustled me, that I had no time to think of my poor soul." Yet the voice still demands, "What of thy soul?" Ah! two must answer that question upon that day. Were it not well that these two settled it between them now? Yes; time must be given for reading and meditating on God's word, for personal and family devotion. The family altar—where is it so much needed as in the cabin of the working man? It is a laboratory more wondrous than that of the alchemist. God blessing the means, it converts the dust of humanity into bright and burnished gold. It raises the poor peasant to the level of the peerless prince. Excelsior! Christian

young men, that is your badge; no "strange device" to you. "Christ crucified; to the Greeks foolishness, and to the Jews a stumbling-block,"—but no "strange device" to you. No; clasp it in the morning of your days, clasp it in the noontide, clasp it in the evening; and when your body in the night lies down amid the snows and ice of death, the banner will be found still with you, marking the way your soul has gone. Excelsior!

And what means so likely, with God's blessing, to realize these blessed hopes as the family altar?

> "Then kneeling down, to Heaven's eternal King,
> The saint, the father, and the husband prays,
> Hope springs, exulting, on triumphant wing,
> That thus they all shall meet in future days,
> There ever bask in uncreated rays;
> No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
> Together hymning their Creator's praise,
> In such society, yet still more dear,
> While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere."

Early closing is the key to the family altar, and the Saturday half-holiday is the key to the Sabbath. The Saturday afternoon is the time for recreation; that is the time for steamboat trips and cheap railway-trains, and for opening Crystal Palaces and British Museums. That is the time for throwing open, too, the public gardens, with their military bands. Then and there let bishops and baronets be seen walking arm in arm, enjoying the sight of the people innocently enjoying themselves. Ye who wish the working-man well, let his Sabbath alone. Let there be a "Sunday League." I quarrel not with the phrase. But let it be to preserve, not to destroy, that day of rest. The working-man has that already. Let it alone. Put yourselves at the head of the half-holiday movement; and then every honest citizen will be able to say, "God bless and speed you!"

Yes, the Saturday is the day for preparation. There is

something good in every religion, in one sense. Adopt it! There is the poor idolater in heathen lands; let us imitate his zeal and devotion: he to his unknown gods, we to Jehovah. There is the Mahommedan: let us emulate his temperance. There is the Jew: I want to be a Jew upon half the Saturday. I do not want to work, and I do not want my fellow-man to work, upon half of that day. It is a visiting-day on the morrow; not gadding from door to door, from house to house, in idle gossip. No. If I am to visit a mighty potentate on earth to-morrow, I will prepare myself to-day. If there is any chance of that great personage returning my visit, and coming into my poor home, I will prepare that home for him. Well, Saturday evening has come. There is visiting on the morrow. The poor working-man visits then a mightier Being than any earthly potentate—he visits God in His own house, His sanctuary; and if he do this as he ought, he will meet his God there, he will hold communion with Him; he will not come empty away. And the visiting is not over then; it is reciprocated: "I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." Working-man, will you lightly peril that precious privilege? No; the Sabbath is man's day: "the Sabbath was made for man." But it is "man's day" only when observed as "the Lord's-day." The religious barrier is the only barrier that is damming up, and that can successfully stem, this great rising tide of work and labour which is threatening to overwhelm the people. Break down that barrier, and labour will come in like a flood, and engulf us all. Let the Sabbath cease to be observed as "the Lord's-day," and it will become, not man's day, but the master's, as regards the poor body; and as regards the interest of the soul, it will be the day of that dread being who is the implacable and bitter foe of God and man alike. The working-man at the present day is told to *take* his Sabbath.

No: he needs not take what he has already got. *Ask* for your Sabbath? No; you have it. *Keep* your Sabbath! It is yours now; keep it in the double sense. If the working-man takes then his indulgence, his *play*, his recreation, as it is gently called, depend upon it, as we have said, it will be all *work* with him soon.* But perhaps with a better wage? No, with the same wage, and rightly so; for he will do both less work and worse work in the seven days than in the six, or five and a-half. And what of working the seven continuous days without break or compensation? No cistern for the week. Ah! you have indeed hewn out for yourselves a "cistern—a broken cistern that can hold no water." But keep the Sabbath cistern full; and then it will be a foretaste of that final compensation that makes the chain complete. Compensation for the working-day? Yes, night. Compensation for the working-week? Yes, the Sabbath. Compensation for the working-year? Yes, the yearly vacation—but all imperfect. Compensation for the *lifetime* of toil and heavy labour? aye, that eternal "rest," or Sabbath, "that remains for the people of God"—complete and infinite!

Yes. There are three places that men have to do with as dwellings: earth now; heaven or hell, hereafter. Is there any Sabbath in hell? No; "there is no rest for the wicked." Is there any Sabbath in heaven? It is all Sabbath there; "they serve him day and night in his temple." What then? will impious man take the Sabbath from earth, and make it as hell? Will he not keep it on earth, and let it be a sweet remembrance of paradise—a still sweeter foretaste of the coming heaven? There are men among us who would blot out the sacredness of the Sabbath, not knowing, perhaps, many of them, that thereby they blot out its essence, its very being. There are many enemies of the

* Demonstrated in Mr. Arthur's admirable letter to Lord Stanley.

Sabbath now-a-days. We have fallen on perilous times. There are some undisguised foes who would overthrow it openly, as by assault; and others who would operate, more insidiously, by sap and mine. It grieved me, in reading this morning the first number of a new serial, by, perhaps, the most popular writer of the day, to see that a blow, unintentional doubtless, but still a heavy blow, has been there aimed at the sacredness of the Sabbath. Alas! it is sore to think of that bright and brilliant genius, so full of generous sympathy with his kind, turned now—all unwittingly—to damage the working man—aye, and every man—in his highest and holiest interests! Yes. There are men that would thus blot out the Sabbath. Blot out the Sabbath from England? You pluck the fairest jewel from England's crown; England will be "merry England" no more; the nation's safety and security will be perilled; and "Ichabod, Ichabod," may ere long be written on England's glory. God avert it! Young men, your country looks to you. "Watch ye; stand fast in the faith; quit you as men; be strong!" Cast aside, and care not for the sneers and the scoffs of the scorner; shut your ears to the seductive whisperings of the tempter. The cry is, "Who is on the Lord's side? who?" Stand forth on the side of the Lord, and the Lord's-day. Up for England, her Sabbath, and her God! And as ye take your place each one in the forefront of the coming battle, take with you the word of the stout-hearted reformer, and say, "Here I am. I can do no otherwise. God help me."

Now I have considered the working man in these five points of view. These are the five points of the working man's charter, and I am a red-hot chartist in that sense—but in no other. These are better than his political birthrights, real or supposed; and these rights, especially his

Sabbath rights, are born with him. If anybody asks me for a charter, in connexion with these, I answer in the strong old Scotch of a celebrated divine—spoken sixty years ago—"Rax me the Bible." There is the Magna Charta; there is the charter of the working man! There is no country where man is free, save where that book is read and reverenced. There I find, "Servants, obey your masters in the Lord;" and "Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal, for ye also have a Master in heaven, with whom there is no respect of persons." There I find the golden rule, of doing to others as we would have others do to us There I find the one comprehensive law, "Honour to God, and love to fellow-man." The Bible is the charter, the only charter of man's liberty.

But, besides, I ask you to agitate calmly for these benefits, these means of lightening labour and yet not losing it, for another reason:—not only is the boon in question your right as freeborn working-men, but it is also for the master's advantage. It saves his time, and concentrates his labour. Look at the banks, open from nine to three. Do you think they would drive a better business, if they were open from nine to nine? No. Then, besides that, the master will save his gas,—a saving declared to be twenty-five per cent, at least, by those who have made the trial. He will have fewer bad customers, too—fewer *bat* customers, those who flit about only at night,—and bat customers are generally bad customers. A great deal of tear and wear will be avoided, moreover. In shops that are kept open late, and where customers come but straggling in, they have a habit of assuming a virtue which they have not—undoing heavy bales and rolling them up again, and using ribbons and dresses in the same fashion, *a propos* to nothing, making believe that they are busy. All this will be saved. Then the master's own health and comfort

will be promoted; he will have peace at night, for he knows that he is giving his servant that which is just and equal, and he will sleep all the better for that. You know the old distich—

> "Early to bed, and early to rise,
> Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

Add this:

> "Early to open, and early to close,
> Saves many a debt and many a dose."

Besides, working men thus treated will do better work and more of it. It is no mere theory, it has been proved. Go to Price's candleworks, and see how the system works there: read Mr. Wilson's admirable report on the subject. Go to Truman, Hanbury, and Buxton's, and see how they get on there. They have learned the wise art of keeping their *workmen*, as well as their *work*, "*entire*," by rightly subdividing labour; and if it had not been for that, Truman, Hanbury, and Buxton's "Entire" would have gone to pieces long ago. It is not the labour that is lessened, far less lost; it is the fatigue, the weariness of labour that is lessened and that we seek to lose; the work is positively increased both in quality and quantity.

Still further, let masters consider the higher working power that they thus introduce into their human working machines. There are three kinds of motive power in the working man. There is fear—that is the lowest: it is the motive power of the slave, and we seek that there should be no white slavery in England. That motive power always puts me in mind of the clumsy old movement which you see in windmills; the man tossing his arms lazily about like the sails of the old mill. There is a better power, cold water power—duty. It is very good when there is plenty of it; when it falls well upon the floats,

merrily the wheel goes round, and does many a good day's work. No disparagement to that, then. But there is a better power still; boil it up to the steam power. And what is the steam of duty? Love—love of man to man. On that dreadful day of Inkermann a man in plain clothes was seen making his way to the front. An officer stopped him and said, "Where are you going? What do you want there? You are a civilian. Go back." Duty ordered him to the rear, but love carried him on. "I am Lord Raglan's servant," said he. "It is his luncheon-time. My master is not so young as he was; he cannot do without his luncheon. I must be there." And through shot and shell he reached his master, and served him there—through love. Let all the masters get up that motive power, and see what work their working men will then do. Love is as steam; ay, better than steam. Steam goes *by* fire and water; love goes *through* fire and water. All the fire in the world will never consume it; all the floods of the earth will never quench or drown it.

But there is another reason. Such life and living is your best insurance. No disparagement to ordinary life insurance. This, besides. I insure my life to day, but that does not lengthen my days. This will. Use this aright, and we shall live longer than we otherwise should. See, too, what you leave your family,—the best of all inheritance, a father's good name. And when your own time of parting comes, your ordinary life insurance quits you; this goes on, you have a treasure in heaven. What it is we know not; but this we know, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what God has prepared for them that love him." Yes, love is the true lightener of labour; and that love's labour will never be lost:—the love of man to man, the love of man to God, and—above and through it all—

the love of God to man. Yes, the Son of God is the special friend of working men; himself (strange mystery!) a man! —the Creator of the world, and yet, when in the world, "the Carpenter's Son"! And what is his word to working men? "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Take my yoke upon you." "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light." Here is a paradox: "No man can serve two masters." No, not if their interests are diverse. I cannot steer by two lights, if they are kept separate; but bring them into a line, and they will guide me through the narrow opening into the desired haven. No man can serve two masters, if they and their interests are separate; but bring them in a line, and then I cannot serve my master on earth, without serving too my Master in heaven. Religion is the true stereoscope. The two objects are distinct; but apply the stereoscope, and they become one and the same. I *must* serve the two masters. There is no sloth, no idleness in true piety. And here again a seeming paradox:—Two masters; two burdens. The man always carries two of these latter; let him see that they are the right ones. He comes to this working-man's Friend; one burden is at once rolled away,—that of sin. The other,—what of it? the burden of daily labour taken away too? No; the man bears this daily burden still; it is lightened, not lost. And what will lighten it? Another burden? Yes. "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light." What! staggering under one load, take on another? Yes. And who is to put it there? The man cannot; his hands are weak, his back is bowed down. Some power from above must do that work. It is the Spirit of God. And now it is on. What! falling, staggering, reeling to the ground with two burdens still? No; his hands are now upheld, his knees grow strong, his back is straightened, and looking up to God in gratitude, the man, bearing lightly his two yokes, holds on his course

rejoicing. Let us work to the Lord in all our working; then when we rest, we will rest in the Lord. "The sleep of a labouring man is sweet," in an ordinary night: the last night of all, the last sleep of all, will be the sweetest and the best if we fall asleep in Jesus.

"Two hands upon the breast,
And labour's done;
Two pale feet cross'd in rest,
The race is won;
Two eyes with coin-weights shut,
And tears now cease;
Two lips whose grief is mute,
And all is peace;
One friend, one foe, one death,
One life above;
One God, one hope, one faith,
And all is love."

I have detained you too long, but I should like to say a word more. In Scotland we think nothing of a sermon unless there is a practical application at the end of it. Now then, how are these things to be obtained? I will take a Scotch way of answering the question, by telling you how they are not to be got. A half-holiday is not to be got, as some people think, by cutting off and eking together little pieces of time during the rest of the week; buying a half-holiday on Saturday by working longer periods on other days. That won't do. Nor will the people get it by strikes. One of the most hopeful things about the early closing and half-holiday movements, so far as I know, is, that they have been calmly and respectfully agitated, as Englishmen ought to agitate them. Britons, "strike home," not *at* home. The man that strikes at home is of two kinds: there is the man that strikes his wife, and he is a coward; there is the man that strikes at his master,—whether it be his individual master, or that imaginary master the public,—he, I am

afraid, is very foolish; he misses the blow. Let me illustrate this by a domestic incident that occurred to myself:—I was asleep one night. I suspect I was not snoring, or, if I was, it was not in the right way. I had the nightmare. I believed that there was a villain at my bedside, going to strangle me and my wife. I coiled myself up like a tiger, and when I got his head within easy reach, as I thought, I let fly at him with all my might and main. I woke in pain and noise, with a shriek ringing in my ears. I had struck the bed-post; my knuckles were bleeding, and—I had grazed my wife's temple! Now, the working man does the same thing. He aims a blow at his master, and misses him; his own hand is hurt, and, alas! he has *not* missed his wife and children; they are struck, and hurt sorely. Let there be no more strikes. Intimidation uses the lowest motive power—fear. Let no working man, for his own sake, dream of applying that power towards his master.

Let me congratulate you, further, upon these things being attained. Masters are giving way from various motives: some from sense of duty, some from love. All honour to them! I believe there are masters hearing me now, not a few, who have given to their servants that which is just and equal, from the highest, purest, best of all motives.

There are others, who are yielding, or have yielded, from another motive: they have found out that the thing pays; "better workmen, and better work, and more of it." Some of them, however, I hear, are saying:—"True, we have been very liberal to you; but, as we only take half a-day's work from you on Saturday, so you are only to expect half a-day's wages." No; they had better be quiet on this subject; for, if logic has any power at all, it is against them. According to their own showing, the system pays. They have "better work, and more of it;" and hence it follows, if there is to be any corresponding change at all, it must be "*better wage, and more of it.*"

Then, there is another class of masters, yielding from very shame. You have seen two pointers in couples on the 12th of August, or on the 1st of September, leaving the kennel. One is a good, stout, right-hearted, right-thinking dog; he is going the way he ought. The other is in heart a cur, with his tail between his legs, his forefeet pushed out, his head turned aside; he wants to follow a divisive course of his own. Is the good, right-hearted dog to be put off the right track on that account? No; he holds on the more steadily; while the other soon finds that, to save himself from being choked, he must run too. So will it be with that class of masters.

And if there be any masters hearing me, let me presume to give them another piece of advice. I have heard that professions and trades often meet and agree by a majority, that it is right and proper to advocate and practise the Early Closing and Half-holiday movements; but a minority—and it is sometimes a small, miserable minority—stand out; and then the majority give in. I have heard of the apothecaries in a certain town—and no men, as I think, need early closing and the half-holiday more than they—having agreed, by a vast majority, to do this right thing; but one, little, lean, lank unit stood out by himself; and the rest yielded to him! They should have rolled him up in a globular form, like one of his own pills, and swallowed him at once. I don't believe he would ever have been felt; I am very sure he would never have been missed. Let me illustrate this point, for it is an important one. Suppose there was a deadly epidemic abroad, and it was necessary for us all to take a remedy at a certain hour. You may think that is an extravagant supposition, but it is not. We read that in America—to be sure, it is in America—there is a certain district, (Michigan,) so swampy and so vexed with ague, that in one village the bell rings at twelve o'clock every day for the people to take their

quinine. Suppose something like that were the case in this country, and that the time for the daily dose had come. The draper's or the silk-mercer's wife, or some other faithful friend, nudges his elbow at the appointed time. But the draper or silk-mercer is not yet ready. "No, no," says he, "let me look out a little; let me see whether Howell and James have taken theirs, and whether Swan and Edgar have taken theirs." And, if they have not, he won't take his dose. Is that reasonable? is that like common sense? Let all masters do what is right, careless of companionship, and fearless of the consequences.

I was not aware, when I came here, that I was to have the honour of addressing ladies; but let me, nevertheless, say a word to them. It is not the masters only that yield; the ladies are yielding too; and it is time; they have been to blame in this matter, by late shopping. Let them take an example of Lord Nelson. He attributed his general success to the fact, that he was always a quarter of an hour too soon. Let them adopt the spirit of his famous order of the day, and inscribe on their banner, "England expects that every woman this year will do her duty"—in the matter of shopping! Or, if they do not like to imitate a man, let them follow the example of the highest lady of the land. Long, long, long, may it be, ere in any sense—and it can never be but in one sense—it is said that she is the *late* queen! Ladies—or I will use the softer, sweeter word, woman—Woman, think of your sister woman—the poor, oppressed, forsaken needlewoman. Oh! think of the many victims at this hour who are pining and pained, drooping and dying, under the cruel strain of undue and ill-requited labour! Listen to the wail—you cannot call it song—though song it has been called—

"Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt!"

Ah! think of the fingers that are aching, and the backs that are breaking. Think of the sore hearts, the open coffins, the yawning graves, the lost souls—all sacrificed to cruel fashion. Cruel fashion! If ladies must have a certain number of new bonnets every year, why should they all insist on having them on the same week, the same day of the week, and the same hour of the day? Why can they not diffuse them over a reasonable space of time? If they must have so many new dresses every season, why must they have them all delivered at the same late, late hour on one Saturday night? This is an evil concentration of labour. Oh, think of those

"Maidens young,
Who work in that dreary room,
With drooping forms and spectres thin,
And cheeks without a bloom;
And the voice that cries—For the pomp of pride,
We haste to an early tomb."

All that is needed for this reform is, that woman should listen, and look, and think. For surely it was never in the heart of noble, self-denying, generous, loving woman, willingly and wantonly to oppress her kind! No, no; we know that

"It never was in your soul
To play so ill a part,
But evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart."

Now, I have done; but let me just say how you are to keep this boon. How are you to keep especially your half-

holiday? By making a right use of it. The man that abuses loses it. He is a fool, and none so ready to admit this as himself, in his sober moments. Worse than that, he is a thief; he steals from himself, he steals from his fellow-man, and he steals from his children. The man, moreover, who dissipates the Saturday desecrates the Sabbath, and robs not man alone, but God. He is more than doubly a thief; he is a traitor to his country, his cause, and his kind. He deserves the compassion of his fellows, but he need not wonder if often he receive only their contempt. He puts arms and arguments into the hands and mouths of the opponents of the good cause; he stops the voice and hands of those who would help to win it. That is not the way either to gain or to keep it. Show the good work being wrought out. Let me tell you a fact. There was a gentleman who came from London last summer to Edinburgh. (The Lord Provost of Edinburgh is here, and will put me right if I am wrong in saying, that the half-holiday movement is working gloriously in Scotland.) The gentleman did not believe in the half-holiday, and said, he would not give it to his men, simply because he was sure they would make a bad use of it. But he had a friend in Edinburgh, who was a half-holiday man: and he, too, had come from London. One fine summer evening they met near one of the lungs of our town—East Prince's Street Gardens. They heard music, and saw crowds going in. Said his friend, "Let us see what this is." He wiled him in; and there he saw hundreds upon hundreds of working men and women, with children gambolling like kittens, all dressed in cleanest attire. "What is that?" said he. "That is the half-holiday." The tear sprang to his eye, his lip quivered, and he said, "I will be an opponent of this no more." Sure I am, he has kept his word; and is now a hearty, earnest advocate of the half-holiday. That

is the way to win it, and that is the way to keep it. Not only show the good work being wrought out: show the good fruits of that work—Better workmen, and more of them; better work, and more of that. We must take the Redan, and we must hold the Redan. How was it that our soldiers did not keep the Redan? Because they could not man the breastwork. *Man the breastwork here*—the affections, the heart! bring up the highest motive power—love. Take another turn of the moral stereoscope; and let us see man's interest and master's interest not diverse, but brought to be one and the same. Then we shall have the end happily secured.

"Nought will make us rue,
If England to herself do prove but true."

And we feel no despondency in this matter. England will be true to herself, and Englishmen will be true to England. English masters will give to their servants that which is just and equal, and English workmen receiving this in joyous and thankful hearts, will, by a virtuous and wise use of it, raise their right into a might which no party, no prejudice, no power, can ever overthrow.

Palissy the Potter.

A LECTURE

BY THE

Rev. HENRY ALLON.

PALISSY THE POTTER.

I SUPPOSE it possible that, to some of you, even the name of Bernard Palissy may be unknown;—and that, to most of you who have heard it, it may be nothing more than a name—the faint echo of an unintelligible sound.

Perhaps, amongst the literary announcements of the last two or three years, some of you may have seen the title of Mr. Morley's pleasant book, "The Life of Bernard Palissy, of Saintes, his Labours and Discoveries in Art and Science; with an Outline of his Philosophical Doctrine."

Or, may be, you have read the still pleasanter book by the authoress of those quaint and picturesque fictions founded upon facts, which "The History of Mrs. Mary Powell" represents, entitled "The Provocations of Madame Palissy."

Or, those of you acquainted with French literature, may have met with Palissy's own books, which are full of autobiographical anecdote and illustration, of artistic wisdom, and of Franklin-like shrewdness and homely sense. Their very titles are a study. Here is one of them:—

> "A trustworthy receipt by which all the men of France may learn how to multiply and augment their treasures. Item.—Those who have acquired no knowledge of letters may learn a philosophy necessary to all dwellers in the earth. There is also contained

the design of a garden as delightful and useful in invention as ever has been seen; with the design and arrangement of a fortified town, the most impregnable of which men have ever heard."

Here is another:—

"Admirable discourses on the nature of waters and fountains, as well natural as artificial; on metals, on salt, on salt springs, on stones, on fire, and on enamels; with many other excellent secrets of natural things. Also a treatise on marl,—very useful and necessary for those who are concerned in agriculture. The whole drawn up in dialogues, wherein are introduced theory and practice. By Bernard Palissy, Inventor of Rustic Figulines to the King, and to the Queen his Mother."

An odd medley, this latter book, of artistic, philosophical, and religious matters, exhibiting the man, as he claims to be exhibited, in this threefold character:—a kind of uninspired Book of Wisdom, written in his old age, by an uninspired Solomon; and quaintly and wisely discoursing of all things, "from the cedar of Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall."

If, however, you should not so have known either the history of Palissy or his books, you will, I am sure, be thankful to the Lecturer for an introduction to him to-night. He is no common man; nor is his a common history. I may even say that, in most respects, he is a model man; a man in whom the practical power of the workman is united with the genius of the philosopher and the virtue of the saint.

"The elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

He is one of those enthusiastic, unfaltering men, in whom passion becomes indomitable will, and pursues its end, re-

gardless alike of the world's neglect and scorn:—One of those devotees of art who shrink from no sacrifice, either of personal or relative joy, that their idol may claim:—One of those world-conquering men, as powerful in patience as in energy, who can watch and wait, reiterate experiment, and endure privation from weary year to weary year, in the pursuit of what, to ordinary minds, would seem but a vision of dream-land, but which the forecasting instinct of genius affirms to be a possibility of sober life.

His life will be no common lesson, if we properly learn it. To see how a self-taught and unaided man can—

"Voyage through strange seas of thought alone;"

how, undaunted by difficulties, unseduced by temptation, undeterred by failure, he can labour through years of darksome and enduring toil:—and how, like our English Roundheads a century later, fighting their very different battle here, he could pray even as he wrought, fearing God with all his heart, and therefore defying the devil and all his works; his natural energy giving practical vigour to his religious faith, and his religious faith again giving substance and persistence to his natural energy:—And how, finally, after having, by unparalleled faith and toil, won for himself riches and fame, he could sacrifice these when won for the martyrdom of the Bastile, rather than tamper with his religious convictions and become a recreant to his God.

Hardly in any age, or to any man, could such lessons come amiss. To young men commencing life in an age like this, when rapidity of life tempts to superficialness, competition to selfishness, and wealth to unspiritualness, they are of inestimable value. The life of Palissy, indeed, is the best practical solution that I have met with of the problem, "How to make the best of both worlds."

My purpose is not merely to narrate a history, or to

deliver an essay, or to preach a sermon; but so to employ the first as to enable the philosophy of the second, and the practical application of the third.

For all true greatness there comes, sooner or later, and even in this life, a day of vindication. And perhaps one of the most remarkable forms of our nineteenth century's archæology is its resurrection of buried reputations, both of the illustrious wronged and the illustrious obscure.

Two causes hinder greatness of its due meed of praise—party prejudice, and defective moral appreciation.

Party prejudice refuses to recognize greatness in men because both the material power and the moral verdict of their greatness are arrayed against those who cherish it. If, therefore, unable wholly to deny the legitimate proofs of greatness, it will qualify and neutralize its reluctant admission, by magnifying defects and exaggerating infirmities; talking so much about the spots, that we forget that they are spots upon a sun; or it will distort and discolour the features that it is compelled to recognize, and not infrequently denounce as vice that which is really virtue. When, therefore, history or biography falls into such hands, the portrait delineated is so predominant in its darker shades, and so grotesque in its aberrant lines, that Paul's hypothetical transformation is reversed, and an angel of light is transformed into Satan himself. Thus Cromwell, left to the tender mercies of Clarendon and Hume, has been delineated for posterity as a kind of political ogre to frighten children and peccant Tories with. And it is only after two centuries of coarse vituperation, dishonest suppression, and furtive excuse, that this greatest of England's rulers has been rescued from the calumny of party, and exhibited, if not without defect, yet in robust and noble manhood,—a true Könning, king, or able-man; a study for all lovers of strong sense, inflexible purpose, noble endeavour, and honest piety.

The greatest historical names in Europe—Carlyle, Macaulay, Forster, Guizot, and D'Aubigné—have aided in this singular vindication, and have joined issue in the great argument—"Whether Cromwell should have a statue?" Let him wait a little longer, and he may have as many statues as "the Duke" himself.

This is an instance of the vindication from party prejudice of the illustrious maligned.

Another class of men who intrust posterity with their reputation are the illustrious obscure:—The men whom *the defective moral appreciation* of their age compels to wait for their canonization,—at least as long as the Romish saints have to wait for theirs; and often *two* centuries, instead of one, until, indeed, the truer or more elevated moral sense of advanced generations shall appreciate and honour their transcendent excellencies. There is an obvious moral progression of the ages; and there are always men in advance of their age—men with moral perceptions and sympathies which their age has not attained to.

If, for example, as in the feudal centuries, the recognized virtue of an age consist in military prowess and achievement, —if it affect mainly—

"The pomp and circumstance of glorious war,"

it will have but little appreciation and worship for the arts and virtues of peace. If its ideal of excellency consist in the rougher and more chivalrous humanities, in physical sinew and daring,—in storming a Redan, or capturing a Malakoff,—noble and necessary though these achievements be,—it may even despise the gentler and more patient virtues of science and commerce, and social life. Virtue there doubtless is, but hardly ideal virtue, in the functions of an army, —the police of nations.

Or if a religious and moral age, it have appreciation for

pieties only that are palpable, active, and utilitarian, it may see no transcendency in pieties that are spiritual, passive and enduring And thus the man *before* his age in these things,—the man illustrious for only the more refined and spiritual attributes of character, for devoutness, faith, religiousness in common life, the quiet heroism of daily duty and patient self-sacrifice,—may have to wait for the recognition of his form of excellency until men shall have advanced in moral appreciation and culture, and shall have learnt to esteem the amenities of peace above the violences of war, and the quiet and holy heroism of piety that lives only in God's sight, above those noisy and ostentatious manifestations of it that are conscious chiefly of man's.

But as surely as the moral development of the ages goes on, the recognition will come; and, for these older moral heroes of the sixteenth century, it has even now come; for this is another way in which our generation is vindicating the greatness of past ages.

Now very conspicuously amongst the men obscurely great stands Bernard Palissy. By the sheer force of industrial virtues, he contributed appreciably to the civilization and nobility of his age; not by the mere achievements of his art, for other men in other ages have done as much; but by the moral and industrial heroism with which he pursued it. We claim for him a place amongst "representative men." If philanthropy have its representative man in Howard—and statesmanship in Wilberforce—and commerce in Fowell Buxton, (estimating them from a Christian stand-point—their principles and temper, that is, as well as their achievements),—then practical industry need not blush to associate Palissy with these, as its representative man. As such I present him to you; industrial virtue in an example—a man humble in station—unaided by circumstance—a self-taught and self-helping man, going forth into the great workshop

of the world, nobly self-reliant on the human side of his life, and as nobly full of godly fear on the divine side—full of the practical piety of common life—seeking heroic ends *in it*, and *by it*—making work a worship, and consecrating to God whatsoever he touches. It is a rare combination that we see in him. He is a devout student of nature—a stern interrogator of science—a passionate devotee of his art—a holy and uncompromising disciple of revealed truth—a man full of that indomitable and energetic faith, which, in the natural as well as in the spiritual world, "subdues kingdoms, works righteousness, obtains promises, stops the mouths of lions, quenches the violence of fire, out of weakness is made strong."

We often preach to you these virtues in our sermons; it is not often that we can so exhibit them in an example.

It is true that the manipulations of a potter may savour but little of the heroic—a mere artisan modelling clay; but the true lesson of Palissy's life lies in the very unpromisingness of his occupation—the commonness of the material that he wrought constitutes the grandeur of his achievements in it. "He is," says Lamartine, "the patriarch of the workshop; the poet of manual labour in modern days; he is the potter of the Odyssey, the Bible and the Gospel, the type incarnate, to exalt and ennoble every business, however trivial—so that it has labour for its means, progress and beauty for its motive, and the glory of God for its end."*

He teaches us that genius, virtue, and industry can ennoble any vocation; that it is not so much what a man does that constitutes a hero, as how he does it: he may rule kingdoms ignobly, and carry mortar with honour. Men do not need great fields and epic subjects in order to achieve true greatness.

Some men "are born great," other men "have greatness

* Celebrated characters (Bernard Palissy), vol. i. p. 247.

thrust upon them;" but the only true greatness is that which a man "achieves for himself." A Plantagenet pales before a Shakspere, the son of "a hundred earls" before a Bedfordshire tinker; and the greatest achieved greatness is that in which but ordinary conditions of life were given—common clay and ten fingers—in which the prosaic life of ordinary men is made epical and grand, by great purposes and achievements. They are but half heroic who wait for great occasions. It is but half a victory that favourable circumstance secures. The lesson of Palissy's life—and it is the most valuable of all lessons—is, that the common workman, put down, say, in the streets of this great London of ours, or admitted one of a crowd into a manufactory or warehouse, or shut up alone with farthing candle and crust, in his studio or his garret, may, by great purpose, great patience, and great piety, achieve a position and a name that "men will not willingly let die." Our own British world, our circles of aristocracy, our senate, our law courts, our civic rolls, and our commercial history, are full of such examples; of men who are their own ancestors; who, by dint of sheer industry, enterprise, and virtue, have been "taken from a dunghill, and made to sit with princes." The world, indeed, has come to ask much more earnestly of a man's life than of his lineage: what he is, rather than whence he came. The true man, indeed, is too proud to care whence he came.

> "Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
> 'T is only noble to be good;
> Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood."

The true hero of life is he who conquers difficulties which conquer other men; who makes his still small voice heard amid and above the clamour that drowns common speech; who touches even common clay divinely. It is true that the

career of such a man is a conflict and a toil; that he must shoulder his brawny way amid the great crowd of men: they will not, unless compelled, unite their suffrages to place him first. He would be no hero, if they did. His heroism consists in his praise-compelling power; his strength assays and develops itself in action; opposition is needful to test and compel his energies. His first efforts, probably, will be comparative failures; the young eagle may drop into its nest; the potter's enamels may refuse to melt, and his neighbours may think him mad; embryo leaders of the house may be coughed down and covered with derisive laughter, but the failure and the scorn only urge him to greater effort. He vows that "the time will come when they shall hear him," and he labours in untiring patience and faith, until success rewards his toil, or solid esteem his unswerving virtues. Slowly, but surely, does the patient coral of his industry rise, until at length it emerges a verdant island of beauty and fertility.

"If there be anything certain in our modern life, it is that a man will reap as he sows; that if not the foremost place, yet a high and honourable place, awaits every man who industriously and virtuously seeks it. No man can practise virtue without acquiring virtuous habit, and diffusing virtuous influence, and, in whatever may be *his* world, enshrining himself in virtuous renown. In the social, as well as in the spiritual world, there are high rewards for those who "patiently continue in well-doing"—even "glory, honour, and immortality." For every life there is an "Excelsior," an onwards and an upwards still; and to no life, save from its own incapacity, is it impossible to reach the top.

> "Give battle to the leagued world;—if thou art truly brave,
> Thou shalt make the hardest circumstance a helper or a slave."

But, to our history,—

In the south-west of France, there is an ancient province, formerly named Perigord, now forming part of the department of the Dordogne. At its southern extremity, and upon a hill, not three-fourths of a mile from its boundary, stands the little town of Biron, in or near which, about the year 1509, Bernard Palissy was born. A mountainous and inland district, without commerce and without manufactures, its inhabitants depended for their subsistence upon the produce of their forests and the fattening of their pigs; truffles and pork being their chief edible luxuries. It produced, as such districts generally do, a race of hardy, free-hearted, liberty-loving men; no better soldiers were furnished to the armies of Francis the First.

Like many a great unknown, Palissy is his own family. It is not known that he had a parentage—the only evidence thereof being a not very violent presumption. Lamartine tells us that the young Palissy, when a boy, kneaded marl and burnt bricks, at his father's kiln in the village of Chapelle Biron; but Lamartine is not the best historical authority in the world, and too often sacrifices fact to figure,—particular to point. And as Palissy himself tells us, that when he commenced his experiments in pottery, he "had never seen earth baked," we must conclude, that however the kiln in Biron came, in after generations, to be called "Palissy's kiln," it could not have belonged to Palissy's father. "For a long time," he says, "I practised glass painting, until I was assured that I could earn bread by labours in earth." We must imagine the young Palissy, therefore, wandering from village to village in the district of Perigord, or in the neighbouring district of Agenois, curious in the mosaics of old mullioned windows, and studious of chromatic effects, artistically accomplished in the disposition of bits of painted glass —sometimes, "for the love of God," doing the necessary repairs to the window of a church, and sometimes finding a

more lucrative job at some old baronial hall. Glass-painting was one of the most honourable of trades, decidedly a member of the aristocracy of the manual arts; and younger sons of noble families, and needy lords with a heraldry longer than their rent-roll, and with more quarterings on their escutcheons than louis in their purses, condescended to live by means of it. Like the old Jews, who prudently taught their children tent-making as well as traditionalism, the French noblesse transmitted, from generation to generation, their aristocratic trade with their aristocratic titles. To Palissy, however, the trade came without the titles; he was not only born poor, but he was educated a peasant; and if his family belonged to nobility at all, it was to that very small nobility which repeated dilutions of blood, and divisions of property, painfully constitute. A Plantagenet makes shoes, I believe, in one of our midland counties. "The occupation," says Palissy, "is noble, and the men who work at it are nobles; but several who exercise that art as gentlemen would gladly be plebeians and possess wherewith to pay the taxes."

"Is it not a misfortune that has fallen on the glass-workers of Perigord, Limousin, Saintonge, Angoulmois, Gascony, Bearn, and Bigorre, where glasses are so much depreciated that they are sold and cried through the villages by the same people who cry old clothes and old iron, in such a manner that those who make and those who sell them must work hard to live?" * Alas for the seedy nobles of Perigord! Necessity gives us strange companionships.

For the sake of fuel and of wood-ashes used in their manufacture, these glass-workers commonly lived on the borders of forests; and in some retreat of this kind Palissy was probably born and brought up. As for education,

* "The Artist in Earth,"—

The extracts from this and other works of Palissy are taken from Mr. Morley's Translations in the Appendix to his Life of Palissy.

"I have had no other books," says he, "than heaven and earth, which are open to all." "God," he tells us, "had gifted him with a talent for drawing," and his curious and enterprising mind would soon make him master of the simple chemistry of his art, and prompt him to speculations and experiments beyond it, unconsciously fitting him for the part that he was afterwards to play; so that the natural forms of his pottery, and the chemistry of his experiments in enamel, may very safely be referred to the Perigord forest and the glass-painting of his boyhood, as also that deep and holy love of nature, which no after-seductions could alienate or corrupt. And blessed is the boy who, in the days of his youth, has green fields to roam in, and quiet woods to explore; whose thoughts are fresh with woodland breezes, and beautiful with woodland hues; who drinks into his unsophisticated spirit the holy poetry of nature, permitting her pure inspiration to possess his young soul. It were—

> "Better for man,
> Were he and nature more familiar friends:
> His part is worst that touches this base world."

Palissy, at about nineteen, felt a yearning for better things than glass-painting, now a declining trade, and determined to see the world. He was well skilled in melting and colouring glass, as also in manufacturing and fixing upon clear glass the pigments, which were an easy substitute for the more recondite art of staining, and also in fitting it, when made, into the mullions of quaint old Gothic windows; and, doubtless, in this early age, when the wonderful invention of printing was little more than half a century old, and therefore a luxury only of the rich, he both learned and taught many a lesson from the quaint old histories and allegories thus pictorially told. We all know how curiously the eye will trace the features of the building, in which,

from week to week, we sit to listen to long prosy sermons,—how familiar every querk and turn of even the commonest moulding becomes; a perfect godsend, therefore, would these old painted windows be to the Perigord peasant while the old weary monk was mumbling his cabalistic Latin, or doling out some rusty legend or a thrice-repeated and monotonous sermon. They would, perchance, inspire musings far more profitable than any of them; for they would depict scenes of wondrous miracle, and of still more wondrous sorrow—the history and the passion, the resurrection and the ascension of the Incarnate Son; the holy symbol of the Dove, too, and irreverent delineations of the Father; together with the solemn scenes of the judgment, and those winged nondescripts, half Cupid, half Bacchus, that do duty in stained glass for angels of blessedness; the unspeakables, also, that symbolize the children of darkness—

> "And saints that there
> On Gothic windows knelt in pictured prayer."

Thus gifted and trained, then, and thus equipped, the young Palissy left his forest-home, and, turning his face southward to the Pyrenees, he entered Gascony—

> "The world before him
> Where to choose, and Providence his guide."

For twelve years he wandered through France, "from the Pyrenees to the sea of Flanders, and the Netherlands. He gathered experience in Britanny, and by the Rhine. He visited Lower Germany, the Ardennes, Luxembourg, the Duchy of Cleves, and the Brisgau. He spent time in his native district of the Agenois and in the Bourdelois. At Tarbes, the capital of Bigorre, he dwelt some years, and remained long in sundry other towns." *

But trades will die out, and occupations become super-

* Morley's Life of Palissy, vol. i. p. 44.

fluous; for science will advance, and social habits will change, and taste will improve; and, therefore, it came to pass, that Palissy did not find it very easy to subsist upon glass-painting. Churches needing his services were not to be encountered in every village, and by the impoverished nobility, the painted glass of their halls was felt to be somewhat of an aristocratic nuisance; for housemaids will be careless, and glass is brittle, and pictorial fractures were very expensive; and, therefore, painted glass was rapidly being superseded by the less costly and more translucent article which now glorifies our dwellings; so that we hardly know how Palissy subsisted during the twelve years of his wanderings—perhaps he hardly knew himself; no doubt he would tarry longest where glass windows were the most numerous, and where servants were the most destructive. And he tells us, that he eked out his scanty incomings by painting portraits, and making geometrical surveys of estates and plans of houses. "They thought me," he says, "a better painter than I was, which caused me to be often summoned to draw plans for use in courts of law; then, when I had such commissions, I was very well paid."

Gradually, therefore, he seems to have exchanged his glass-painting for the more lucrative occupations of draughtsman and modeller of images; and yet he complains very sorely of the injury which cast-making did to clever sculptors. "I have seen," he says, "such contempt of sculpture caused by cast-making, that the whole land of Gascony and surrounding places were full of moulded figures in baked earth, which had been brought for sale to fairs and markets, and there sold at two liards a piece."

Chiefly important to us are these twelve years of Palissy's life, as the principal period of his unconscious education.

First, and chiefly, he continued his studies in the great

school of nature; he wandered amongst the works of the Divine Artist, and studied both the forms and the chemistry of nature. Amid the gorges and peaks of the Pyrenees, he would become familiar with the varied beauty and grandeur of mountain-scenery, fantastic and sublime in its forms, transcendent and magical in its hues; and thus, drinking in the spirit of the mountains and the woods, he laid the foundation of his wisdom as a philosopher—he treasured up lessons as an artist, and was filled with inspiration as a poet;—he studied earths and rocks, and insects and trees—the gray hues of mountain sunrise, and the crimson splendors of his setting—the fresh greenness of the budding leaf, and the changeful colouring of its gorgeous decay; thus educating his soul and his eye where the true artist must ever educate them, in the great school of nature. He became, in fact, an accomplished naturalist, questioning men much, but nature more. He visited the laboratory of the chemist and the workshop of the artisan; but he always turned with eagerness and joy to the perfect laboratory and productions of nature. Nothing is so palpably characteristic of him, in his artless revelations of himself, as his nature-worship. Nature was the nurse of his genius, and the mother of his art; she supplied his models, and suggested his processes; and from the rocky bed of the stream, the wild recess of the forest, the awful cleft of the mountain, and the mysterious depth of the cavern, she taught him the lessons, and filled him with the sympathies of a true artist. The secret of nature, like the secret of Him who made it, "is with them only that fear her." And as well might the scholar aspire to be a mathematician independently of his Euclid, as the student to be an artist independently of nature. She has a lesson for him in every changing hue—a model for him in every minute form; and

Palissy was never weary of watching and treasuring up these. To him—

> "The meanest flower that blows
> Gave thoughts that often lay too deep for tears."

Secondly, he extended his knowledge of various arts; he was commendably curious about antiquity, eagerly inquisitive of modern art and science; he even dabbled in alchymy, being, as he tells us, "alchemist enough to live upon his teeth." He spared no pains, grudged no money, whereby he might acquire knowledge. He was an observant student and eager questioner of the intellectual world of men. He questioned philosophers of their knowledge, and learnt wisdom from the rude instincts of the peasant. He sought localities famous for particular manufactures, and connected diverse arts by laying hold of their common principle. He studied books, that he might acquaint himself with the learning of the ancients, and listened to legends which might enrich his inventive imagination. He dreamt the alchemist's dream, and educated his hand to the workman's art. He studied habits of social life, and the various play of human passions. And thus he became, what such a student of men and things must inevitably become, one of the wisest and most practical of philosophers—the Franklin of France.

Two other influences, very palpable and very momentous to him in his subsequent career, must be mentioned, in order to complete our conception of his education.

Thirdly, when Palissy commenced his travels through France in 1528, the German Reformers were in the very height of their great struggle—the religious thought and passion of Europe were stirred to their very depths. It was in 1529, that the celebrated protest of fourteen imperial cities against the decisions of the diet of Spiers, gave to the

Reformed Church the proud and yet the polemical name of Protestant. In Germany, the Reformation prospered under the brave leading of its princes; in England, under the popular enthusiasm of the people; but in France its course was more difficult, and its result less triumphant. France was then what Austria is now, the great stronghold of Popery; its king was the "most Christian king;" its wealth was largely accumulated in the hands of ecclesiastics, and its civil power was both aided and controlled by the spiritual weapons of the priests. Leo X. was then Pope, and Francis I. had conceded to him a Concordat, almost, but not quite as ignominious, as that which the Emperor of Austria has conceded just now, whereby supremacy was given to him in the Gallican Church; only the Pope, in return, gave to Francis what he has not given to Francis Joseph, power to nominate to bishoprics and abbeys; which nominations, at the solicitation of ladies of the Court, were freely given to grisly fighting men and beardless boys. But the reform of the church would involve the overthrow of a great part of the political system of France, which its rank and wealth had too much interest in preserving; so that, although there were tumultuous risings of the people, they were generally suppressed, and were followed by terrible scenes of persecution and martyrdom. The heretics, however, were greatly protected by Margaret, Queen of Navarre, the king's celebrated sister; and, under the name of Huguenots, they grew and prospered, despite the prisons and fagots of Francis.*

Many atrocities, however, were perpetrated, and of some of them Palissy must have been a spectator. In 1535, John Calvin fled from Paris to Saintonge, the very district in which, shortly after, Palissy fixed his home; and the year after, found it necessary to take refuge in Basle; whence,

* Browning's History of the Huguenots, ch. ii.

for the edification of his French countrymen, he sent a digest of reformed opinions, which was published and dedicated to the king, with what the Sorbonne called rank impertinence, under the immortal title of "Institutes of Christianity." There can be no doubt that, during his wanderings, Palissy became acquainted with the doctrines of the Reformation and the decided and devoted Huguenot that we henceforth find him.

Fourthly. The other influence that marked and moulded his life at this period was love. Whether he had carried with him from Perigord the image of some fair Gascon idol, for the fealty and worship of his wandering heart—whether, through these twelve years of peregrination through France, some lodestar shed its bright beams and sweet influences upon his lonely path, refining his thought, and purifying his heart, and consecrating his life, as only a pure love can—whether, in all his toils and privations, he was sustained and stimulated by the—

> "Love that sweetens sugarless tea,
> And makes contentment and joy agree
> With the coarsest boarding and bedding;"

whether he carefully nurtured all this while the vestal fire of a first passion—the pure and precious inspiration of a youthful love; or whether his love was only first enkindled at the sober age of twenty-nine, when he married, we are not told; but we may easily understand how such a love might be, as it is to thousands, the earthly power that kept him so pure and unsophisticated, so loyal to truth and virtue during these twelve years of perilous travel, so "simple concerning evil, and so wise to that which is good."

And, all raillery notwithstanding, this I would in all earnestness venture to say to any young man who may have brought with him to this hard, hurrying, unscrupulous London of ours a pure, youthful love, enshrine it in your

heart of hearts, carry its fair image wherever you go, bestow upon it all the riches of your imagination and heart. If you be what all young men should be,—if you have one grain of honest, manly feeling, one spark of youthful romance and chivalrous devotion, she whom you thus worship will be to you a guardian angel, preserving you from every thought of wrong, from every act of meanness, and urging you to noble virtue and worthy achievement. Let the world laugh as it may, never be ashamed of a virtuous love: next to the grace of God's Holy Spirit, it is the holiest and most powerful thing of human life.

Palissy married, and enshrined his Penates in the pleasant and picturesque old Roman town of Saintes, the capital of the province of Saintonge, on the western coastline of France; and there he subsisted by whatever employment his triple capability as glass-stainer, portrait-painter, and surveyor, could procure for him. Here, after twelve years of weary wandering, he found a home; and here, in deep, tranquil happiness, his first years of married life passed. But his children multiplied rapidly; supplies came in slowly; and the activities and inquisitiveness which the first contentments of love and home had allayed, were excited again by the necessities of his family. Victorine could not help wanting a "grass-green camlet," and little Paul wanted his calotte; and Palissy awoke again to a conscious capacity and yearning for greater things. "Twenty-five years since," says he, writing a quarter of a century after, "there was shown to me an earthern cup, turned and enamelled with so much beauty, that from that time I entered into controversy with my own thoughts, recalling to mind several suggestions that some people had made to me in fun when I was painting portraits. Then seeing that these were falling out of request in the country where I dwelt, and that glass-painting was also little patronized, I began to

think that if I could discover how to make enamels, I could make earthern vessels and other things very prettily, because God had gifted me with some knowledge of drawing; and thereafter, regardless of the fact that I had no knowledge of clays, I began to seek for the enamels as a man gropes in the dark." Ay, and every man who would tread in untrodden paths, and discover unknown things, must "grope in the dark"—at first; grope his way, that is, out of the cavern of ignorance into the sunlight of knowledge. The path may be crooked; projecting rocks may be awkward and hindering, and inflict various contusions upon him; but sooner or later, if a brave and earnest soul, he will find his way out.

The cup was a specimen of the workmanship of Lucca della Robbia, the Palissy of Florence; and, like Newton's apple, it set Palissy's mind a-working—only it did *not* suggest the *law* that it demonstrated. But why seek to rediscover what was already known? Because no man in France possessed the knowledge; and, if possessed by anyone elsewhere, Palissy had no means of deriving it. "Somebody," reasoned Palissy, "must have found it out, and why should not I repeat the discovery?"

Like the history of all other arts, the history of pottery has not escaped the blending with it of a large amount of apochryphal anecdote and romance. Perhaps pottery—the art of moulding and hardening clay—may claim to be the mother of all the arts. Necessity would soon prompt the attempted manufacture of a vessel to hold liquids; for neither of the methods of satisfying thirst adopted by Gideon's men would long suffice. Convenience and refinement would alike urge an improvement; and the first footmark in the clay, hardened by a Mesopotamian sun, would suggest the material and manner of its construction; and from Eve's first rude pipkin to the latest production of Wedg-

wood or Copeland, it would simply be a series of improvements. Thus to draw upon the apochrypha of pottery, a servant boils brawn in an earthern pipkin, and carelessly permitting it to boil over the fierce fire, the alkali combines with the earthernware, and the result is a vitreous surface—the first specimen of glass-glazing.

The first historic records of fictile clay are the bricks of Babel; the next the brick-making of the Israelites, indicating an advanced and systematic art.

The inventor of pottery, artistically so called, was Corœbus of Athens, in whose honour the æsthetic Greeks struck medals and erected statues. Phidias himself designed vases for the Athenian potters.

Dibŭtades of Sicyon observed upon a wall the profile of his daughter's lover, traced by her from the outline of his shadow. He filled it with clay, which he hardened with fire, and this was the first specimen of modelling in relief.* Talus of Athens is said to have invented the potter's wheel, and so to have provoked thereby the jealousy of Dædalus, that he threw him from the Acropolis and killed him.

The Egyptians were at a very early period acquainted with the art. Little figures, covered with a fine deep-blue glaze, and numerous vases, specimens of which may be seen in the British Museum, were deposited with their mummies. Representations of earthern vessels, closely resembling those made in Egypt at present, are found in Egyptian paintings.†

The next in antiquity to Egyptian vases are the Etruscan, familiar to you all by their black figures and red clay ground. They are found in northern and central Italy, especially in tombs, where they were probably deposited as the most precious things of their owners, or to contain their ashes, or

* Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography.

† Penny Cyclopædia; article "Earthenware."

the wine and milk offered to their manes; and in such myriads that if the Etruscans were what Napoleon said we were, "a nation of shopkeepers," almost every shop must have been consecrated to earthernware.*

The Romans come next; and, as in every other artistic excellence, they imitated the Greeks without equalling them; and when the empire fell the already-degenerate art was buried in its ruins. A colony of Byzantine Greeks, residing in Damascus, alone preserved the art of glazing to Europe. Their vases were the rare luxuries of princes; and the art which produced even these was merely a tradition of the past—and, like all traditions, it was only a degenerate form of primitive excellence. It is probable that the art of pottery was known to the Britons even prior to the Roman invasion. Urns of earthernware are frequently found in barrows in different parts of the kingdom, evidently of British antiquity. Vestiges of Roman potteries are frequently discovered, especially in Staffordshire. Some fishermen, a few years ago, fished up some rather odd fish from Puddingham Sand, near Margate, in the shape of numerous vessels of pottery and Roman bricks cemented together—the evident indications of a Roman pottery there, when Puddingham Sand was an island. And to this day I believe the Kentish fishermen not infrequently bring up with their fish a most respectable earthen pan—a manifest convenience if they dine at sea, and from which the premonitory soul of the fish must shrink. Vases of considerable artistic skill, again, are frequently found in America.†

But the most remarkable development of the art pertains to those queer, incarnate types of antiquity, the Chinese. While the art of tempering and glazing was disappearing in Europe, the Chinese, and their neighbours the Japanese,

* Dennis's Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria, vol. i. Introd. p. 78.

† See Marryatt's History of Pottery.

had been for centuries making that peculiar porcelain with which, in its grotesque determination to put down all tyrannical laws of proportion and perspective, you are all familiar. Who is there that has not daguerreotyped upon his brain every line and dot of the immortal blue willow pattern; so called, from its astounding willow, with its four bunches of triple princes' feathers for foliage, and its inconceivable root growing out of an impossible soil; and its magical bridge suspended, like a leaping squirrel, between heaven and earth; and its three Chinese mermen, working themselves upon their tails in some inscrutable way or other, into the funny little temple in the corner; and the allegorical ship that sails in mid air over the top of it, and just under the baseless floor of an aërial blue villa, through which it threatens to thrust its mast; and its two nondescript birds, which would defy even the anatomy of Owen, billing and cooing in their uncouth Chinese fashion besides the strange blue tree with round plum-pudding leaves, a permanent puzzle to botanists, and which grows out of the top of another temple with three deep-blue columns, and beneath which a mysterious stream flows, and which sublime landscape, for millions of ages, and upon tens of millions of plates, has represented to the world the artistic ideas of the Raphaels of the Cerulean empire?

But to such perfection of colouring and glazing did they attain, that we can but imperfectly imitate them, even to this day. How many thousands of myriads of years, according to Chinese chronology, they have been manufacturing porcelain it is impossible to say; it is an institution of the empire, and of course, therefore, like all its other institutions, it never had a beginning. No doubt a teacup was the vessel, and tea the liquor employed in the very first libation of Yoo-tsou-she, when, 3000 years before Christ, he induced his savage hordes to build their first hut; and when his successor, Swee-gin-shee, discovered fire by the accidental

friction of two pieces of dry wood, there can be no doubt that the first use of the Promethean discovery would be to boil the kettle.

"No people have carried the art of dyeing, or extracting dyeing materials from so great a variety of animal, mineral, and vegetable substances, as the Chinese have done; and this merely from a practical knowledge of chemical affinities, without troubling themselves with theories derived from scientific principles." "The beautiful blues on their porcelain are more transparent, deep, and vivid than the same blues applied to our pottery ware; and yet we supply the Chinese with the same cobalt frits from which our own colours are extracted." "The biscuit of their porcelain, too, is much superior in whiteness, hardness, and transparency, to any which has been made in Europe." *

The first re-appearance in Europe, of the lost art of pottery, was in the fourteenth century, when glazed earthenware was used in the pavement of the Alhambra, and in the Moorish mosques in Spain; and this was the condition of the art a few years before Palissy lent his genius and his labour to it, when a Florentine sculptor, Lucca della Robbia, the first of European potters, became famous for his terra cotta productions. Like Palissy, he was the discoverer of his own enamel. "He studied," says Vasari, "with so much zeal, that when his feet were often frozen with cold in the night-time, he kept them in a basket of shavings to warm them, that he might not be compelled to discontinue his drawings;" †—another instance of the way in which men are made. After years of patient experiment he produced a beautiful white enamel, "which gave almost eternal durability" to his terra cotta figures, and became so famous that it laid the foundation of the commercial greatness of Florence. His

* Encyclopædia Britannica; art. "China."

† Vasari's Lives of the Painters, vol. i.

secret, however, died with him, and only his productions remained, a specimen of which, as we have seen, fell into Palissy's hands, and stimulated his inquisitive genius.

When, therefore, Palissy was mending painted windows at Saintes, Europe was without porcelain. Every dust-heap now contains fragments that would then have been treasured in cabinets. The shilling china mug which, as its inscription deponeth, you purchase as "A present for Elizabeth," would have been a fitting present for Gloriana herself, and such was indeed the actual gift of a princely subject. China was hermetically sealed against Europeans, who were in such a state of social barbarism as to be ignorant even of the existence of tea; even with our fair mothers, and their still fairer daughters, beer, vulgar beer, then did duty, both for its refreshment and chit-chat; so that the very idea of a teacup was wanting to the mental philosophy of Europe. It was only in 1518, when Palissy was a boy, that the Portuguese obtained their settlement at Macao, and that, through them, Europe obtained its first specimen of china ware. And because the cowrie shells, which represented Oriental money, resembled, as they thought, the backs of little pigs, they called them porcellana; and because the transparent and beautiful texture of china ware resembled that of the delicate cowrie shell, the same name was applied to it; whence we get, it is said, our English designation—porcelain.*

The only pottery, therefore, that French art could achieve, was a common earthenware; and all that Palissy achieved was, to him, pure discovery.

To discover Lucca della Robbia's enamel, therefore, was henceforth the purpose for which he lived, and to which he consecrated all his labour and substance, and sacrificed many years of peace. "Had I employed," he says, "a thousand reams of paper in writing for you all the accidents that have

* Marryatt's History of Pottery.

occurred to me upon my search, you may assure yourself that, however clever you might be, there would occur to you a thousand other crosses, which could not be taught by letters, and which, even if you had them written, you would not believe, until you should have been thrust by experience among a thousand troubles."

"But," says Mr. Morley, somewhat ungallantly, albeit wisely—"but men link women to their fortunes. Whoso, with lusty mind, desires to fight beyond the common limits of his time, and stand on ground through which there is to be no road for the next fifty, hundred, or two hundred years, should take good heed what partner he selects to share his scratches, and to see him made into a common jest. She must either have a strength of intellect accorded to few men and women in a generation, or a strength of love almost as rare."

But how was Palissy to begin? His own autobiography tells us this and other things. His works, indeed, are full of personal reminiscences and confessions; they unfold to us his entire mental and moral character, and the mighty struggle of his giant soul in the great conflict that he had to wage. Hardly any historical character, perhaps, is so fully yet so unconsciously revealed to us. The problem is virtually the problem of most true men with inquisitive and enterprising thought. "Discoveries, it has been said, are not improperly described as happy guesses, and guesses in these, as in other instances, imply various suppositious modes, of which some one turns out to be the right one. We may, in such cases conceive the discoverer as inventing and trying many conjectures, till he finds one which answers the purpose of combining the scattered facts into a single rule."*

The problem with Palissy was, how to discover enamel without either teacher or knowledge of its ingredients; how

* Whewell's Inductive Sciences, vol. ii. p. 141.

to discover, amid icebergs and polar frost, a north-west passage. Here, then, began his trial; the pursuit of the enamel involved the neglect of his surveying, and the consequent destitution of his family. The possible stood in opposition to the certain—the ideal to the real; the filling of his furnace involved the emptiness of his cupboard. His new and fervent love provoked the not unnatural jealousy of the old. The wife was neglected, and the children cried for bread; domestic upbraiding took the place of domestic endearment; the enamel of conjugal love—politeness and delicate ministration, was roughly scratched and broken. "Poverty raised the latch, and love flew out of the window." Victorine lost all faith, both in his genius and his love. No doubt, if discovered, the enamel would make them rich; but how was *he*, ignoramus that he was, to discover it? There was not a potter in France who would not have laughed at his best attempt to make a pipkin, and yet, forsooth, he will emulate Lucca della Robbia. A sad hair-brained notion this! And even should he ultimately succeed, how were they to obtain support in the meanwhile; "while the grass was growing the horse would starve." Was it not better, infinitely better, to lead a decent and contented life as a surveyor, than thus to attempt the rugged mountain of discovery; his family, meanwhile, waiting, pinched with hunger and clothed in rags, below? Was he sure of seeing anything to remunerate him at the top, even if he reached it? Many a man has such alternatives to choose from—there is

> "A tide in his affairs,
> Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune;
> Omitted, all the voyage of his life
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries,"—

a proposal of circumstances—shall we not say of God's providences—to be "*Aut Cæsar aut nullus.*" God calls men

sometimes to render great services to civilization, service in statesmanship, literature, or art; and in these, as in His more spiritual works, He will have His chosen ones to be men of faith. A man who will not greatly dare, will never greatly do. All truth must be sought in the spirit of faith and self-sacrifice. The neophyte of Truth, like the neophyte of the Egyptian mysteries, must pass through an ordeal that will try to the utmost his constancy and strength. The gates that lead to her shrine are inscribed with stern and imperative words—

"Ye who would try
Yon terrible track,
To live or to die,
But ne'er to look back;

"You who aspire
To be purified there,
By the terrors of fire,
Of water and air;

"If danger and pain
And death you despise,
On! for again
Into light you shall rise."

The practical problem is for a man to know *when* to dare, and *when not* to dare; to distinguish between the instincts of genius, and the promptings of fanaticism; between the inspiration of a Paracelsus, and the inspiration of a Newton. He may seek either for the philosopher's stone or for the principle of gravitation. Many men fancy themselves geniuses, and neglect homely, honest work in wasteful pursuit of some *ignis fatuus*, which only their marshy minds could generate.

The only advice that one can give is the impracticable advice, that they should exercise, what such characters are generally destitute of, common sense; and the further advice, which is not impracticable, that if suspicion of the vocation of genius begin to haunt them, they should humbly

pray, as Palissy prayed, that God would guide them aright. I know not how much the world may have lost by the cowardice or prudence of genius shrinking from perilous and toilsome enterprise; but I do know how frequently one encounters sad specimens of wasted life in those who think themselves geniuses when they are not. All of the sybil's inspiration that is theirs, is her unintelligibleness and her contortions. Their only force is raving, their only depth obscurity.

Stick to the plough, the yard, or the desk, my brother; nay, even purchase a besom, if needs be, and commence business for thyself at the first vacant crossing, and ask for halfpennies for honest services rendered to boots and petticoats, rather than sink into one of those wasted logs of humanity who cumber the world with their presence, and burden men who honestly work, by a constant beseeching for half-crowns and sovereigns, in virtue of their fancied membership in the guild of genius, for whom it is the privilege of ordinary men to work—and who reading the lesson of reiterated failure the wrong way, attribute to the unperceiving stolidity of the common-place world the non-recognition which is due only to their own muddy or half-cracked brains. Such men are waifs of society—

> "Weeds
> Flung from the rock on ocean's foam to sail,
> Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail."

Be sure of your inspiration before you risk its probation.

But let us listen to Palissy.

"Without having heard of what materials the said enamels were composed, I pounded in those days all the substances which I could suppose likely to make anything; and, having pounded and ground them, I bought a quantity of earthen pots, and, after having broken them in pieces, I put some of the materials that I had ground upon them;

and, having marked them, I set apart, in writing, what drugs I had put upon each, as a memorandum; then, having made a furnace to my fancy, I set the fragments down to bake, that I might see whether my drugs were able to produce some whitish colour; for I sought only after white enamel, because I had heard it said that white enamel was the basis of all others. Then, because I had never seen earth baked, nor could I tell by what degree of heat the said enamel should be melted, it was impossible for me to get any result in this way, though my chemicals should have been right; because, at one time, the mass might have been heated too much, at another time too little; and when the said materials were baked too little or burnt, I could not at all tell the reason why I met with no success, but would throw blame on the materials, which sometimes, perhaps, were the right ones, or at least could have afforded me some hint for the accomplishment of my intentions, if I had been able to manage the fire in the way that my materials required. But, again, in working thus I committed a fault still grosser than that above named; for in putting my trial pieces in the furnace, I arranged them without consideration, so that if the materials had been the best in the world, and the fire also the fittest, it was impossible for any good result to follow. Thus having blundered several times at a great expense, and through much labour, I was every day pounding and grinding new materials and constructing new furnaces, which cost much money, and consumed my wood and my time."

Here, then, was failure the first. Palissy had built his furnace, broken up his pottery, provided his chemicals, exhausted his resources, and failed! No one of his accidental combinations turned out to be the white enamel for which he sought; but he was not the man to give in at a first failure. He pulled down his furnaces, and re-constructed

them; he bought new chemicals, and brake fresh pots, undeterred by an empty purse, an empty cupboard, and a remonstrant wife. And these were the first "provocations of Madame Palissy."

"When," says he, "I had fooled away several years thus imprudently, with sorrows and sighs because I could not at all arrive at my intention, and, remembering the money spent, I resolved, in order to avoid such large expenditure, to send the chemicals that I would test to the kiln of some potter; and, having settled this within my mind, I purchased afresh several earthen vessels, and having broken them in pieces, as was my custom, I covered three or four hundred of the fragments with enamel, and sent them to a pottery, distant a league and a half from my dwelling, with a request to the potters that they would please to permit those trials to be baked within some of their vessels. This they did willingly."

And so, with good-natured pity and good-humoured *badinage*, the potters put this strange batch of powders into their furnace; and our poor friend Palissy, with a throbbing heart and careworn countenance, sat down to watch the result. It was his last desperate experiment—at present the extreme limit of enthusiasm, beyond which it would become fanaticism, perhaps sin. And so the potters made merry; and Palissy sickened at heart over these three hundred potsherds. Hour after hour he watched, until the time arrived when they were to be taken from the furnace. And with an incredulous curiosity on the part of the potters, and a deadly intensity of feeling on the part of Palissy, which was neither hope nor despair, but the insupportable feeling which comes of both, the potsherds were drawn forth.

"But, when they had baked their batch, and came to take out my trial pieces, I received nothing but shame and loss, because they turned out good for nothing; for the fire

used by the potters was not hot enough, and my trials were not put into the furnace in the required manner, and according to my science." And thus, in addition to his own bitter disappointment, he became the butt of their rude wit. What, then, will he do next? Try again. "Because I had at that time no knowledge of the reason why my experiments had not succeeded, I threw the blame (as I before said) upon my materials; and, beginning afresh, I made a number of compounds, and sent them to the same potters to do with as before; so I continued to do several times, always with great cost, loss of time, confusion, and sorrow." Meanwhile the necessities of his family had become too urgent, and Madame Palissy too clamorous, to be further disregarded, and he gave in for a while. Like all brave men, he knew when he was beaten, and he proclaimed an armistice. Thus stood the matter. There was a thing to be done; he could not mistake the whispering genius that told him he could do it. But, then, God did not show him the way to do it. His family had claims upon him; and greatly, therefore, as he has dared, he will now as greatly forbear. "When I saw that I could not at all, in this way, come at my intention, I took relaxation for a time, occupying myself in my art of painting and glass-working, and comported myself *as if* I were not zealous to dive any more into the secret of enamels." The immediate result was, the suspension of curtain-lectures; health and happiness returned; and thus, after three years of fruitless experiment, Palissy became a reasonable husband and father, and betook himself again to glass-painting and surveying.

The French king wanted money for his wars, and the salt-marshes of Saintonge were capable of yielding it; so it was determined to have them surveyed in order to the adjustment of the famous gabelle or salt-tax. And who so fitted for this work as Palissy the surveyor? And singularly

enough, the king's commissioner came just at the right time. A few days before, and in the agony of his last desperate experiment, he would not have left his furnace, even for the king himself. But his last experiment had failed; his council with prudence had been held, and his surrender to Madame Palissy duly made. He thankfully, therefore, accepted the appointment "to map the islands and the country surrounding all the salt-marshes in his part of the world;" and thus, for about a year and a-half, he plentifully fed his children, and sufficiently clothed his wife, and at the same time diversified his own studies; for, you will remember, that he was a great naturalist, and knew how to find both "tongues in trees" and "sermons in stones." He studied, therefore, the geology of the district, and more especially the earths in the salt-marshes of Saintonge, whereof he has given to the world an account in his "Essays on Manures and on Divers Salts." He became, in short, a kind of anticipatory Liebig.

For a year and a-half, then, Palissy was outwardly and conjugally a happy man, regularly employed and regularly paid; but, alas! genius is like conscience—whatever sop you give it, it refuses to be permanently quieted. The fire, during these eighteen months, had been secretly smouldering, and every louis saved had been fuel heaped upon it; and to the dismay of Madame Palissy it broke out afresh, and fiercer than ever. "Then," says Palissy, "when the said commission was ended, and I found myself paid with a little money, I resumed my affection for pursuing in the track of the enamels." The sure instinct of victory that blinded Nelson to the signal that would have kept him from battle, blinded Palissy to all that his family might suffer. What wonder that poor Madame Palissy stood aghast! If his was a martyrdom of determination, was not hers a martyrdom of endurance—and uninformed by the intelligence, unsus-

tained by the instinctive hope, uninspired by the noble ambition that animated him?

What, if she did remonstrate, or even scold! Could flesh and blood endure to see home stripped desolate again, and children starved? Startling enough was the first symptom of the outbreak. "I broke," says he, "about three dozen earthen pots, all of them new, and having ground a large quantity of different materials, I covered all the bits of the said pots with my chemicals, laid on with a brush." Three or four hundred pieces, with various mixtures of chemicals laid on them, were carried to the glass-house, in the hope that some one might chance to prove the right combination, and that its intenser heat might melt them. "Then," he continues, "since their furnaces are much hotter than those of potters, the next day, when I had drawn them out, I observed that some of my compounds had begun to melt; and, for this cause, I was still more encouraged to search for the white enamel upon which I had spent so much labour."

For two years more, then, Palissy persevered, and Madame Palissy was provoked; for children were multiplying annually, subject only to the sad subtraction of two whom he buried. She lived as women live whose husbands bring home no wages, and who have no faith to follow the footsteps of genius. His whole time was consumed in preparing chemicals, and burning them. His wife thought him heartless; his neighbours thought him mad.

For five years he had walked this dark and arduous path —three of them without any encouragement at all, and two with only the encouragement that some of his chemicals had melted. But when did the alchymist ever complain either of the cost of his experiments, the fumes of his furnace, or the wasting of his years? Success at last will more than compensate a lifetime of toil. But, then, alchy-

mists are not often married. Newton may forget his own dinner; but there is no children's dinner to forget. Diamond can care for himself. The Penates, under the leadership of Madame Palissy, were about to conquer again. And again poor Palissy is brought to the resolution of a *last* experiment; and promising his wife that if it fail, he will, like a good and sensible man, make the best of glass-painting and land-surveying. But this last effort must be a great one: there is a fearful destruction amongst the pots—a crucial quest for chemicals, three hundred different combinations of which are prepared, and duly marked and registered.

Again, then, we imagine the patient philosopher, having prepared the sacrifice to his patience, about to offer it,—but, as his poor wife thought, to the Moloch of their home. Pale with long vigils, having "outwatched the bear" over his furnace fires, his man bearing this holocaust of his hopes, he reaches the furnace; the grim glass-blowers deposit them, and for some hours he has no refuge from their gibes; he adjusts himself for a patient watching. The first hour passes, and the second, and the third and the fourth, when the furnace is opened that he may look at his potsherds. One of his chemicals at least has decidedly melted; but, then, they have melted before, and there is not much in that; at all events, he will take it out to cool. It gradually hardens; it grows unusually white. *Eureka!*—he has found it; it is transparent and beautiful, white and polished; in a word—white enamel.

But he himself must tell us what he felt and did:—

"For two years I did nothing but go and come between my house and the adjacent glass-houses, aiming to succeed in my intentions. God willed, that, when I had begun to lose my courage, and was gone for the last time to a glass-furnace, having a man with me carrying more than three hundred kinds of trial pieces, there was one among those

pieces which was melted within four hours after it had been placed in the furnace, which trial turned out white and polished in a way that caused me such joy as made me think I was become a new creature; and I thought that, from that time, I had the full perfection of the white enamel; but I was very far from having what I thought."

One wonders in what way he would exhibit his discovery to Madame Palissy, or in what way she would receive it. The blessing to her was somewhat inscrutable. Had he not succeeded so well, he would have relinquished his experiments altogether—for a while. As it was, partial success only urged him on. More money must be spent, more hunger endured. He was so near the discovery of his secret, that he must now have a private furnace of his own, lest the glass-blowers should become acquainted with it, and the reward of his labour be lost. If he can but accomplish this, his golden visions of fame and wealth will all be realized. But, alas! he is in a miserable plight of *impecuniosity;* he has no money, and but little credit.

"This trial," he says, "was a very happy one in one sense, but very unhappy in another; happy because it gave me entrance upon the ground which I have since gained; but unhappy because it was not made with substances in the right measure or proportion. I was so great an ass in those days, that, directly I had made the said enamel, which was singularly beautiful, I set myself to make vessels of earth, although I had never understood earths; and having employed the space of seven or eight months in making the said vessels, I began to erect for myself a furnace like that of the glass-workers, which I built with more labour than I can tell; for it was requisite that I should be the mason to myself, that I should temper my own mortar, that I should draw the water with which it was tempered; also it was requisite that I should go myself to seek the bricks, and

carry them upon my back, because I had no means to pay a single man for aid in this affair." At length he succeeds, after eight months of experiment, in making and baking his pottery; but now it is to be enamelled. "I succeeded with my pots in the first baking; but when it came to the second baking, I endured suffering and labour such as no man would believe. For, instead of reposing after my past toil, I was obliged to work for the space of more than a month night and day to grind the materials of which I had made that beautiful enamel at the glass-furnace; and when I had ground them, I covered therewith the vessels that I had made; this done, I put the fire into my furnace by two mouths, as I had seen done at the glass-houses; I also put my vessels into the furnace to bake and melt the enamel which I had spread over them. But it was an unhappy thing for me, for, though I spent six days and six nights before the said furnace, feeding it with wood incessantly through its two mouths, it was not possible to make the said enamel melt, and I was like a man in desperation."

It was, in fact, another failure. Pale, haggard, despondent, he had sat for six days and six nights amongst his pots-herds, the very Job of art, his wants supplied perhaps only by his children, half pitying, half terrified at, their possessed father. Madame Palissy, not unlike Mrs. Job, probably wringing her hands, and loading him with reproaches, and, in her way, bidding him "curse God and die;" or else seriously meditating a commission "De Lunatico." The failure is indubitable. What then? He will try again; the next experiment may crown all with success.

"Although quite stupified with labour, I counselled to myself, that in my enamel there might be too little of the substance which should make the others melt; and seeing this, I began once more to pound and grind the before-named materials, all the time without letting my furnace cool. In

this way I had double labour, to pound, grind, and maintain the fire. When I had thus compounded my enamel, I was forced to go again and purchase pots in order to prove the said compound, seeing that I had lost all the vessels which I had made myself." Thus he spent three more weeks wrestling with the angel of discovery; who would not yet let the secret go. His faith and patience must be still further tried. He had borrowed money for his last experiment; he borrows more for this, so determined is he to "force a path to the unknown." The new vessels are placed in the furnace, which for three weeks he has kept heated. But another and fatal embarrassment now occurs. his fuel fails him, his furnace fires will go out in the midst of his experiment, and his new baking be spoiled: first, then, he tears up the palings of his garden,—a few perhaps may suffice, the enamel may at any moment melt. In vain does Madame Palissy protest, and weep, and wring her hands,—he neither heeds nor hears; his demon has assumed a terrible form just now. The last stake disappears. He is a gamester grown desperate. Still the insatiable furnace craves; still the enamel does not melt. The probabilities at this moment are in favour of Madame Palissy, that he is insane, although not as a cause, but as an effect. There are no more palings to burn, and, like a spirit possessed, his eye glaring, his lips compressed, his countenance haggard, he rushes to the house. A tremendous crash; a table is split up and carried away; then follows a chair, then another, for the furnace consumes them all. At last he tears up the flooring. Madame Palissy is frantic,—at first; then, quelled by the strong and vehement spirit that was working within him, she looks on passively and fearfully while her household furniture is carried away, and her house pulled down;—questioning, perhaps, whether the next log will be one of the children or herself. At length she rushes out of the house, and into the streets of Saintes,

proclaiming aloud that her demented husband was burning the house. And what were Palissy's feelings? who shall conceive the terrible agony of his spirit? His was the frenzy of the Pythoness as well as her inspiration. But calmness would succeed; perhaps self-reproach; perhaps a sense of heart-desolateness. Palissy was a devout man; and we can imagine his troubled prayer in snatches of pious psalm, "Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am in trouble. Consider and hear me, lest mine enemies say, We have prevailed against him: and they that trouble me rejoice when I am moved. They gaped on me with their mouths, as a ravening and roaring lion. All they that see me laugh me to scorn; they shoot out the lip; they say, Aha! aha! I am poured out like water. My strength is dried up like a potsherd, and my tongue cleaveth to my mouth. I may tell all my bones, they look and stare upon me. Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am weak. O Lord, heal me; my soul is sore vexed. It is not an enemy that reproveth me, then could I have borne it—I would have hid myself from him; but it is mine old familiar friend, in whom I trusted, who did eat of my bread—the wife of my bosom. O Lord, be merciful unto me; make haste to help me." *

Hear his own account of his misery.

"I suffered an anguish that I cannot speak, for I was quite exhausted and dried up by the heat of the furnace—it was more than a month since my shirt had been dry upon me. Further to console me, I was the object of mockery; and even those from whom solace was due, ran crying through the town that I was burning my floors. And in this way my credit was taken from me, and I was regarded as a madman. Others said that I was labouring to make false money, which was a scandal under which I pined away, and slipped with bowed head through the streets, like a man put to

* Provocations of Madame Palissy.

shame: I was in debt in several places, and had two children at nurse, unable to pay the nurses; no one gave me consolation, but, on the contrary, men jested at me, saying "it was right for him to die of hunger, seeing that he had left off following his trade." All these things assailed my ears when I passed through the streets; but for all that there still remained some hope which encouraged and sustained me, inasmuch as the last trials had turned out tolerably well, and thereafter I thought that I knew enough to get my living."

Some of the chemicals melted over his jars and produced a white enamel—but it was only his own conviction of a triumph that was the result; months must elapse before a batch of actual enamelled crockery can produce conviction in others. Although his children cried for bread, his wife gave him no peace, his neighbours thought him mad, and he was plunged in debt, he resolves to engage as an assistant, a potter who understood his art, because it would take him too long to make a batch with his own hands; a magnanimous innkeeper undertaking to feed and lodge the said potter for six months, charging the same to Bernard Palissy's account. For six months, then, Palissy and his man laboured together moulding and baking pottery to be enamelled, when, for want of funds, the potter must be discharged, Bernard's clothes being given to him for wages.

"Then, because I had not any materials for the erection of my furnace, I began to take down that which I had built after the manner of the glass-workers, in order to use the materials again; then because the said furnace had been so strongly heated for six days and six nights, the mortar and the bricks in it were liquefied, and vitrified in such a manner, that in loosing the masonry I had my fingers bruised and cut in so many places that I was obliged to eat my pottage with my fingers wrapped in rags. When I had pulled down

the said furnace it was requisite to build the other, which was not done without much difficulty, since I had to fetch for myself the water, and the mortar, and the stone, without any aid and without any repose."

The furnace was built, the chemicals purchased, and with infinite labour, ground, and put upon the pottery, and the pottery put into the furnace. The neighbours gather round, more earnestly angry, or bitterly sarcastic, or sadly pitiful than ever. Palissy hopes to draw three or four hundred livres from the produce of the furnace, and the good-hearted inn-keeper, with the rest of the creditors, "wish they may get," rather than hope for, their money; but—

"When I came to draw out my work, having previously removed the fire, my sorrows and distresses were so abundantly augmented that I lost all countenance; for though my enamels were good, and my work was good, two accidents happened to the furnace which had spoilt all. The mortar of which I had built my furnace had been full of flints, which, feeling the vehemence of the fire (at the same time that my enamels had begun to liquefy), burst into several pieces, making a variety of cracks and explosions within the said furnace. Then, because the splinters of these flints struck against my work, the enamel, which was already liquefied into a glutinous matter, retained the said flints, and held them attached on all sides of my vessels and medallions, which except for that had been beautiful."

Another failure and the labour of months lost: yet many would have bought the produce of the furnace "at a mean price." But because this "would have been a decrying and debasing of his honour," the grand old potter, gaunt, and ragged, and furnace-stained—a very Lear in his distress, rushes wildly upon his spoiled batch, and breaks it all to pieces, strewing the fragments at his feet. His neighbours remonstrate—his wife, more than ever convinced of his mad-

ness, pours maledictions upon his head. His poor heart is sore. His faith is tried to the utmost. But the enamel is really discovered; another experiment and a few months may realize all his hopes. He does, therefore, what any sensible man would do—he leaves the gossips jeering, his wife cursing, and perhaps his children crying. and goes to bed. Oh, could she have appreciated the noble heroism of his soul, how precious then would a few words of sympathy have been! He was now forty years old, and had experimented in pottery for eight years, and yet eight years more must elapse before his discovery is perfected. But the sorrows of his travail are past, and we need not follow him further;—the grand secret is discovered, and he has now only to learn by experience how to avoid the thousand accidents that mar its application.

"When," says he, "I had remained some time upon the bed, and had considered within myself that if a man should fall into a pit, his duty would be to endeavour to get out again; I, being in like case, set myself to make some paintings, and in various ways I took pains to recover a little money. I said within myself that my losses and hazards were all past, and there was no longer anything to hinder me from making good pieces." And then, after describing his various failures, he adds: "In short, I blundered for fifteen or sixteen years. . . I was so wasted in my person that there was no form nor prominence of muscle on my arms or legs; also the said legs were throughout of one size, so that the garters with which I tied my stockings were at once, when I walked, down upon my heels with the stockings, too. I often walked about the fields of Saintes, considering my miseries and weariness, and, above all things, that in my own house I could have no peace, nor do anything that was considered good. . . . . Nevertheless, the hope that I had, caused me to proceed with my work so like a man, that

often to amuse people who came to see me, I did my best to laugh, although within me all was very sad. . . . . I have been for several years—when, without the means of covering my furnaces, I was every night at the mercy of the rains and winds—without receiving any help, aid, or consolation, except from the owls that screeched on the one hand, and the dogs that howled on the other . . . and having nothing dry upon me because of the rains which had fallen, I would go to bed at midnight or near dawn, dressed like a man who has been dragged through all the puddles in the town; and turning thus to retire, I would walk, rolling, without a candle, falling to one side and the other, like a man drunk with wine, filled with great sorrows, insomuch as having laboured long, I saw my labour wasted; then, retiring in this manner, soiled and drenched, I have found in my chamber a second persecution worse than the first, which causes me to marvel now that I was not consumed with suffering."

Hardly can we find a reproach for poor Madame Palissy; hardly can we marvel that she sought comfort from her neighbours, or even that she ran clamorously through the streets of Saintes, wailing her household wrongs, or that, like "vinegar upon nitre," her curtain-lectures fell upon Bernard's sore heart. We have Biblical types of patient men; is there one of a patient woman?

Palissy at length supported his family by his pottery. A great naturalist, as well as a great artist, he consecrated his art to nature, and made imitations of all things animate and inanimate, whence the peculiar and exquisite productions to which a room in the Louvre is consecrated, known as Palissy's Room.* Nature had been his prompter, and nature was his teacher. He proudly designated himself, "Worker in Earth, and Inventor of Rustic Figulines;" and almost

* For a description of it, see Lamartine's Celebrated Characters.

every product of his hands, down to the tiniest leaf or fossil, was moulded from nature.

He was forty-eight years of age at the close of his sixteen years' struggle. Thenceforward his fame rapidly spread; his discovery was talked of, and specimens of his art were exhibited at court. Noblemen frequented his cottage; the visionary had proved a seer; his rebellion had been pronounced a glorious revolution. Victorine smiled again; her children were well fed; she purchased a finer "grass-green camlet" than ever she had dared to hope for; she was like Job's wife, when "each man gave him a piece of money." His neighbours became respectful; the Constable Montmorenci had "spoken for him to the king." He placed an enamelled watchdog at his door—funny fellow that he was—which the dogs of the town barked at. He was appointed to decorate the Constable's country-seat; and because no other man could do it, he was saved from being burnt for heresy, for which he had been apprehended—whereat Victorine blessed again the white enamel. Then an edict appointed him inventor of rustic figures to the king. He removed to Paris; Madame Palissy went to court; and for forty-four years he filled the Tuileries with his works, and France with his fame.

Such was Palissy as an artist. As a philosopher he ranks high amongst the sages of France. He delivered the first Natural History Lectures in Paris; calling together the most learned men in France, that he might submit to them his philosophical speculations, lest he should unwittingly claim as his own discoveries things already known. And this "little Academy," as he called it, was the first "Association for the Advancement of Science." His philosophy, indeed, was at least a couple of centuries before his age—an "unweary, nimble-minded man," he meddled with all knowledge. He was a chemist before chemistry was a

science. In agriculture he anticipated many of Liebig's teachings. He understood Lord Palmerston's Philosophy of Manure—"Dirt in the right place." He guessed keenly and wisely at the philosophy of health and disease; inculcating sanitary theories which our Boards of Health find objected to as novelties at this very day. And it is very remarkable, that in discoursing on springs and surface-drainage, he anticipates the Report of the General Board of Health on the supply of water to the metropolis, issued in 1850. He speculated on steam, and very nearly discovered the steam-engine, as the following remarkable passage on earthquakes will show:—"It is necessary that before the earth can tremble, there should be a great quantity of one of those four matters (sulphur, coal, peat, or bitumen) in combustion; and being in combustion, that it should have found in its way some receptacles of water in the rocks; and that the heat should be so great as to have power to cause the boiling of the water inclosed in the rocks; and then from the fire, the waters, and the enclosed air, there will be engendered a vapour that will come to lift by its power rocks, lands, and houses that shall be upon them.

"Would you have me tell you the philosophic book in which I have learned these secrets? It has been nothing but a cauldron half full of water, in the boiling of which, when the water was urged a little briskly by the fire at the bottom of the cauldron, it rose until it flowed over the said cauldron; and that could only be because there was some wind engendered in the water by the fire, inasmuch as the cauldron was but half full of water when it was cold, and was full when it was hot." *

Thus with his clear eye, and accurate observation, and logical thought, full of simplicity, and therefore full of

* "Admirable Discourses."

power, did this great man well nigh anticipate, in 1580, some of the greatest discoveries of 1850; wonderfully tending to the truth in all his speculations, by that sure instinct of philosophy, which makes observation its basis, simplicity its guide, and truth its aim.

The fascination of his character and career as an artist has held us so long, that we must forego any lengthened illustration of his character as a Christian; and yet he was as heroic in piety as he was in pottery; yea, its higher inspirations produced in him a yet nobler martyr spirit.

I have already alluded to the rise of Protestantism in France during his twelve years' wandering, and to his adhesion thus early to the reformed faith—and never did he fail or falter in his early fealty to it. Indeed, it is not too much to say that his strong vital religious faith, more than anything else, sustained him in his artistic struggle. He moulded his spiritual life with a deeper and more prayerful agony than he moulded his pottery. His character had its white enamel too—transparent and beautiful; you never see him but in exhibitions of spiritual purity, and in acts of spiritual piety. His early nature-worship was a God-worship. "Dimly" did he see God "in these His lowliest works." Devoutly did he "look through nature up to nature's God." His was not the "madness" of an "undevout" philosophy. To his simple spirit every mountain, every forest, and every flower, would be full of divine inspiration. He found God, and communed with him in all things. With his Bible in his hand, he sung David's Psalms of holy nature-worship, in nature's holy temple, and to nature's holy music, thus harmonizing, as they ever should be harmonized, God's two great revelations of Himself.

In 1546, soon after Palissy's settlement at Saintes, the persecution broke out there, and the first Protestant heretic

was burnt for the enlightenment and conversion of his brethren. He was a Huguenot preacher, who had kept a school at Saintes—of which burning, and of the deep impression which it made upon Palissy, he has given us an account in his "History of the Troubles of Saintonge." "If," says he, "you had seen the horrible excesses of men that I have seen during these troubles, you have not a hair of your head that would not have trembled at the fear of falling to the mercy of man's malice."

Saintes had been a kind of Zoar for the Huguenots, and was, in 1546, when the troubles began, "full of Lutherans," whom a man named Collardeau had "charge and commission to extirpate," which he forthwith proceeded to do after the infallible fashion of Rome, and with the same results. The poor Huguenots were hunted down like wild beasts; tracked to their hiding-places, and detected in their disguises; and when caught, "bridled like horses by the said Collardeau before being led to the scaffold, which bridles had to each an apple of iron, which filled all the inside of their mouth—a very hideous thing to see." Palissy mustered hardihood to "go and remonstrate with six of the principal judges and magistrates of Saintes," on behalf of one Philibert, a man "of so holy a life, that it seemed" to Palissy "as if other men were devils when compared with him," telling them that "they had imprisoned a prophet, or an angel of God;" they "heard him kindly," and treated Master Philibert as Pilate would fain have treated Jesus: they did not kill him, but they "delivered him into the hands of those by whom they knew he would be slain."

"There was in this town," says Palissy, hiding himself beneath this modest anonymous, "a certain artisan, marvellously poor and indigent, who had so great a desire for the advancement of the gospel, that he demonstrated it every day to another as poor as himself, and with as little learning,

for they both scarcely knew anything; nevertheless, the first urged upon the other that if he would employ himself in making some form of exhortation, that would be productive of great fruit." Thus Bernard began the reformed church in the town of Saintes by preaching to his one poor brother—his preaching courage failing, however, when others were to be addressed. He induced this poor brother to preach to the five or six persons who began to meet together every Sunday—which preaching, however, did not at first adventure beyond the reciting of Scripture passages; ultimately it was agreed that each of the six in turn should preach to the other five. At length they obtained a minister, "who very frequently ate apples and drank water for his dinner; and for want of table-cloth very often laid his dinner upon a shirt, inasmuch as they had not the means of paying him his salary."

"In that way our church was established, in the beginning by despised folk; and when its enemies arrived to waste and persecute it, it had so well prospered in a few years, that already the games, dances, ballads, banquets, and superfluities of head-dress and gildings had almost all ceased, there were no more scandalous words or murders."

"God so well favoured our affair, that although our assemblies were most frequently held in the depth of midnight, and our enemies very often heard us passing through the street; yet so it was, that God bridled them in such a manner that we were preserved under His protection.

"To avoid their horrible and execrable tyrannies I withdrew myself into the secret recesses of my house, that I might not behold the murders, cursings, and indecent deeds which were done in our rural glades; and being thus withdrawn into my house for the space of two months, I had warning that hell was loose, and that all the spirits of the devils had come into the town of Saintes . . . . for there

issued certain imps out of the château of Taillebourg, who did more ill than the demons of antiquity. They entering the town accompanied by certain priests, with naked sword in their hand, cried, 'Where are they?' they must cut throats immediately; and so they did to those who walked abroad. They went from house to house, to sing, sack, gluttonize, laugh, jest, and make joy with all dissolute deeds and blasphemous words against God and man. I had nothing every day but reports of frightful crimes that from day to day were committed; and it was of all those things the one that grieved me most within myself, that certain little children of the town who came daily to assemble in an open space near the spot where I was hidden (exerting myself always to produce some work of my art), dividing themselves into two parties [Catholics and Huguenots], swore and blasphemed in the most execrable language that ever man could utter. Often I was seized with a desire to risk my life by going out to punish them; but I said in my heart the 79th Psalm, which begins:—

"O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance."

Henry II. was king and Catherine di Medici was queen, and one of the first edicts of the reign was that "a blasphemer was to have his tongue pierced with a hot iron, but all heretics were to be burnt alive."

Palissy did not wholly escape; in 1562, soon after he had obtained the patronage of the Marshal Montmorenci, his house was forcibly entered at midnight, his pottery and his workshop destroyed, and he himself hurried away to a dungeon at Bourdeaux. But Palissy was the sole possessor of a great artistic secret—no man but himself could decorate the marshal's house with enamelled pottery. Powerful friends in Saintes exerted themselves. He held a protection from the Duc de Montpensier. The marshal was importunate—

the queen-mother obliging, and Palissy obtained his liberty. But for the white enamel, Protestantism would have enrolled another martyr. And lest Popery should repeat the experiment, Palissy was appointed "Inventor of Rustic Figulines to the king and to the constable." He rebuilt his workshop, remained at Saintes for a time; but in 1564 removed to Paris, in the meanwhile writing a book and dedicating it to the marshal, boldly avowing himself a Huguenot; and addressing in it letters to the constable, his son, and the queen-mother, written with all the fearlessness of a martyr and all the simplicity of a child. At length, in 1572, Charles IX. being king, and Catherine queen-mother, Bernard having located himself and his works on the site of the Tuileries, which in 1564 Catherine began to build, "the devil," according to Catherine's chancellor, "having taken care of the religious contests"—the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew was perpetrated. More fortunate than Jean Gonjou—the celebrated sculptor who was struck down on his platform, while working at the caryatides of the Louvre, and died at the foot of the statue that he was chiselling—Palissy escaped; how, we know not, probably in virtue of the white enamel. And thus he lived on, honoured by the few, but still known to the multitude as "the poor potter, M. Bernard." Here he wrote his last book, wise and weighty in thought, racy and idiomatic in style; language, like clay, being moulded to his thought; a book full of philosophy, faith, and genius: — with this quaint and Bunyan-like passage in the dedication of it to the Sire de Pons:—"The number of my years gives me boldness to tell you that one day I was considering the colour of my beard, which caused me to reflect upon the fewness of the days which remain to me to end my course; and that has led me to admire the lilies and the corn, and many kinds of plants, whose green colours are changed into

white when they are ready to yield up their fruits. Many trees also very soon look hoary when they feel their vegetative and natural virtues to have ceased; a like consideration has reminded me that it is written, that one should take heed not to abuse the gifts of God, and hide the talent in the earth: also it is written, that better is the fool who hides his folly, than the wise man who conceals his wisdom —it is therefore a just thing and reasonable that each should seek to multiply the talent that he has received from God, following his commandment. Wherefore I have studied to bring into the light the things of which it has pleased God to give me the understanding for the profit of posterity."

"His scattered leaves," says Lamartine, "long forgotten, and at last collected, form two volumes, real treasures of human wisdom, divine piety, and eminent genius, as well as of great simplicity, vigour and copiousness of style. It is impossible, after reading them, not to consider the poor potter one of the greatest writers of the French language. Montaigne is not more free and flowing; Jean Jacques Rousseau is scarcely more graphic; neither does Bossuet excel him in poetical power. In his allegories, his reflections, his pathos, his descriptions, and his poetry, he is as great as any of the authors I have named." — *Lamartine's Celebrated Characters*, vol. i. p. 245.

When he was seventy-six years of age, he was still known as an uncompromising Huguenot, although the then Nebuchadnezzar of France had afresh commanded that every one, on pain of death, should worship his gods. Sentence of death was delayed against him only through the intercession of powerful friends, who, in order to save his life, were at length compelled to imprison him in the Bastile. And there, with two fair girls, condemned also for their faith,

the brave old potter spent the last four years of his life, no doubt proving that—

> "Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage;
> Minds innocent and quiet take
> That for an hermitage."

Outside of the prison walls the state of society was such, that the convulsions of the revolution two centuries afterwards were almost anticipated. The Duke of Guise was the king's king, and his triumphant party clamoured for the few unspent drops of the potter's blood. The king, Henry III., visited him in prison: "My good man," said he, "you have been forty-five years in the service of the queen, my mother, or in mine, and we have suffered you to live in your own religion, amidst all the executions and the massacres. Now, however, I am so pressed by the Guise party, and my people, that I have been compelled, in spite of myself, to imprison these two poor women and you; they are to be burnt to-morrow, and you also, if you will not be converted." "Sire," answered the old man, "you have said several times that you feel pity for me; but it is I who pity you, who have said, 'I am compelled;' that is not speaking like a king. These girls and I, who have part in the kingdom of heaven, will teach you to talk royally. The Guisarts, all your people, and yourself, cannot compel a Potter to bow down to images of clay."

The girls were burnt soon afterwards, whereupon one of the Huguenot leaders exclaimed to their patron, Henry, king of Navarre, "Courage, sire, since even our girls can face death for the gospel." Henry procured the assassination of the Duke of Guise—the Duke's sister had Henry assassinated in turn—and in the same year, the brave old Potter, now eighty years of age, calmly fell asleep in his prison—a different death-chamber from that which should

have received the last breath of one of the greatest, wisest, and best of the sons of France.

The history of Palissy is its own moral; it is by no means needful, therefore, that I should, sermon-wise, "apply it to two sorts of persons." Two lessons, however, come out of it.

1. The first is—the possibilities of the strong, energetic, self-reliant man, independently of external conditions and circumstances. He does not need the appliances of wealth, the lore of libraries, or the labours of the pedagogue. He may be all the better for them, if God have bestowed them; but he can live, and grow, and develop his possibilities without them; nay, his very destitution of them may make him only more earnest and self-sufficing. What does it matter to Palissy that he is without book learning? The forest and the mountain are his teachers; the volume of nature lies open to him, and he has the faculty divine that discerns its teachings—a chemistry in every leaf, a record in every stone, a possibility in every element. The forms of nature furnish his models, the clay beneath his feet supplies his materials, and his fingers suffice for tools; nor does it hinder him, that poverty holds him in its grip, that scorn points on every hand its contemptuous finger—that his "foes are those of his own household"—that "all things are against him." Ordinary men would have deemed such hindrances conclusive; they only aroused the obstinate energy of Palissy. If money fail, he will sell his clothes; if his cupboard be empty, he will beg a crust of his neighbour; if fuel be exhausted, he will burn his house. Rarely has genius gone to such extremes; rarely has hope been so excruciated for encouragement; rarely has ingenuity been so fertile, or patience so persevering. Perhaps we ought to qualify our commendations of all this; perhaps there was a culpable forgetfulness of others; perhaps there was selfish-

ness in the very sacrifice that Palissy made. When he leaves his wife and children to starve, that he may discover the white enamel; we may fairly question the tyranny of the spirit of discovery that possessed him—whether it did not demand "robbery for a burnt-offering;" whether it was not his first duty to "provide for his own," rather than to discover the white enamel. But we may inculcate the lesson without proposing the example, that—

> "There is always work,
> And tools to work withal, for those who will;
> And blessed are the horny hands of toil.
> The busy world shoves angrily aside
> The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
> Until occasion tells him what to do:
> Our time is one that calls for earnest deeds."

2. The other lesson is, that energy and character will always achieve triumphs—energy will make occasions, character will crown them with success. Palissy, "after patiently enduring," became famous—the honoured of princes; he achieved a name in the history of discovery, and better still, a worthy place in the noble army of martyrs. He was, after all, no mere artistic enthusiast; in the broadest and most universal sense, he was a man—a man who served God as well as he "served his generation,"—who was as heroic in his sacrifices of faith as in his sacrifices of sense. A man who laboured well by praying well; who sought God's glory as well as his own; as notable as a confessor of Christ, as a discoverer in art, when to be a confessor was to be a martyr. Capable of sacrificing so much for white enamel, he hesitated at no sacrifice for Christ. If it consist but of a poor peasant and himself, there shall be a reformed church in Saintes. If only five will listen, he will preach; he writes hymns for them to sing, which are sung in France yet, and devout books for them to read. His was the strange admixture of en-

thusiasm, which dares, with patience, which endures; that makes a man neither falter nor weary. His whole life was a sacrifice, first on the altar of art, next on the altar of faith. Palissy in the furnace is manifestly the prototype of Palissy in the Bastile. His example is a great and universal one in its rewards as well as in its labours. All true sacrifice brings down fire from heaven. For every worthy death there is a glorious resurrection. Study it, young men. You may not, indeed, be all discoverers; but the most precious product of Palissy's life was not the pottery, but the man. You cannot consecrate your energies to labour and to God without glorious results. All things will teach and fashion you, if you have but the eye to perceive, and the grace to learn their moral lessons. God "visits you every morning, tries you every moment;" nor can the energy, patience, and piety which his visiting may develop, fail of their reward — "a hundredfold in this present life, and in the world to come, life everlasting."

> "So build we up the being that we are;
> Thus deeply drinking in the soul of things,
> We shall be wise perforce. . . . .
> . . . . . Whate'er we see,
> Whate'er we feel, shall tend to feed and nurse,
> By agency direct or indirect,
> Our faculties; shall fix in calmer seats
> Of moral strength, and raise to loftier heights
> Of love divine, our intellectual soul."

The Talkers of Society.

A LECTURE

BY THE

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THE TALKERS OF SOCIETY.

THE gracious God, who endowed man with speech, obviously designed it as an organ of intercourse, to our mutual profit. All talk which loses sight of this end is the abuse of a social privilege, answerable to that day when "*for every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account.*" If men had to repeat *verbatim*, to some wise and holy fellow-creature, every word they spoke, through one long evening's nonsense, how ashamed of themselves they would be! What a humiliating effect will the repetition of a whole life of folly create before the Judge of all? Talk is an important subject for a popular lecture, and requires no apology for its introduction here, because it is one of a practical character, and of constant and universal interest. Of the four methods of acquiring information—viz. reading, observation, lectures, and conversation—the last is the most attractive, and generally the most effective. A good conversationalist is a public *benefactor*, a tutor at large; while the greatest scholar, without conversation, is a literary miser, niggardly of his stores, and hoarding up for the mere selfish lust of learning. A vicious conversationalist is a social *malefactor*, who scatters his mischief wherever he visits, tinging the spirit, and infecting the character of his associates, like the waters which, flowing through the

mineral mountains of Savoy, inflict upon the villagers who drink of it a fleshly yoke of goitre, that disfigures their persons, and impairs their intellects. Every man has a style of talking as peculiarly his own as his gait in walking, or his autograph in writing; and it is as impossible, without a kind of moral forgery, to alter the one or the other into somebody's else, though both the manners and the manuscript may be improved. Your style, whether *vivâ voce* or written, is part of your moral identity, and you can no more make a part of yourself, than you can make the whole; but as you can mar a style, so you can mend it, according as you study a worse or better model. The "Edinburgh" for October, 1854, p. 511, remarks: "No orator is to speak for the sake of producing pleasure; no orator is to speak (so far as possible) *without* producing pleasure. A nice distinction, some will think . . . . . yet it simply means that the pleasurable is only to be aimed at by the orator for the sake of an *ulterior* end, not for its own sake, as an *ultimate* end." Man is an involuntary mimic, and is instinctively daguerreotyped by whatever image intercepts his light; content, oddly enough, to exchange his substantial self for another's shadow. The infinitely wise and gracious Being who created us, condescends to meet this imitative phenomenon of our nature. He submits to our contemplation the beautiful and perfect pattern of His incarnate Son, and constitutes religion to be the imitation of Him—our conversion into His likeness, who is "*the brightness of his Father's glory, the express image of his person.*" Hence the truth as well as poetry of the thought, "A Christian is the highest style of man!" Christianity is the only solid basis of personal character, the only effective principle of real refinement. Those alone, whose "sound speech" is habitually under its sanctifying influence, may venture upon the lofty affirmation, "*Our conversation is in heaven!*" Assuming, then,

throughout this lecture, that the entire personal dedication of the heart to God, by the power of his Holy Spirit, and through faith in his Son, is the only ultimate means by which a young Christian, or an old one, can habitually honour the apostolic precept, "*Let your speech be alway with grace, seasoned with salt;*" we would submit a few practical hints on the commoner faults of talk, which, without impairing the vigour of originality, or offending by a palpable affectation, may improve the tone of conversation, and promote its usefulness as a means of social enjoyment and instruction. With this view, we propose to examine the faults of those familiar visitors in too many social circles, which may be recognized in the delineations of the hyperbolist, the egotist, the monopolist, the moth, the technicalist, the pleonast, the stock-phraser, and the tale-bearer; concluding with an illustrative story of defamation. May the Divine blessing make the subject, in one shape or another profitable to us all!

1st. A pernicious fault of some talkers is Hyperbole, *i.e.*, a general habit of exaggeration.

Some men can never state an ordinary fact in ordinary terms. "All their geese are swans," till you see the birds. Perhaps from an indefinite consciousness of inability to engage attention by their dearth of interesting realities, they work up the commonest materials into the most showy romances, stirring up the smallest homœopathic sediment of truth into colouring matter enough for hogsheads of the adulterated article. This is a species of moral petty larceny as disreputable to the delinquent as it is detrimental to society. His testimony is not relied on. His authentication of a rumour reacts as its contradiction; and he betrays his conviction of the just retaliation of the public distrust, by welcoming the corroboration of anybody, as better than his own; or else *anticipates the discount* by which his state-

ments will be reduced, by an exorbitancy of assertion that leaves him a balance after all. But people are not easily deceived again and again. His credit is damaged—his moral bills dishonoured. His extravagance of diction, like extravagance of expenditure, involves him in difficulties, excommunicates him from public confidence; and thus the *immediate* fate of mendacity symbolizes that awful retribution which will finally exclude "all liars," *i. e.*, all kinds of liars, from the society of the good and true. This vicious habit defeats itself, if its object be to verify and emphasize its statements. Society is always more inclined to credit moderate appeals to its belief, than to endorse the noisy trespass of more extortionate demands upon it; just as casual charity is sooner excited by the involuntary poetry of an unobtrusive sigh or look of distress, than by the importunate volubility of a sturdier beggar. Shrewder hyperbolists have observed this, and consequently modify their epithets, and even tones of voice, into a quiet suppressiveness of style, indicative of unlimited ellipses, like an hyperbole in reduced circumstances, or energy under restraint, that astonishes you more by the impudent composure of the narrator, than even the strangeness of his narrations. Thus vanity imagines itself concealed by its obvious artifice, like a lunatic pretending sanity, and gratifying its poor crazy brain with the conceit of its success. We have heard such men volunteer in confidence the most extraordinary statements, in a tone that seemed disposed to give the company "the first refusal;" "though it was immaterial whether you received them or not,—there were plenty would be glad to hear them." Of course you would be amazed; they were themselves—only their sensation had evaporated with the novelty. They were not insensible, but only "at home" with it—"one of the family, like"—at their ease with it and with things in general; seldom surprised, in short, at any

thing (*unless it was something true*, which was a class of things they were not so used to); "not to be forestalled with any kind of news, which they'd heard of long ago, nor obliged by any piece of information which was already on hand; nor any report of theirs to be questioned, for they had inquired into it themselves;"—and thus the ambition of effect sacrifices truth and modesty to its bas-relief; the habit of exaggeration, like dram-drinking, becomes a slavish necessary, and they pass their lives in a kind of mental telescope, through whose magnifying medium they look upon themselves and everything around them.

I have known otherwise worthy and respectable young men, who have effectually demolished their conversational credit and usefulness by this intemperate habit of amplifying and illuminating their revelations into so large a percentage of apocrypha, that society grew weary of the toil of a continual sifting of the legendary from the canonical in their statements, and expunged them altogether. I would say to such a youth, "Have the humility to suppose that other people know a thing or two, as well as yourself. The scraps of fact you have hit upon in all the charm of novelty, may be old acquaintances of your hearers, at least in their unsophisticated shape. At all events, truth is never served by an alliance with misrepresentation, and no sterling disciple of hers would ever wish her to keep such company, but would rather repudiate collusion with any form of falsehood, in the spirit of that Truth incarnate, who rejected the testimony of unclean spirits, because they *were* unclean, and would not be indebted to "*them to make Him known.*" Let facts, like children, speak for themselves, in their own artless, ingenuous way, and take their own chance of success, to whatever branch of the lovely family of truth they may chance to belong, whether social, literary, scientific, or moral. Truth always does best by herself. Saul's armour,

which "she hadn't *proved*," isn't half so sure a weapon as her own simple sling and the stone from the clear brook, that was too clear to distort it, and too pure to have anything to hide, yet furnished artillery enough to throw the giant, before whom all the envy and vain-glory of her brethren had been disconcerted. Remember this, you who print everything in large type and "raised letters," as if all the rest of the world were blind, don't turn your oxy-hydrogen light on every simple column of the *Times*, which all the world has read as well as yourself; nor, in straining after a garish sensation, squander the legitimate influence of your facts in the profligate expenditure of your figures.

I have known a professor of religion, whose hyperbole was so inveterate a besetment, that he could 't always escape it, even in his social prayers. It gave a colouring, a dramatic rouge, to his statements of personal experience, to his accounts of providences that befell him, or of privileges vouchsafed to him, that marred the usefulness of what he did by the incredibleness of what he said. No wise nor modest man will ever voluntarily subject his personal testimony to collision with probability; for the public will usually prefer judging for themselves, as they can in the latter case, rather than waive their right of judgment in deference to individual statement. The slightest taint of untruthfulness in a religious professor grievously compromises, with the worldly, the profession of religion. The world doesn't distinguish, though it ought to do, between the religion and the professor; both are involved in the disloyalty of the disciple,—like the priests who sneered at the remorse of the betrayer, but pursued to the crucifix his outraged Lord and Master.

Selfishness always lies at the root of colloquial exaggerations, and as invariably stumbles upon detection and disappointment of its end. This suggests the introduction of our

2nd. Faulty-talker, the Egotist; the man who is all "I;" an Alexander Selkirk without the solitude. The etymology of an egotist may be rendered thus: "One of those gluttonous parts of speech that gulp down every substantive in the social grammar into its personal pronoun, condensing all the tenses, moods, and voices of other people's verbs, into a first person singular of its own. Example: 'I myself saw it with my own eyes, and nobody else but me, I say.'"

He whose staple conversation is his own panegyric, forgets that everybody isn't as interested as himself in his alleged achievements. Society resents as a trespass upon its common rights, the inflated eulogy which seems to think no topic so attractive as itself; and retaliates by a reprisal couched in the familiar formula: "We would buy him at our price, and sell him at his own."

He has made a gross blunder somewhere (perhaps is always at it) who provokes such a "quotation." This vanity of "*mihi quidem videtur*" is sometimes, as with Cicero, associated with a genius too conscious of its own gifts to be sufficiently sensible of others. His inventions won't always bear testing. His great acquaintances, whose cards cover his table, thick as medals on the breast of Wellington, commemorative of so many social conquests, are not all genuine deposits of their owners. Eggs are not always laid in the nest where they are hatched.

"I was to dine with the Admiral," said such a one, to a brother-officer, as they met in the street; "but I've so many cards for to-night, I can't go."

"I received the same invitation," said his friend; "and I'll apologize for you."

"Don't trouble yourself; pray don't——"

"I must, if you don't come; for the admiral's invitation, you know, is like royalty's—a command."

"Don't mention my name."

"I certainly must," said his friend, as they shook hands to separate.

"I say," at length stammered out the hero of a hundred cards, "don't say a word about me; I—I had a hint to stay away."

"A hint; how so?"

"*I wasn't invited.*"

"No!" said his friend, "not invited! Well, I said I had received the same invitation, for *neither was I;* but I wanted to see how it lay between us."

To how much meanness, immoral as well as ungentlemanly vanity must often stoop, and sometimes lose its footing in the act. The man who prides himself on his aristocratic acquaintances, for instance, betrays little proper respect for himself. The patronage of superiors is worth having, but chiefly as a stimulus to make ourselves so worthy of it, as to be worthy, whether with or without it. A wise man knows he must be indebted to himself for any sterling distinction; no man's shadow is worth as much as any other man's substance. Rich men never borrow, nor sensible men rely on other people's credit. As they want nothing from others except their own, so, *suum cuique*, they are ready to give their own to others. Hence they are never supercilious, nor offensively condescending to inferiors, nor attempt to lord it over equals, nor to fawn before superiors; don't annoy folks by the whispering that excludes them, by its unmannerly inference, from their confidence or interest; nor peep over people writing or reading, as if they were confidants of everybody; don't affect lapses into reverie, or what is called "brown study," which generally means no study at all, as if their own thoughts were more interesting than any that could suspend them; nor hum snatches of tunes, with the polished accompaniments of a drum on the table, and a tattoo with their feet, as if they were conducting

some invisible telephonic orchestra; nor stare at the company, as if they held office as inspectors-general of society; nor are they the first to lay hands on any article of *virtù* or curiosity, as if it were specially submitted to their judgment or amusement.

Egotism is not more at variance with common sense than with religious meekness. He who best knows himself, knows there is much more to hide than to parade; that there are many things he tells his God which he dares not tell his fellow-creatures. Thus, personal vanity is the surest evidence of a defective personal piety. He that dwells most on the infinite perfections, the glory, and grace, and love, and wisdom, and mercy of the great I AM, will be the least tempted to make a theme of himself, the little I am, the Pantheist's gross mimicry of a God, the low and grovelling personality of the creature.

The world will never credit you with much thought of God, if there is most talk of yourself, and thus you seriously damage religion in their eyes. If you think highly of yourself on any account, it is too clear you do not think lowly of yourself on the great account, *i.e.*, sin in the heart and life, sin against God and man. "*If any man thinketh he knoweth anything, he knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know.*" Away with it, then! Egotism is incompatible with heavenly-mindedness. In that beatific society, where the wreath and diadem are the common glories, the only use of them is "to cast their crowns before Him;" and their wings are not to soar in lofty, self-exalting flights above their Master's throne, but to veil their faces with them: the graceful attitude of saints and angels is always one of beautiful humility. All true religion on earth, assimilating with theirs, bends the knee, bows the head, and falls down before a Majesty that flings every meaner halo to the dust. Young Christians will remember this when seduced to think

or talk grandly of themselves, and learn that the rehearsal of humbleness of mind before their fellows in earthly society, is no uncongenial meetness of spirit for communion with the bright ones in the presence of the Almighty.

Specially should this consideration operate in the case of infidel or free-thinking conversation. Infidelity, in its ultimate constructions, is the grossest form of egotism. In its more modern versions, it dares to parody the mysterious incarnation of the Messiah, by proclaiming itself and all men equal incarnations, affirming this the true "mystery of God manifest in the flesh." Was ever graven or molten type of idolatry so gross and disgusting as that of the self-deified babbler, who is "to himself at once Deity, revelation, and redemption"? The gospel according to myself, a Christianity five-feet three, with its millennium under its hat! This is the theory, divested of its typographical plurals and melodramatic notes of admiration, which constructively eliminates from the school of Continental rationalism, and of its affiliated pupils, Carlyle, Stirling, Newman, Parker, and the like—a theory which, applied to a science instead of to religion, would subject its propounders to an *onus probandi*, under which, like the unbelieving lord of Samaria, they would be at once convicted and destroyed.

Egotism further betrays itself in the choice of associates exclusively of its own class or school of thinking. They read and visit as they converse, all on one side, and that their own side. Coming into no collision nor chance of comparison with other people's views, they become confirmed in their own, and so obstinately wedded to their "ignorances and prejudices," that any contrary opinion is resented as an insult, or scouted as an absurdity.

When the King of Siam first conversed with European merchants, who sought the privilege of trading on his coast, and they described the water of the rivers in our own

country as growing so hard in winter that horses and carriages passed over them dry-shod, and that the rain sometimes fell white as fleeces and light as feathers, and at other times in hard round stones that broke the windows, he would not believe them. "Not he!" Ice, snow, and hail were phenomena unheard of in his sultry climate, and, judging all the world by the thermometer of Siam, he forbade the traffic, indignantly exclaiming "his people should not trade with such shameful liars."

The man whose conversation is limited to the atmosphere of his own coterie, is pen only to the same blunder. He and his generate between them "the sign of the Siamese twins," who never moved but in each other's company, nor were interested in anything apart from each other's sympathy. "We two," meant "I;" for there was but one mind, and that a small one, between them.

A third fault in talkers, is their monopoly of the conversation, as if they had taken out a patent for it, which others might not infringe.

Some men seem to have so much to teach, everybody else must listen and learn. Wise men know they have so much to learn, they are glad to listen to those who have anything to teach. The monopolist is deaf to reply. While his neighbour is speaking, he employs the interval in collecting materials, not for a rejoinder, but to resume the thread; he treats the parenthesis as an impertinence, or cutting it short half-way, incurs the wise king's animadversion: "*He that answereth a matter before he heareth it, it is folly and shame unto him.*" The wise and holy Being who made man a speaking animal, intimating thereby reciprocity of intercourse, constituted speech a pleasurable function, of which no man has a right to more than his share. It was an old maxim, that "man had two ears, and but one mouth," to indicate there should be twice as much hearing as talk-

ing. Every man, if the right chord be touched, has some note to contribute to the general harmony. Hence there is judgment, as well as politeness, in drawing out others, rather than piping, *ab ovo usque ad mala*, your own bag. Something may be learned from the humblest companion, by inducing him to speak on his own business, if he knows little else. If you would impart something by the wayside, you have gained his ear, by letting him see that he has gained yours. Whereas, if you abruptly take the lead on some topic of your own, he feels no claim, and perhaps, therefore, less wish to follow you. But put him on the right footing of a brother-man—as one of yourselves—a fellow-passenger in the great journey of life—and you 've got home to him beforehand, you steal a march on his fellow-feelinghood, and take him in the act. For example:

As I travelled one night, some years ago, outside a coach, there sat beside me an old Berkshire shepherd, whose clean, white smock, and long thin silvery hairs, presented a portrait of nature's rural aristocracy, which involuntarily drew one's feeling of respect. As the hours wore on, and the frosty cold struck in, and the moon herself looked paler in spite of the hard brightness that made an effort to soften the wintry rigour by a fair smile that shone like sympathy, the old shepherd cursed the blast, as "so trying to old folks."

I made no reply at the time, but, observing he had no warmer garment on him than the thin smock, whose whiteness glistened like a sheet of snow, and chemically aggravated the cold, I offered him a share of my cloak, wrapped up in which and huddling together, we chatted about sheep and sheep-dogs, of which a sagacious specimen lay curled up in a knot between the shepherd's feet, as if the knowing creature meant to have a nap, and had tied itself on accordingly. Some strange stories he told of the dog,

and then passed on to the bloodthirstiness of those dogs that worry sheep; adding, "there's no cure for a hound that's once tasted shep's blood; leastways," said he, "only one, and that's hanging. He's like a murderer, sure to do it again." Then the analogy struck me which he added, "There's summat in blood that's like publican's drink; it makes ye drunken thirsty for more." I expressed the hope he didn't drink.

He plucked a handful of his hoary locks with a significant twirl of triumph, as he replied, "Ye don't make malt of that coloured barley," adding a curse on "his old pate, that had kept clear of the beerhouse shearing."

I gently quoted the text, "*Swear not at all; neither by thy head, for thou canst not make one hair black or white.*"

The poor old man took it kindly, for he asked my pardon, said he "meant no harm; 'twas only a way he 'd got."

"True, my friend," I said; "but the same good book tells you and me—'*There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof is the way of death.*'"

He fell back upon the dogs, observing—

"Them shep-worriers might soon be all made away with."

"How so?" I inquired.

"Why, whens'ever a shep was found worried in the field, squire used for to send me and another lad round to every cottage in the parish. We tied up by the heels every dog, good and bad, till they was sick. If they throwed up none, well and good, they were set free; and so on, till we tied up a dog as throwed up blood and bits o' wool; ah! that was his death-warrant, for then we knowed he was the worrier; and so, condemned out 'n his own mouth, we turned him neck upwards, hanged him the right way, and—he worried no more shep." Smiling at the detective device, we presently reached the village, where he left us, thanking me for the cloak, as I thanked him for his stories. "Try to

give up the swearing, old friend," I said, as I shook him by the hand. "Don't be like the man who, David said, '*clothed himself with cursing, like as with a raiment.*' I am sure you would wish a better cloak than that awful damnation you so often swore about to-night." The old shepherd made no answer, but gently squeezed my hand, as if he felt more than he said. The coach drove on, and I saw him no more. I think, however, he was all the better inclined to listen to me because I listened to him, and didn't talk *at* him, but with him, as he talked with me. Never talk *at* people, if you wish to do them any good; talking *at* them is like *backbiting before their face*, and combines the offensiveness of both kinds of censure. But to talk *with* them, you must leave room to let them talk with you. A monopolist gets more hearers than listeners. We can't help hearing; but, on that very account, we are less disposed to hearken if the talker assume the monopoly of the table. Such a man loves to play the "lion" of a party, and not unfrequently continues the metaphor by the pretentious roar which quenches every voice except his own. Under cover of addressing some individual at the end of the table, whom he annoys by the public complicity with the stratagem, some loud irrelevance breaks across the general conversation, like a bombardment, and effects a breach of good manners, by which he carries the ear, but not the sympathy, of the company. Maintaining a tone loud enough to be heard by everybody, and confident enough that it was worth everybody's hearing, and so addressed to everybody, like a *vivâ voce* circular, as to preclude the chance of any by-talk without a rudeness as offensive as his own, the lion of the evening plays out his part as obviously to his own relish as to the nausea of his audience.

If he were a distinguished conversationalist, like a Johnson or Coleridge, it is even then only tolerable through the

indemnification of the much that's learned from them though, in their case, they laid too much embargo on the freedom of discussion and interchange of ideas. But when the occasion is monopolized by an ordinary mind, the offensiveness of the intrusion is intolerable. It is an aggravation of the indecency when the loquacity assumes a religious tone, and shields itself behind a sanctity of topic, which would inculpate its interruption with an air of protest against religion itself. In this case, the twofold assumption like a social pope, of the moral and intellectual primacy of the table, no modest, not to say pious, man would arrogate, or, if he were involuntarily surprised into such a posture by any fortuitous lull in the conversation, the instant lowering of his voice, and increased diffidence of expression, would not only expound the contingency, but naturally resuscitate the previous detachments of chat as a means of courteous relief from his embarrassment.

Franklin said: "It is as dangerous to fall in love with one's own voice as with one's own face. Those that talk much cannot always talk well, and may oftener incur censure than praise. Few people care to be eclipsed; and a superiority of sense is as ill brooked as a superiority of beauty or fortune." The reflection would be deeply painful to a really pious youth, that his *loving, like Diotrephes, to have the pre-eminence*, even in social converse, had exposed his profession of Christianity to the not unnatural offence of parties whom, by a more becoming demeanour, he might have conciliated and improved.

Our fourth portrait is that of the Moth, the trifler, the speaking automation,—the moral insect whose existence is a perpetual flutter; less respectable than the bee, for he gathers no honey; or the glow-worm, for he sheds no light; or the ant, for he lays up nothing in store. Some men's conversation is a uniform rattle, as if the proper business

of society was to revel in nonsense, and the best use of speech was to give it currency. "Allowable pleasantry," said the great and good Isaac Barrow, "may be expedient to put the world out of conceit that all sober and good men are a sort of lumpish or sour people, that they can utter nothing but flat and drowsy stuff." We are far from insisting on a morose and rigid exclusion of all innocent mirth and buoyancy of spirit from Christian society, as if the world were hung in mourning; no man argues that, unless he reads the gospel with a veil upon his heart, through which obscuring medium he views all things darkly, dimly, dismally.

Right joyous and delightsome is the religion of Him whose contemporaries exclaimed, "*Thou art not yet fifty years old*," when they misunderstood his statement, that "*Abraham rejoiced to see His day, and was glad.*" When He bade His disciples "*rejoice that their names were written in heaven*," Himself rejoiced with them, "Man of sorrows" as He was. (Luke x. 20. 21.) He who "took children in his arms" "looked upon young men, and loved them;" the disciple who lay nearest to his bosom, was perhaps the nearest his own age, the youngest of the twelve. In my experience, the happiest youth is always the holiest. There is a peace in the believing consciousness of pardoned sin, and assured acceptance in the sight of God, in the repose of soul on the precious promises, and quietude of conscience in the atonement of a Mediator, which operates as a charm and antidote to the trials of life, and the bitterness of death. So that the good man is a glad man, but his joy is no more the joy of the world, than his sorrow is the "sorrow of the world." He is neither a mourning dove, nor a chattering magpie; he is not an ascetic, but neither is he a wanton; he does not sublimate and soar with the wings of an angel, but neither does he flutter with the flaps of

a bat; never forgets that he is a man, and not a buffoon—a Christian, and therefore neither a butt for other men's wit, nor a bolt, like a perpetual revolver, for his own. There is as solid a difference between levity and light-heartedness, as between the crackling pyrotechnics that dazzle and disturb the night, and the natural sunlight that exhilarates the day.

Much more intolerable is that style of conversation which St. Paul denounced as "*filthy talking and jesting, which are not convenient*," *i. e.* not becoming a Christian, nor indeed a man. Indecency and ribaldry level a man to the grade of the poor beasts, but without their excuse, "*they know not they are naked.*" There are subjects which should "*not be so much as named among you, as becometh saints.*" A wise man has that proper respect for himself, and a Christian for his Master, not to play the clown, either for his own or other men's amusement. Bear this in mind, young friends, the next time you are asked to parade some gift, which you have betrayed yourselves as priding in, and so exposed yourselves to the raillery of your fellows. Some young men naïvely admit they can sing well, or recite finely, mimic shrewdly, satirize sharply, improvise verses, or perform music with a general tendency to solos, not in the music only, but in their other accomplishments, leaving the choral parts to the rest of the company, but "giving themselves the airs." Such men will always find plenty of other men to "fool them to the top of their bent," indulging them in all their crotchets, at the price of the laugh in the sleeve, by which the "C sharps" divert themselves at the expense of "A flat." *E. g.* I knew an otherwise sensible man, of grave habits generally, and really serious and devout at heart, whose hallucination it was to suppose he had a peculiar gift, for what do you suppose?—for whistling. Perhaps people more alive to his weak point than to his stronger

ones, preferred laughing at the former to learning from the latter. It is a vice of society rather to flatter your foibles than to stimulate your virtues, like the deceit that fondles your pet before its owner's face, and spurns it for a cur behind your back. Now, there is no sin in a whistle; but a man would not choose his celebrity in a line where he would be distanced by the birds, and run hard by the steam-engines. I have marked the useful effect of an evening's sensible talk dissipated by my friend's yielding to a compliment on his whistling, and suffering himself to be set down to the piano, where he has hushed the room into a suppressed titter by his grimaces at the instrument, and the absurdity of the accompaniment; but it gratified his fancy, though at the expense of his better associations. It was what Franklin would have called "paying too dear for his whistle"—a folly that presents itself in shapes innumerable in this silly world. Then, be on your guard against those social excitements which are apt to tempt one to act or talk foolishly. Don't mistake the flow of garrulous platitudes for conversational ease, nor a constant supply of bad puns—as if you had a main turned on, and had lost the stop-cock—for wholesome wit. The genuine vivacity which infuses life and spirit into conversation, must not degenerate into the insipid levity that worries with its weariness and provokes by its effrontery. Better talk little than nothing to the purpose; though the opposite extreme of the mute who mistakes the party for a funeral, and only uses his eyes and fingers like the dumb, is equally annoying to those who have the task of entertaining him. Avoid small talk, which is as impertinent to sensible people of either sex, as lisping nursery-rhymes is to adults. Neither thrust in a proverb, "As the saying is," at every turn, nor affect quotations, particularly in support of commonplaces, which it is immaterial what you or others may think

about them. The social board is not a lecture-room, and therefore talk frequently rather than in long yarns, whether of dissertations or stories. Eschew the vulgar iteration of "He says, says he," and "I says, says I," which run through some narratives, like a cipher on an old organ, that confuses the whole tune, and makes it unintelligible. Be sparing of digressions, however tempting, lest in turning aside to follow them, your hearers turn off from following *you*. Neither be too prompt to lend a word to every tardy speaker who didn't ask you, and may resent the offer, as an insinuation of your abundance and his dearth. Differ with people's opinions, without contradicting their statements, as the evidence may be as honest on their side as on yours; and don't report your neighbours as "above being advised," because your counsel was not preferred to their own. Above all, beware how you hit right and left at people's misfortunes, sorrows, or infirmities. There 's no real wit at the expense of wisdom, nor in a breach of charity. Shine if you have the gift, but if you dare to scorch, society will keep at arm's length the unfeeling jester, who, as Solomon says, "*Casteth firebrands, ... and saith, Am I not in sport?*" The mere mechanical wit of mimicry is their resource who are conscious of no mental power of a more legitimate quality. It invariably provokes the resentment of the subjects of its attack, and men forgive injuries sooner than they forget insults.

Our fifth faulty-talker is the Technicalist, *i. e.*, the man whose conversation is full of the slang of his calling. This is a common fault of juniors. Thus, the naval cadet who metaphorically describes his home as the moorings where he cast anchor, who makes sail down the streets, hails his friends to heave to, and hasn't a shot in the locker to splice the mainbrace; or the learned professionaling, the living articled clerk, whose greatest compliment is to be chid for a

special pleader, who shifts the venue of every passing topic to some imaginary court at his end of the room, sets it down for hearing on the spot, differs with his learned friend, objects to that question, and declines calling witnesses; or the bran-new bachelor from college, who always snuffs the candle at an angle of 45°, and commemorates his conquest of the alphabet by incorporating its two first letters, A.B., like the prefix of Africanus to Scipio, with his name, dating "Eve of St. Almanac, A.D. 1854. John Stokes, B.A.;" or the student of the surgery, who descants upon the "comparative anatomy of the joint" he is requested to carve, and "dissects the adipose substance from the nerve," for his aunt that likes it lean; or the trade 'prentice who took stock of the dinner-party, and booked the lot, did business with the chair on his right, and endorsed the observations of ditto on the left; or the recent tourist from a holiday-trip to the Continent, which has disorganized his vernacular, and interpolated it with French or Italian equivalents for the steamers and railways, who complains of this being *blasé*, and that *bizarre*, and the rest *très bon*, *magnifique*, *comme ça*.

> "Who saw the Vatican, and kiss'd the toe
> Of the brass idol, San Pietro,
> And his fat legatee, Pio Nono."

You laugh at these follies; but it is just because everybody else laughs at them, and not so good-humouredly as you do, that sensible young men should avoid them, as vulgar solecisms. No well-bred man obtrudes upon a mixed company the technical phrases of his craft or clique, unless the obviousness of an interesting coincidence apologizes for their use, and explains their meaning. This is a canon of courtesy which cannot be infringed with propriety, if with impunity. A happy illustration of a moral or philosophical truth from a mechanical process may sometimes be useful. For example: I once took a nugget to a gold-melter

to be assayed. A friend in the trade explained to me, that it was not enough to subject the metal in the crucible to the greatest heat from *under* the pot. This would only heat the gold to the furnace heat, but could not melt it into fluid, until the charcoal was put *on the top of the crucible*, as well as under it, and then it would be molten. Thus, said he, the Christian is bidden to soften down and subdue his hardest adversary, in the scriptural metaphor taken from our trade: "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for, so doing, thou shalt heap *coals of fire upon his head*," *i. e.*, effectually melt and overcome him.

A sixth fault of talkers is a tawdry Pleonasm, encumbering their ideas with a plethora of words often fatal to their sense. This fault assumes two forms, the vulgar and the fastidious. Vulgar grandiloquence employs fine words with the drollest indifference to their sense, so that they sound scholarly. A Caribbee chief paid a visit of state on board a man-of-war, in a state of sable nudity, except a midshipman's jacket, whose gold braiding had attracted the savage, but illustrated his nakedness more strikingly than if he had simply appeared in his Indian mat and native costume. In the same way, the illiterate expose themselves by the inaccurate use of fine phrases beyond their understanding, and aggravate the ignorance which they attempt to conceal. Thus the distinguished geographer, who tells us "he is jist returned from the antipo*days*," being asked, from where? repeats, with some pity for your ignorance, but a slight doubt of his pronunciation, "from the antĭ*pōdes*," would have passed for a better scholar if he had let alone the antipodes and named Australia. The portly widow who describes her sensations of lethargy as "suffering from the *liturgy*," or the pert charity boy, who confounds St. Barnabas of Pimlico with *St. Barabbas of Jericho*, are examples of the dangers of unknown phraseology.

The safe rule to escape ridicule, if not to conciliate respect, is not to use words beyond your understanding, just as you shouldn't dress above your station, nor trade beyond your capital. The conversation and the character are both more respectable in their own garb. The stricture equally applies to the fastidious speaker. An appropriate and elegant diction is one thing, but a powdered bandbox terminology is unworthy a man of sense and becoming spirit. Use your vernacular as you use the highway, not, like an Agag, walking delicately, tiptoeing and picking all the road, as if the main business of life was to keep your boots clean; but choose the best language that comes in your way, as you would walk on the cleanest side of the road; but don't pause, and retract, and turn, and double, and beat about for the finest words, till your idea is sacrificed to the difficulty involved in its delivery. Johnson's familiar definition of "network," as "anything reticulated or decussated at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections," seems the sort of model from which some men ape a style, without the redeeming element of the great lexicographer's erudition, to extenuate its absurdity.

The Stock-phraser is a seventh class of talkers, whose fault lies in their addiction to certain pet sayings or cant words.

Such terms regularly infest the newspapers for their season, till they get typed to death, or are superseded by a newer favourite of the editors. There was the constant recurrence, in their turn, of the words, normal, statistic, finality, fiscal, margin, and the like. We don't mean that such words were not in the dictionary before them, but that they were not so often *out* of it. Some men have a stock-phrase of their own, which clings to them like a dialect, and on all occasions, suitable or not, out it comes, sure as the identity of the speaker. Thus one man's phrase was "*so best;*" and

all things good or bad, wise or foolish, that befell him, were "so best." Another's was, "*with reference;*" and if he gave his servant a day's leave, it was "with reference to a sick father and mother." Another's was, "*and altogether;*" and everything on earth seemed totalized in his view in a general way, generally "and altogether." In polities, he agreed with Peel and Cobden—"and altogether;" in religion, liked people that stuck to their creed and were tolerant—"and altogether;" in business, always paid his bills as they fell due—"and altogether;" at home, loved to see his friends in his little house, little as it was, they were heartily welcome—"and altogether." One more intermittent phrase of this kind was "*every apology.*" If this man's poor old wife, whom he alternately abused and patronized, forgot anything which *he* should have remembered, a sneer suggested "woman's memory—every apology;" if her confinement with twins were announced to him, "she came from a large family, and there was every apology;" and when at length the poor lady slept in peace, after a life of domestic hardship, endured with a touching meekness that would have crowned her among the martyrs, if there were a calendar, as there ought to be, for the heroines of home! the sympathizing friend who descended from the death-bed to break the tidings to the now imbecile widower, smote him, perhaps, with some remorse, though even at that solemn moment it escaped him in the childish sob, "Poor wife—very old—gone at last—there 's every apology!"

Stock-phrases, like the current terms of blasphemy, are the resource of mental indolence, too inactive to adapt appropriate expressions, and which avoids the trouble by adopting ready-made ones nearest at hand. It is true that all forms of swearing are now happily scouted from any society pretending to be respectable, though one fears the prohibition is more a rule of manners than a principle of

morals. Yet the sign is hopeful. Immorality in any shape is at least accounted vulgar; and hence modern conversation is so far less prejudicial to character. Even this effect is an indirect homage paid to Christianity. A hearty, earnest, and discreet effort to raise alike the moral and intellectual tone of social conversation, is one of the educational requirements of the day, that would co-operate auspiciously with the more immediate labours after popular improvement. Let each enlightened mind cast in its share of influence on the right side, and something would be effected, and probably more than the inactive and desponding are wont to anticipate. In the mean time, get rid of the stock-phrases, as idle and blundering impediments to originality of thought and expression, that with less temptation to ridicule, there may be more opportunity to receive and impart instruction.

Time will not allow a sketch of that post-prandial oratory which is decantered with its essential wine. The pot-valiant's likeness, however, *we* have no need to paint, for he 's himself a draughtsman, who sits before "a glass," and too often takes a full-length portrait of himself on the floor. It 's a "spirited" sketch o' the sort; neither in oils, much less in *water* colours, but "in distemper," as it is called. He 's as vain of his "flow of spirits," as if, like false hair, people couldn't see it wasn't his own. The Russians, at the fight of the Tchernaya, had so little spirit in themselves, that their general served them round rations of brandy. But such ammunition recoils upon its employers—turns like a wounded elephant, madly and blindly on friend or foe, as the chance may be. A sot is sure to expose himself in some way. As the silver-tongued Henrie Smith said: "Drunken porters keep open gates; so, when Noah was drunken, he set all open. As the wine went in, the wit went out; as the wit went out, the clothes went off." The man who says

"he's not himself," until, when under the influence of alcohol, he's somebody beside himself, clumsily forges another self that's sure to be detected, and utters it to his own disgrace. There's no greater nuisance in society than the hiccupping fluency of a tippler. He is more a case of fermentation than of discourse; his mouth works off its volumes of froth, like yeast from a barrel, still leaving him "settled upon his lees." There let him lie.

The last and the worst fault which we submit to your serious reflection, is that of the Talebearer.

In the common form of a prying disposition, the talebearer incurs the penalty of no one trusting him with a secret, except for publication. In this case they use him for a live advertisement, like the bill-carriers in the streets, with whom he only differs in the fact that they carry their bills openly and "above board," and he secretly, and like a spaniel, between his teeth. Every social circle has some such amateur gazette, who lives, like a soldier's dog, on the bits and scraps he picks up in the barracks, and whose office it is to fetch and carry for every man in the regiment. Thus it is no such honourable post, nor half so innocent, as its animal prototype. The poor dog, at least, wags no man's tail but his own; but the biped talebearer is a mischievous wag with other people's. Whether his motive be gossiping or malevolence, it is equally annoying and destructive of social peace and confidence. "*The words of a talebearer*," said the proverb, "*are as wounds, and they go down into the innermost parts.*"

The failings which he exposes are often imaginary or misconstrued; but their being real would not justify the injuriousness of their publication, "*Who art thou that judgest another man's servant?*" The juster and more charitable rule of the Christian is: "*He that covereth a transgression seeketh love: but he that repeateth a matter separateth very*

friends." Again: there are some men whose tempers seem an extract of envy, held in a solution of bitterness, whose lives are one long chapter of objection to everything except themselves. They think and speak as if the business of life was to explore its errors, and the only use of conversation was to denounce them. They are a stereotyped edition of "The Hue and Cry;" and their appropriate device would be a wasp, lurking about a beehive, to sting, on their way home at nightfall, the loneliest bees. Such unhappy spirits there are, like men without a contemporary or fellow-feelinghood —as if they had been born without the sense of sympathy, or had been robbed of it somewhere on their way through life, and had never had it "cried for," except by their neighbours who suffered from the loss as much as themselves. Society may be defied to extort from such a man a single note of admiration. Detraction is the familiar spirit which makes the sight of the beautiful and true operate like water in a case of hydrophobia, as a thing to shudder and scream against. The simplicity of youth or the venerableness of age, the splendour of intellect or the loftiest tone of moral excellence, alike fail to disarm his miserable satire. Had he stood by the cross of the most illustrious suffering innocence which the world has witnessed, his sympathy would have naturally sided, not with the glory of the sufferer, but with theirs who expressed it in the vinegar and gall. Happily for mankind, such *deinotheria* (*Anglicè*, dreadful beasts) are rare, and would be welcomer in the harmlessness of the fossil shape, like the antediluvians at Sydenham, than as living specimens in our Zoological Gardens.

Another, but less uncommon phase of this wretched class of minds, is that of the detestable Slanderer. There 's not a more dangerous element of discord and disaster than calumny. Its parallel is not the spy in the camp, who betrays his comrades' weakness to the enemy, but the more subtle agent who

is trusted on either side, sympathizes with neither, and deceives them both. His office is as dangerous to himself as holding a wolf by the ears. He can neither hold on nor leave off with safety; and if ever parties come to an understanding, the incendiary is sure to be the first sacrifice.

The Scriptures, and the instincts of society, denounce the libeller as its natural foe. The arch enemy of God and man derives from the vile propensity his appellation of "the devil;", *i. e.*, the accuser, the slanderer, the betrayer; and the malignity of sin assumes its most satanic analogy, when it emulates the Evil One in this his original attribute. Beware, my friends, of that man whose conversation sinks into a slanderous undertone, as if it were ashamed to be heard, and whispers, like the old serpent's hiss, in the ears of its unwary victim, unconscious of the proximity of the venom and the sting. Let the Christian call to mind the characteristics of that opposite charity, without which "*the tongues of men and angels are as sounding brass*,"—the charity that "*thinketh no evil and rejoiceth not in iniquity*,"—that finds no fiendish pastime in uncovering a brother's nakedness, nor thinks the cause of truth and morals to be promoted by the homicidal sacrifice of a reputation on its altar. The mischiefs of tale-bearing are incalculable. Many a wife's loving confidence in her husband's loyalty has been gratuitously embittered and impaired for long years of secret misgiving, by a libellous insinuation that has suggested a suspicion in such a shape as entails all the torment of a charge, without the possibility of disproof. Many a fond husband's demeanour towards a faithful wife has been soured and darkened into a mistrust and alienation that broke a heart on both sides, by some cruel coxcomb, who had avenged the mortification of his defeat by the cowardly pillage of her honour on his retreat. Entire circles of old friends have been shattered to pieces, like the fragments of a broken

mirror, never to be united more without detecting the scars of the old rupture, through the unguarded or malicious obloquy of some associate of their body, who, like a diseased limb, has imparted its infection, or at least its pain, to every other member.

There are inmates of the workhouse, who had never been there, but for some aspersion on their credit, which mulcted them of the public confidence, destroyed their business, slowly dragged them down to penury, and the sole retaliation left them is to inflict the burthen of their poverty on the society whose injustice made them "poor indeed." The gaols could furnish no light calendar of felons who first grew reckless of their reputation, in disgust of some slanderous rumour which had wrongly damaged it, and made it a less precious sanction to sustain and toil for. Numbers, too, of the unhappy sisterhood who haunt the streets at nightfall, as if the blessed sunlight shining on fair innocent faces and joyous reminiscences should be theirs no more, fell the more hopelessly into temptation from the terror of some evil surmise that predicted, and like the adder-eye of danger, fascinated them to their fall. The lunatic asylums are largely recruited from the ranks of piteous victims to defamation. Many a wild maniac sigh, that sounds as if conscious of its ruin, is but the softened echo of the old sob that clings with the involuntary anguish of despair to the tradition of its undoing, and hands itself down by continued rehearsal, like the Miserere, through years of crazy melancholy, the inextinguishable sorrow lingering, as the alone surviving sense, to indicate the secret wrong that wrought its mental aberration.

There is an awful kind of gravitation in mania which has a tendency to attract towards its hideous associations whoever is thrown within the sphere of its influence. Many an unfeeling rumour, affecting an individual's sanity, has ulti-

mately scared its cruel conjecture into the fact, by the intolerable horror of the imputation. A casual hint, or a thoughtless jest overheard, or accidentally reaching the party concerned, has launched years of misery and mental disquietude, for which no regret nor explanation could atone, nor any remedy adjust, this side the grave.

Gentlemen, I have done. I thank you for your courteous hearing of what has has been given me to say, and I humbly pray that the suggestions I have ventured to submit to you, may be kindly construed, and practically remembered. If every one who hears me to-night would resolve, by the grace of God, to set a good example of sensible and serious conversation, and to adhere to the rule of not joining at all in the folly, or the worse stuff, which forms the staple talk of too many social circles, I shall not have talked about talkers in vain. It is a more important subject than at first sight appears. If I could prevail upon the hyperbolist to return to the respectable simplicity of truth—the egotist to "look not every man to his own things, but every man to the things of others also"—the monopolist "each to esteem others better than himself, in honour preferring one another" —the moth to become a man, such as St. Paul describes, "when I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things"—the technicalist to "utter, by the tongue, words easy to be understood," without the shibboleth of a craft or creed—the pleonast to condescend to "sound speech that cannot be condemned" — the stock-phraser to abandon the idle word, which is his by-word and reproach—they that "sit long at their wine" to taste the far sweeter cup of "temperance and righteousness,"—and the tale-bearers, "under whose lips is the poison of asps, whose throat is an open sepulchre," as if to bury the good name it had first destroyed,—if they would honestly repair their

wrong, and do so no more, then how many on both sides this inquiry might bless God that the subjects had been broached among us. "*The lips of the righteous know what is acceptable, but the mouth of the wicked speaketh frowardness.*" We may all well pray with David: "*Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, keep the door of my lips.*"

We conclude with an illustrative instance, not from a memorable and pathetic memoir in the Peerage, which we might have done, but from a homelier grade of life, in the hope of leaving, as our last impression of the faults of talk, an unmitigated abhorrence of the vice of defamation.

THE SILVER FLASK; OR, IT 'S MY CURSE!

"You don't mean that young comely thing drinks?—why she 's a mere girl," said a medical student to his landlady.

"I say, yes," was the reply, founded on the instinctive rule of lodging-house reasoning; "for where else goes my rent? She gets money enough, and yet, here am I, three weeks behind. But out they go to-morrow; I 'd give a deal to get rid of them."

"Hush!" said the student; "they 'll hear you;" and sinking his voice, he added, "She 's painting for me, and I 'll advance—here 's their rent," said he. The landlady shook her head, looked up the banisters, sighed, as if compassionating somebody; leaving it doubtful who was the party, the lodgers, second floor, the student, first ditto, or herself, base, and—took the money.

The subjects of this conversation were a widow lady and her daughter, occupying the said second floor of a small lodging-house near the Middlesex Hospital. Their poverty extreme as it really was, was not more obvious than the mark of better days. They were the relics of a naval officer who had forfeited his commission on the score of inebriety, and had died, bequeathing them nothing but his discredit,

and the penury which his vice had entailed upon them. The daughter's skill in painting was the sole support of both. The student had his portrait taken twice, when he besought the fair artist to take the original too, which had been civilly but unmistakeably declined. Piqued at the refusal, the kind-hearted and susceptible, but thoughtless fellow thenceforth urged his suit by every honourable means in his power, but without success. Pressed for the reason of her rejection, at last she pointed with a shudder at a silver spirit-flask which he had occasionally displayed at his visits, at that moment partially visible in a side-pocket, and said, "That 's my curse!" There was a mystery and misery in the tone in which she uttered the words, which, coupled with the recollection of the landlady's hint, stunned the student's heart between them, and left him at a loss for a reply. Conscience whispered him a construction bearing on his own intemperate habits, which humbled him with the reflection that the only interest with which he had inspired her, was one of regret, if not contempt, for the vice which, though notoriously her own, was too hideous to share with a husband. Deeply mortified with himself, and her, and all the world, and resolved on a manly struggle with his twofold infatuation, he dashed the flask on the floor of his chamber, whence the next morning it was missing, no one, of course, knew where. The flask was valued as a mother's thoughtless gift, which had been better tossed into the sea.

The landlady, the next day, imparted the news to the spirit-dealer over the way, intimating she had her suspicions. The student, conversing with a policeman at the bar, overheard her mention a name, at which he shrugged his shoulder. The officer's reply to the shrug was a significant inquiry of the spirit-dealer, "Are they customers here?"

"Not bad uns either," said the bar-man; "a bottle a-week between 'em."

"So," said the officer, "they had words last night. I heard the old lady tell her daughter that she starved her—that the drink was their ruin. 'You're drunk now,' screamed the poor old thing, crying over her daughter like a child, till some hard blows silenced her. I distinctly heard the young one say, '*It's my curse*,' says she."

The student crossed over to his lodgings, and asked the maid if the artist were in. She replied, she was, and volunteered the sigh, "The more's the pity!"

"Why so?" said he.

"I've found liquors," said she, "hid away in her bedroom more nor once, and her eyes of a morning as red as a sunrise, as thof she 'd been crying tipsy all night. I do pity the old lady she makes fetch the spirits o' nights, when nobody's by, and she as proud and close as if she never tasted 'em."

The student again shrugged his shoulders, as he ascended the stairs, and tapped at the artist's door.

"Come in!" said a gentle voice, which changed somewhat sternly as, without rising from her easel, she demanded her visitor's business.

Disconcerted at her self-possession, the student stammered 'about a flask he 'd lost; and hoped, if anybody had found it by any chance, anybody would keep it; he was glad to get rid of it ever since somebody said, 'That 's my curse!'"

"Your flask is not here," said the elder, in an irritated tone; but her daughter rather contemptuously interrupted her with:—"Wait till you 're charged, mother. Do I understand you, sir, to suggest, or imply, or dare to suppose, your toy had found its way here?"

"No—not at all," said the youth, covered with confusion. "It's only a flask, and it's a good joke to cure one of

carrying such things about me; if you 'd only kept it for my sake."

"Sir," said she, with a look of the bitterest scorn, "you insult us. You are an unmannerly boy that wants caning."

The student reddened as he answered, with some warmth: "I never said nor thought *you* took it." But the words were scarcely out of his mouth before the mother shrieked: "Then you charge *me;*" and struck him with the scissors in her hand, cutting a severe gash on his cheek, and covering his face with blood. The daughter dragged her into the bedchamber, where the excitement overcame the elder female, who fainted away. The maid's hasty summons of her mistress from over the way drew the policeman after her upstairs, where they found the student stanching his wound, and the younger female deprecating, indeed, her mother's violence, but adding: "Go, sir, to a surgeon, and never let us see you more."

"Tut, tut!" said the officer, "I 'm searching for the flask."

"And you 'll find it," said she, in a tone of bitter irony, like a wounded spirit turning at bay upon its destiny—"you 'll find it—it 's my curse." And the girl laughed that unmeaning laugh than which no other meaning lies heavier on the heart, crossed the room, and whispered the student, in a husky voice that grated on his ear like the crash of a broken heart: "You got up this for a bit of manly revenge, eh?"

This last taunt stung the young man to retort, indignantly: "No: and you know I did not."

"Sartinly not," calmly interposed the officer; "here it is!" producing, from an inner sliding of an old piano, not a silver flask, indeed, but a pawnbroker's duplicate for one, dated but the day before, *i. e.*, on the day of the robbery.

The girl started when the officer read the duplicate, and the sigh involuntarily escaped her, "O mother! mother!"

"Is this ticket yours?" demanded the officer.

"No—yes—" she answered, hesitating, and her face suffused with blushes, "not mine—but ours—my mother's—" Then, as if a painful thought had stung her, she said, "No matter whose it is; give it me."

"That's good!" said the officer with a sneer; "I don't part with it till I see the broker. You go to the station."

Then, for the first time, the peril in which the suspicion placed her and her mother flashed upon the girl's mind. Her haughty mien forsook her, and the words seemed choking her as she turned and besought the student's interposition, saying: "It's no use my telling them the flask is not yours—they 'll not believe it. Have mercy on my mother—that is, on me. 'Twas *I* pledged the flask; it's my curse!"

The student, utterly at a loss what she meant, or how to act, nevertheless said: "Let her alone; I gave it her."

"That won't agree with what you said over the way," coolly replied the officer; "the magistrate must decide."

And these were the facts that came out on the hearing of the case next day, with her own admission of having pledged the article. This was one point of view in which some slander, some misconstruction, and some malevolence, had presented the case. She offered no defence, nor explanation. One night's imprisonment seemed to have sunk her into a stupefaction of grief, and shame, and terror. She never looked up, nor spoke, but once, when the clerk asked her her name, and then the words were scarcely audible in which she answered: "It's my curse;" and not another sign of interest in her fate escaped her; not even when an eminent counsel, who had entered the court in company with the student, who had retained him, arose and addressed the bench with another version of the whole affair, though even his not the right one after all.

"I need not remind your worship," said he, "that my unhappy client bears no resemblance to the usual occupants of that bar. Her father, unhappily, had a vice, which survived in the wretched infatuation of his widow, and it was my client's daily trial, these many years, not only to toil for her mother's subsistence, but to be often filched of her hard earnings, to supply her mother's infirmity. A spirit-seller deposes to a weekly bottle of liquor, but 'doesn't know which of the two consumed it.'

"The maid finds spirits hidden in their bedroom, but 'can't tell which of them hid it;' marks the daughter's redness of eyes, but admits it may have evidenced a night of anguish; has seen the mother bring in spirits in the evening, but it may have been as much in fear of the daughter's detection, as of other people's? The landlady has her suspicions, what landlady never had?—but more at home with the vice of the mother, than with the virtue of the daughter, her sympathy naturally sides with her contemporary. Then there 's the eaves-dropper in blue—the policeman—overhears high words; the poor drunkard complains of their starvation, which her own vice occasioned, but scarcely shared with her fellow-victim; in maudlin remorse, she inveighs against the drink as the ruin of them both, as, indeed, it was—though the *guilt* of only one of them: and winds up with charging her daughter with being drunk as herself. Such a charge is only too natural to drunkenness; the monster is said to 'see double'—its own horrible duplicate seems reflected in every loathing face that meets its besotted gaze. Then, the officer hears blows, followed by the silence of the drunken voice; but he didn't see it was just the natural sequel, that the mother should strike at her ill-fated child, whose imputed drunkenness appeared a bitter mockery of her own actual besetment, until her violence exhausted itself. We have then the owner of the flask, persisting that he gave it to my

client; believed she abstracted it, to cure him of the vicious habit, which he admits he had contracted; and charges her with no worse offence than having stolen his heart. The officer says, he shrugged his shoulder; he did so with disgust and pain at such a suspicion being harboured against the object of his affections. It is no reply, that my client at first confessed the theft. Knowing all she did, the terrible conviction of her mother's guilt surprised her into the weakness of a self-accusation, that could better bear her own sufferings, than witness a parent's degradation. She pleads 'not guilty' now; and your worship will, I am sure, believe her, because she was then only to be doubted, when, temptation finding her truth and constancy unassailable on any other point, avenged its disappointment of her ordinary share of human frailty, by tempting her to belie herself; to mar the glory of her filial oblation, by mingling the suicide of her honour, like the blood of the Galileans, with her extorted sacrifice."

During this address, no sign of emotion, nor of the slightest interest, was visible in the poor artist's features; nor did the fixed gaze of her eyes even quiver, when a noise in the court was followed by the scrambling up to the witness-box of the maid of the lodging-house. She had quarrelled with her mistress that morning, and, in revenge, disclosed the fact of her having discovered the missing flask in her mistress's room. The policeman smiled at what he called the clumsy feint, and asserted he had never parted with the stolen article since he had received it from the pawnbroker's; and now produced it. The student stared bewildered at the one flask in the officer's hands, and at the other, not unlike it, in the hands of the maid; and then said, with an earnest solemnity, that evidently impressed the Court, "Your worship, that flask from the broker's I swear never was mine; but," pointing to the other, "that 's the one I lost."

An acquittal immediately followed, of course, and some

feeling words of condolence were falling from the lips of the Justice, when a painful sensation was created in the court, by the spectacle of the sobbing, hysterical, and alas! intoxicated mother of the prisoner clambering towards her, and throwing her arms around her neck, crying, "She thought I took it for drink; and I didn't, I didn't. I only pawned my own; but I daren't tell ye, my love"——

The fact was gathered with some difficulty from the incoherent statements of the widow, that the flask she had pawned was a gift of her late husband's mother, when he went as a boy to sea; that he used to cry over it at times, and curse it as the cause that insensibly led him to drink; but that he could not part with it, because it was his mother's, and clung to it, and to the infirmity which it fostered, to his dying day. The fractured flask, the type of the drinker's broken heart, might have been graven on his tomb, as the hieroglyphic of the vice that laid him there. The wretched mother rambled on with her story till the Court stopped her, but the daughter heeded her not, nor uttered a word when they were both removed; and when an officer at the door asked her kindly, if he should fetch a cab, her only answer was, "It 's my curse!" The medical student tenderly drew her arm within his own, and supporting the stupified and staggering widow with the other, gently placed them both in a coach; but no prayers, no entreaties, no earnest nor almost angry expostulations could extort from her another syllable. The flask, which she had mechanically received from the officer, she fondled in her arms as if it were an infant, and resisted the student when he considerately tried to obtain it, and put it out of sight. The shocking conviction dawned upon him, which he could no longer ignore, that the further sacrifice of the poor girl was foreclosed by a merciful bereavement of all further consciousness, whether of her parent's vice, or of her own misfortunes.

Conveyed by the saddened student to an asylum, mother

and child were not long asunder. Both are the wrecked inmates of a madhouse; the one a victim to her vice, the other to the filial virtue which exposed her to detraction. Misery may have broken that heroic heart, but the dishonour crazed her brain. Years rolled on, and the respected old bachelor-surgeon of that asylum, long dead to any leaning to intemperance, often touchingly dwells upon the wrong and mischief of evil surmising, and implores his pupils "*to keep their tongues from evil speaking, lying, and slandering;*" to judge not by outward appearance,—best not to judge at all; above all, to despise and eschew the conversational spirit, whose wallowing inspiration is a dram; and not unfrequently points the moral of his earnest counsel by the story of the silver flask, or "It 's my curse!"

The Prospective Results of International Exhibitions.

A LECTURE

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THE PROSPECTIVE RESULTS OF INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.

GENTLEMEN,—We are marching at a most rapid speed. Mind and matter are alike impelled by an irresistible motive power. A volcanic force agitates the universe. Whatever may be its other characteristics, this is *not* the age of stagnation. All is undergoing a searching scrutiny. Whatever is passing under our observation is sifted and fathomed; none of its intrinsic properties, or capabilities of development or of adaptation, are allowed to escape.

Nevertheless, whilst our progress is rapid, it cannot be said to be disjoined from maturity of thought. It is not to a love of change, nor to a morbid taste for the novel, that we can trace the spring of this world of development, but rather to an enlightened spirit of inquiry, which has been universally elicited, to a more systematic course of observation, and to a greater anxiety to learn. We may congratulate ourselves even on this primary step to advancement. We have avowed the possibility of finding competitors, or even rivals. We have abjured that self-complacency which seemed to set us at the summit of all ambition, from whence we might look disdainfully at the

pigmy efforts of neighbouring and distant nations. A proud isolation within our seagirt isle, and a proud self-gratulation at past achievements, have been found not to answer our purpose.

Strange facts came to our ears. Rich storehouses of productions hitherto unexplored. The advancement of the fine arts in one country; the well-directed industries of another, and the great producing capacities of a third. These were not empty sounds. Experience brought home little expected competitions. A change was thus gradually operated, and we became anxious to know what other people were doing.

Moreover, whilst everything around us manifested extensive adaptation of science to practical art, it has been found impossible to acquire an accurate conception of its state and prospect, without seeing what has been done already, in this or that other department, here or elsewhere. Nor were these varied causes working with lesser power in other countries than in our own. Their curiosity towards Britain, especially, was every day increasing. The workshops of England, her factories, her steam-engines, and her immense fleet, were the sources of inconceivable wonder. To many nations we are still more a myth than a reality, and no small anxiety was felt to pry into the secrets of British wealth and enterprise. It is thus that the idea of Universal Exhibitions, apart from other peculiar circumstances which supplied the method and the opportunity, was suggested and matured, and that in a candid spirit, nations agreed to exhibit their produce and their manufactures, as well as their relative advancement in industry, art, and science, under the certainty that each would have something to teach, and a great deal to learn, and also that universal progress would be made, by directing into one focus the intelligent observation of men of learning, men of science, and men of practice, and by creating a

spirit of honourable rivalry, which shall bring out the dormant genius and industrial capacities of every nation.

It is this exalted and liberal principle which distinguishes modern exhibitions from ancient fairs or bazaars. The one had for its object to educate the mind, and to improve national industries; the other to facilitate the meeting of buyers and sellers, and to promote the interests of private individuals. A fair is the result of a necessity, created by the *want* of easy communication; an exhibition is the result of the *extended* intercommunion of nations. The fair appeals merely to interest; the exhibition tends to instruct the mind and to captivate the senses. There is much danger of degeneracy in all human conceptions, and the moment an exhibition becomes a fair, its glories are extinguished. Leaving aside all criticism, it was a noble idea, that of collecting in one building the works of industry of all nations. Well may the illustrious Prince look back with emotion and pride to his association with the carrying out of so gigantic an undertaking. And glorious it was for the gracious and loving lady who wields the crown of Britain, to grace with her presence the avenues of that fairy palace; whilst not less gratifying must it be to the Society of Arts to have been the practical originaters of the first great Universal Exhibition. All that human genius could accomplish, and the numberless riches of a beneficient Providence, spread over the whole surface of the globe, were there triumphantly exhibited. And it truly required, to refrain an ill-conceived vanity, the motto—

> Ne nostra, ista quæ invenimus, dixeris—
> Insita sunt nobis omnium artium semina,
> Magisterque ex occulto Deus producit ingenia.
>
> Say not the discoveries we make are our own—
> The germs of every art are implanted within us,
> And God, our instructor, from his concealment,
> Develops the faculties of invention.

So glorious a deed marked the era in which we live, and gave us aspirations of a higher and nobler character than we had before, or have since been allowed to indulge in. How appropriate were the words uttered at the altar of praise! How high the sentiments which greeted the Prince and the Commissioners wherever public opinion was manifested!

The Exhibition ended; success crowned the undertaking, and the portals of the temple of peace were closed amidst the enthusiastic gaze of numberless spectators. But the precedent was not allowed long to remain an isolated fact. Dublin and New York were soon after the bold originators of similar industrial gatherings, and France resolved in being second to none in them. What shall we say of the Paris Exhibition? In abundance of materials, in scientific arrangement, and in the profusion of accompaniments, it certainly admitted no rival. And, although the brilliancy of a Crystal Palace was wanting to render it like the enchanted harem of a Persian prince, or the startling effect of novelty was no longer an incentive of resistless curiosity, there was much in the Paris Exhibition which excelled, by far, that of London. But this Exhibition also had its career of comparative success, and it closed; as all that is human comes and goes. And now that the winter has set upon us,—that Hyde Park has scarcely any vestiges left of its former glories,—that the Dublin and New York Palaces are gone for ever,—and the Sydenham monument is the only remembrancer of what once occupied so large a space of public attention,—we can with propriety ask ourselves, Was it all a dream? What did we contemplate when we set in motion so great a machinery? What have been the results? Are they realized?—and if not, WHAT MAY BE THE PROSPECTIVE RESULTS OF INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS?

This is the theme of my Lecture. I say *prospective* advisedly, because all that is great and durable is only the

result of time. We lose half the joys and comforts of the present by our unwillingness or want of power to embrace the future. It is the present which interests us—which animates us. It is the present with which we have to do. Nevertheless, can we say that the present ought to reign supreme in our mind? The institutions under which we live—the riches we possess—the privileges we enjoy, are all bequeathed to us; they are the results of past efforts and severe struggles in view of future good. We sow in winter, and reap in summer. Scarcely the seed is scattered on the ground, than rain and snow seem to cancel all traces of our labour. Yet it is under their influence that the seed germinates and suddenly gives forth its blossom. We give education to our children. For years we see them labour and toil, and apparently for no immediate good—but it is with a view to great prospective results. We lay the foundation of a structure,—we watch its progress; years are passing ere we see it completed. Who will be its occupant? We anticipate it to be our future abode; and that is a *prospective* result. Yet it is a *result;* it is not an imagination or a vain theory. In speaking of the prospective results of International Exhibitions, we mean, therefore, in sober truth to contemplate what will or what must take place—in which we are as much interested as with matters of immediate realization; and whilst by the limitation of the word prospective, we are sheltered from questions relating to subjects of momentary importance, our aim is to explore what may be expected to flow as a natural sequence of the great industrial triumphs we are now contemplating. These prospective results affect the individual, the nation, and the world. We shall examine them *seriatim.*

What were the principal objects of such Universal Exhibitions? They were the calling forth of an universal competition and emulation among the artists of the world, and

the bringing together of an endless variety of works of industry, natural products, machinery and mechanical inventions, manufactures, sculptures, models, and plastic art, and objects of fine art generally from all countries,—which shall afford means for comparison hitherto unattainable. The powers of the human mind, the prodigies of genius, and the nobility of virtue, lie embedded in man, like the geological strata under the surface of the earth. We must dig deeper and deeper to discover its riches; we must refine them by fire; we must shape them with the anvil ere they be serviceable. Who can search the power of development of the human intellect? Little we know of our own forces. Often do we find that we failed altogether in measuring the stretch of our own abilities. Nor are they often discovered, except through some singular event which drew them forth —some secret agency which exhibited their tendencies. Now, whatever stimulates us to exercise our powers, whatever compels us to search the treasures of knowledge we possess within ourselves, and be discontent with the superficial, will engraft a new life on our being. And of all other motives, emulation is the most likely to perform this great transforming wonder. When powerfully excited and for lofty purposes, it is a most potent agent in human improvement. This the International Exhibitions primarily aimed at. All the elements of a strenuous rivalry were then in operation. It spread over large numbers of men and classes. The moment an Universal Exhibition was determined on—the moment the appeal was responded to by all nations,—that moment a fire was kindled which animated the Government and the nation, the manufacturer, the artist, and the workman, with an irresistible ardour. Great and solid advances were thus made. But what are past achievements to those in prospect? We have ascended an Alpine crest—the horizon is now vast—our vision is magnified. Higher

and yet higher are our aspirations. Another vantage-ground is gained, and yet another, and thus the prospective results of International Exhibitions, from an awakened consciousness of human capacities, swell before our imagination.

Time was when want of road and imperfect navigation divided asunder countries and provinces. The traveller was an object of intense curiosity; whilst, with his mind stored with the riches of his observation, he returned home the wonder of the village, and the idol of the family circle. Then the products of industry of all nations were mysteries to be unravelled—the secret of traders. But let us walk round this magic palace. There, France and England, Austria and Prussia, Sweden and Norway, Spain and Portugal, India and China, Russia and Turkey, one by one, all exhibiting their best products and their choicest works of art. How wonderful was it so suddenly to change all associations from one country to another. Never was geography made more palpable—never was journeying more easily performed—never was so vast a variety of objects brought together to public view. How little did we know of the productive capacities or of the industrial progress of countries! We have been astonished at the fineness of articles, worked by nations we esteemed all but barbarians. We found we were mistaken, and were compelled to grant honour to whom honour was due.

Moreover, such a gathering of products of all nations brought prominently out the principle of international dependence. Whilst all articles were under one roof, they were not promiscuously exhibited. We were to walk from one department to another to find them; and whilst each of these departments was distinguished for its own productions, they were all linked together by a bond of dependence and unity. It was well to awaken this sentiment. True it is, we are constantly enjoying our comforts through the

industries of other nations. Our tables are made of South America mahogany, our tea comes from China, our sugar from the West Indies, and so on for numberless articles; but practically we are apt to forget. Individuals inquire not whence the article of consumption comes, and nations in their policy often disregard the principle of interdependence, which the Author of the universe has established for the welfare of the human family. Great and solid are the *prospective results* of the greater appreciation of international dependence.

But what an immensity of articles have been brought to our view! Can it be that they are all necessary or useful? Vain question! Is there aught that exists that fills not a vacuum in the great economy of the universe? What wonderful adaptation everything around us reveals to numerous wants and luxuries! How varied were the uses made of materials we esteemed all but superfluous or useless! Take wool as an example. It is the great staple produce of England. We are apt to think that when our woollen apparels are once worn out they are useless. No such thing. The woollen rags or refuse are, by the use of machinery, retorn and spun afresh, and rewoven into coarser kinds of fabric; and those portions which are incapable of being rewoven, owing to the shortness of the staple, are ground and converted into flock. A new article is thus given, in the form of ornamented surfaces for paperhanging, which is used for comfort and decoration. Nay, more than that. When the cloth is absolutely worn out, it is used by the manufacturing chemist, in the production of prussiate of potasse, and the cinder or refuse is returned to the earth as an animal manure. Oh, the wonder of the great wide world! Superhuman wisdom gave, surely, the fiat of its existence. But how does this, besides, illustrate

the mutual dependence of different forms of industry! Again, the adaptation of different articles to different uses is not less wonderful than the method through which we see them so adapted. How ingenious are those machines, and how exquisite those instruments, which perform works so splendid and so full of artistic skill! And can we witness Exhibitions like these, and remain passive or ignorant? Gratitude to Divine providence, wonder at Divine wisdom, and exalted notions of the Divine economy, are immediately engendered within us. We seem to breathe an atmosphere belonging to higher regions.

Consider now the influence of these external objects on man. How improved will be his conceptions of, and love for, the beautiful; how elevated will be his taste; how much nobler his views of the world he inhabits. Now he perceives how great are his endowments, yet how little are his achievements. He becomes conscious of his possessing faculties refined and sublime, by which he has power over the numberless objects of nature, to fashion them as he pleases, to adapt them to his wants and his desires, and to make them subservient to his uses. But he mourns in the experience that he has accomplished so little in the boundless workshop of the universe, and realized so small a share of its nobler gratifications, whilst he is called to acknowledge that he is but a single unit in the host of intelligent beings, who so brighten these scenes with their scientific exploits. A new impulse, however, is now afforded. The objects which surround him utter a voice which he cannot resist. An inward struggle ensues, and a new era begins. He is no longer within the walls of a squalid habitation—no longer the inhabitant of a barren and uncivilized territory; he is a citizen of the world—a world of wonders—a world which in all its aspects reveals the wisdom and muni-

ficence of the Creator. What may be the *prospective results* of such internal revolution operating simultaneously in masses of people throughout the world?

Nor can we forget that, besides the objects thus brought into one common focus, a vast number of individuals were there assembled from every part of the earth, each speaking his own language, each representing different manners and capacities. There is the French, the Dutch, and the American; the Chinese, and the Arab; the Greek, the Persian, and the Italian. They are all men, but what a variety do they exhibit. All intelligent men, but in what a variety of spheres and sciences do they move. Each distinguished in his own walk, but for peculiarities of excellences. What a study do these afford; what lessons their very presence convey. And the more so when we think that the peculiar feature of such International Exhibitions, was the openness with which all discoveries were exhibited. These men made no longer a secret of their acquisitions, and of the processes through which they have acquired them, but came forward themselves, more freely to tell what they knew. They thus added to the common stock of information. Can associations like these fail to enlarge the breadth of our acquisitions? And to what an extent may we not anticipate to realize great results from so remarkable a change from ages now gone by?

Now, we feel that one common end animates us all—that we are all but labourers in one common field, and that in working it we but obey the command, "Have dominion over the earth, and subdue it." It has been nobly said by a writer in the volume on the Useful Arts: "When we speak by electricity, and paint by light; when we compress and combine by the weight of the atmosphere; when we move over the water by wind, and by the action of the same element grind our grain; when we manufacture and travel by steam; when we light our streets and dwellings by gas;

when we make the waters a pathway and a power; when we span the river, and tunnel the rock; when we get heat from coal; when we make clay into brick; when we build houses of baked earth, of stone, or of marble; when we get implements and ornaments from the metals; when we use fire to fuse hard substances, and to harden soft substances; when we turn sand into glass; when out of lumps of cotton, balls of flax, and hanks of wool, we get thread, and from these form warp and woof; when we make worms clothe us with silks; when we colour the plain surface, and from shapelessness bring forms of beauty; when from bark and reeds we get fabric, and from refuse rags, materials for writing; when we speak by leaden forms, and by a kindred art bring distant things near; when we tell the paces of the sun, and measure degrees of heat and weight of atmosphere; when by metal, and wood, and steam, we supplant the power of the human hand; when we copy the life and beauty of creation; when we imitate the processes of nature; when we bring music from brass and wood; when we create poetry and philosophy, and bring up history from its depths; when from God's earths we obtain necessaries, conveniences, and luxuries; when we save human labour, quicken it, and facilitate it; when we convert, multiply, and preserve the riches of the earth; when we obtain the quickest means of communication and motion; when—to sum up all—*when we get at the secrets of nature and expound them; when we lay hold of the powers of nature and employ them; when we take possession of the riches of nature and dispose of them; when in the temple of this earth we take our place as priests and as ministers:* then industry performs its mighty work, and fulfils its high destiny; *then man is obedient to the primitive commission,* '*Have dominion on the earth, and subdue it.*' "

In what a multitude of forms human industry is exercised, and yet what singleness of purpose all but unconsciously

animates all men. In pursuing our individual good, we do but contribute our quota to universal welfare.

Humani generis progressus,
Ex communi omnium labore ortus,
Unius cujusque industriæ debet esse finis :
Hoc adjuvando,
Dei opt: max: voluntatem exsequimur.

The progress of the human race,
Resulting from the common labour of all men,
Ought to be the final object of the exertion of each individual.
In promoting this end,
We are carrying out the will of the great and blessed God.

Wonderful it is to contemplate the amount of collective intelligence manifested by the exhibition of these numberless articles; the care and judgment, as well as nicety of appreciation, which they must have required. Yet, however varied its states and moods, its exercises and manifestation, the moving power of all is mind—mind which exercises choice and volition—which can abstract and combine ideas—which can understand, reason, imagine, remember—mind which has complete sway over all the bodily powers. By such an exhibition of the myriads of modifications of the powers and action of mind, we are enabled to form a more correct conception of the exquisite refinement of the human constitution; and by instinct we are led to inquire as to the Author of mind—that great centre of intelligence which governs and directs the universe. A question may now be put, Whence is wisdom? Is it like the sun, the rays of which emanating from the great "Father of spirits," brighten the most gifted of mortals? or is it an innate property in man, the result of the exquisite texture of the bodily frame? We shall not philosophize and dwell in abstractions. We will be content with repeating the question. "But where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding? Man knoweth not the price thereof, neither is it found

in the land of the living. The depth saith, it is not in me: and the sea saith, it is not with me. It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof. It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. The gold and the crystal cannot equal it; and the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of fine gold. No mention shall be made of coral or of pearls, for the price of wisdom is above rubies. The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it, neither shall it be valued with pure gold. Whence, then, cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding? Seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living, and kept close from the fowls of the air. Destruction and death saith, we have heard the fame thereof with our ears. God understandeth the way thereof, and he knoweth the place thereof. For he looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven; to make the weight for the wind, and he weigheth the water by measure. When he made a decree for the rain, and a way for the lightning of the thunder: then did he see it and declare it; he prepared it, yea, and searched it out. And unto man he said, "Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding."

In one great element International Exhibitions stood pre-eminent—in the facilities they afforded for comparing the respective achievements of nations, as well as of individuals; from which we might gather lessons of the highest value. How many vain and costly experiments are often made before hitting the right principle! How many fruitless efforts ere we arrive at the proper attainment! The Exhibition brought things together. They were observed, analysed, and compared. We discovered analogies, found out resemblances, and distinguished the differences. And not only did we compare performances themselves, but also the methods pursued to the same. We were enabled to appreciate

the relative quickness, or costliness, or cumberlessness of the operation, and the respective tendencies to good results. This best and most profitable school was thus afforded to all, rendering the steps to progress surer and easier. When we consider the richness and variety of the subjects of comparison therein contained, it is impossible to apprehend the full benefit which will be thereby derived; how much our discriminating faculties will have been refined and developed, and how much a higher intelligence has and will be promoted, apart altogether from the improvements which will follow by such comparison in the objects themselves, as works of art or of industry, reacting, as they will, in ourselves, by augmenting our comforts, enriching our acquisitions, and lightening our labour.

It is of the utmost importance also to consider that such an agglomeration of articles and information enabled us at a glance to perceive the summit of all that has been done in each species of industry. Exhibitions like these are equal to the compilation of a work delineating the first origin, the slow progress, and the present position of the industrial world. They form an era from which we may date and compare all future advances. They will be the starting points whence we may proceed to nobler discoveries and greater acquisitions.

We will now turn to those benefits which may be expected to flow nationally from such International Exhibitions. Doubtless, all that has been said respecting the individual, will, by a necessary sequel, appear in the nation. Great discoveries are made—as, for example, new methods of irrigation—a new machine—whatever, in fact, promotes primarily the interests of the individual, acts immediately on the welfare of the nation. But under this category of prospective results, we will rather include those collective benefits which may be experienced in England, France, or other countries, as such. Nations, as individuals, have pre-

judices to shake off. National characteristics are deeply engraven. We regard them with a special predilection; we glory in them. But how often within these national characteristics can we trace most injurious errors. How often are they the result of deep ignorance. International Exhibitions have proved the most powerful motives for international visits The number of strangers who visited England in 1851, and Paris in 1855, at any one time, was doubtless the largest ever attained. Not only the objects of exhibition, not only the individuals who exhibited, formed thus the subjects of our studies,—but the institutions which we saw in operation. Some of these stand boldly out, and some need a special search and inquiry. The methods of government are compared, and national laws scrutinized with a keen, criticising mind. The respective merits of representative and despotic rule,—the machinery of the state to promote public security, the distinctive marks of religion and morality, the evidences of intelligence among the different classes, the systems of education, the extent of crime, and nature of punishments,—these would be all carefully noted and appreciated.

The political machinery of one country may be that of unlimited obedience to superior authority; that of another, one of extreme liberty in all the ranks. In one, the Sovereign alone has the initiative of all laws; in another, it is divided among the representatives of the nation. In some countries, all discussion is carefully obstructed; in others, it is unlimited. Neither the one nor the other system may be universally bad or good. There may be much in each that might be engrafted advantageously upon the other. And so it is in the manners of the people, in the mode of holding public festivals, or of making public demonstrations. But by intermingling nations together, national prejudices are seen in their proper light, and their imper-

fections are clearly manifested. We learn from each other, and thus imperceptibly we arrive at a beautiful amalgamation of extremes, that will, prospectively, tend to the unity of the human family.

Besides political institutions, the economics of the nations are also inquired into. We may ascertain the laws of population and of mortality, the extent and rate of production, and the great results which are experienced in all the social laws. And we may thus enlarge the bearings of acknowledged axioms, and establish doctrines which shall prove of an inestimable future benefit. Wherever we meet communities of men governed by established laws, there we may be sure to meet lessons which we will do well to gather. Although these observations may be considered as of universal application, they apply in an immeasurable degree to International Exhibitions. In both London and Paris, forty to fifty nations were represented by large and influential numbers. They came,—they visited,—and they *studied* the institutions of these countries. Reports were drawn and published of all they witnessed. Much that they found of good they recommended; much that they found of evil they designated as such. The good, in many cases, was further inquired into, with a view to its adoption; the bad was rejected; whilst the countries whose merits were depicted, and whose defects were pointed out, received thereby lessons of a most important value,—coming, as they did, from distant quarters. Thus vast and immense national benefits have accrued, and will accrue.

But what shall we say of increased commerce and industries? International Exhibitions gave opportunities to the most distant nations to exhibit the capacities of their soils and of their industries. New markets are open for them. The capital of other countries is directed to the development of them. Henceforth, a new impulse is given

to this or that other branch of public industry, and a new direction to the pursuit of wealth. Who can say in how great degree this has already been attained? And how much more is now in operation? Nor can we say that the study of physical geography supplied the want. A description of articles ill suffices to teach their properties. The article itself must seize the eye of the individual who is likely to want it for some use. An experiment is there and then made, and from that fortuitous meeting may date the most extensive importation of an hitherto unknown article. A most wonderful instance of such may be given in gutta percha, but recently added to the stock of articles of trade; the knowledge of which has enabled us to realize that new link which is bringing together nations, by means of submarine telegraphs.

In connexion with this we might notice the stimulus given by International Exhibitions to communication from State to State by means of railways, telegraphs, and navigation, both natural and artificial, by which the products of labour and of thought, as well as the persons who labour and think, are easily moved from place to place. New outlets are opened for information, for merchandize and for products, and thus the development is rapid and extensive. Although the prospective results of International Exhibitions to nations are more distant than those to individuals, yet they are not less certain and brilliant.

To physical development we must add intellectual and moral refinement. In this also a mine of wealth was opened by the mutual contact between nations. The example of the nation who excels in intellectual greatness, is an incentive to others, and efforts are not spared toward the adoption of such measures as will tend to put countries on a par in their educational attainments. Obstructive circumstances may frustrate their accomplishment for a

season; but they do not fail to obtain the fullest adoption. By time, and with the revolution of events, the long-planted idea grows fresher and fresher, until it blossoms and is productive of the finest fruit.

It is time that we should take a wider range in our observations. The conception of an Universal Exhibition did not regard man in his individuality of place or of language, but in his universality of parentage and relationship. It did not regard England or France as the place or country to be especially benefited, but the world, as the habitation of man; the world, the most distant parts of which need to be brought into contact with one another; the world, whose immense riches, and whose storehouses of productions, are the gifts of one common heavenly Father, allotted to his children, spread over every zone and every clime. The Universal Exhibition aimed to confer benefits to all nations, as well as to every individual. And what could be more conducive to this universal good than calling all nations to take their place, side by side, in the arena of industrial rivalry? The appeal was answered, and to that extent the benefit was universal. There are, however, certain peculiar world-wide benefits which flow from great gatherings like these, to which we must here give a cursory glance. Still keeping within the limits of the prospective, but also within the bounds of results, let us look forward, take a loftier flight and a wider sweep over time, and let us consider, in the vista of the future, what may be the prospective results of International Exhibitions to the world at large.

What is it that arrests universal progress? First of all we shall place the ignorance of the Laws of Nature, under the influence of which we frustrate the economy of Providence, retard the development of our being, throw obstacles on the circulation of produce, and misdirect our energies and

our talents. By such International Exhibitions, numerous means have been afforded to explore the Laws of Nature, and to penetrate the arcana which has so long dimmed our vision. We have held science as an abstract theory for the sophist or for the curious. We have disregarded the Divine monitor, and formed laws of our own, at variance with those set to regulate matter and mind. The numberless articles exhibited, produced or manufactured under a variety of laws and methods, set in juxtaposition to one another, have, doubtless, dispelled much of this ignorance, and have convinced the most sceptic, that if we but follow nature, we are safe.

The value of science in the pursuit of productive industry was most happily illustrated and enforced in the address of his Royal Highness Prince Albert, on the occasion of laying the first stone of the Midland Institute of Birmingham. Having shown the necessary consequences of ignorance of the Laws of Nature which we set in operation in all our industrial enterprises, he continued: "But these laws of nature—these Divine laws—are capable of being discovered and understood, and of being taught, and made our own. This is the task of science; and, while science discovers and teaches these laws, art teaches their application. No pursuit is, therefore, too insignificant not to be capable of becoming the subject both of a science and an art. The fine arts (as far as they relate to painting and sculpture), which are sometimes confounded with art in general, rest on the application of the laws of form and colour, and what may be called the science of the beautiful. They do not rest on any arbitrary theory on the modes of producing pleasurable emotions, but follow fixed laws, more difficult, perhaps, to seize than those regulating the material world, because belonging partly to the sphere of the ideal and our spiritual essence, yet perfectly appreciable and teachable,

both abstractedly and historically, from the works of different ages and nations. No human pursuits make any material progress until science be brought to bear upon them. We have seen, accordingly, many of them slumber for centuries; but from the moment that science has touched them with her magic wand, they have sprung forward, and taken strides which amaze and almost awe the beholder. Look at the transformation which has gone on around us since the laws of gravitation, electricity, magnetism, and the expansive power of heat, have become known to us. It has altered our whole state of existence—one might say, the whole face of the globe! We owe this to science, and science alone; and she has other treasures in store for us, if we will but call her to our assistance. The study of the laws by which the Almighty governs the universe is therefore our bounden duty. Of these laws our great academies and seats of education have, rather arbitrarily, selected only two spheres or groups (as I may call them), as essential parts of our national education—the laws which regulate quantities and proportions, which form the subject of mathematics, and the laws regulating the expression of our thoughts through the medium of language—that is to say, grammar, which finds its purest expression in the classical languages. These laws are most important branches of knowledge; their study trains and elevates the mind. But they are not the only ones; there are others which we cannot disregard—which we cannot do without. There are, for instance, the laws governing the human mind and its relation to the Divine Spirit—the subjects of logic and metaphysics. There are those which govern our bodily nature and its connexion with the soul—the subject of physiology and psychology. Those which govern human society and the relations between man and man—the subjects of politics, jurisprudence, and political economy, and many others. While of the laws just men-

tioned, some have been recognized as essentials of education in different institutions, and some will, in the course of time, more fully assert their right to recognition, the laws regulating matter and form are those which will constitute the chief object of your pursuits; and as the principle of subdivision of labour is the one most congenial to our age, I would advise you to keep to this speciality, and to follow with undivided attention chiefly the sciences of mechanics, physics, and chymistry, and the fine arts in painting, sculpture, and architecture. You will thus have conferred an inestimable boon upon your country, and in a short time have the satisfaction of witnessing the beneficial results upon our national powers of production. Other parts of the country will, I doubt not, emulate your example; and I live in hopes that all these institutions will some day find a central point of union, and thus complete their national organization."

The second prominent hinderance to universal progress is, doubtless, the want of an extended method of communication, through a common language. So large a gathering of men from all nations has exhibited the difficulties experienced from the differences of language in a most impressive light. Never did a necessity for some improvement seem stronger; and public attention has been directed to the same. Projects have been made, and though a sceptic smile may be all that as yet greets the laborious inquirer into the laws of language, ideas are matured and published. We shall not inquire into the different methods suggested, further than noticing one which seems to be eminently practical in itself, and of easy realization. M. Hyppolyte Peut, of Paris, suggested that an agreement should be generally entered into, to adopt one language as the second language, to be taught in all lyceums, schools, and colleges, which second language should be taught concurrently with the national languages. Thus each people would

preserve its own language; the English, the English language; the Germans, the German language; the French, the French language, &c. &c.; but all would have at the same time at their service one second language, which all would understand, and of which all might make use.

It is impossible to ignore, that from the differences of language the greatest difficulties are felt in any attempt to explore the institutions of other countries. At the recent Statistical Congress held at Paris, this fact was generally acknowledged. In all questions of political or moral science, wherever language is the expression of certain definite ideas, be it with a view to compare one another's laws, or to ascertain any social phenomena, we must first of all agree in the terms used, as well as in their significance; and this is often a palpable obstacle to progress.

This unity of language suggests also the unity in money, weights, and measures, both in commercial and in scientific weights, in all countries; besides the decimalization of the barometer and thermometer; and many other schemes of a similar nature. Among such we shall number also, the want of settling on a common Meridian. In 1852, a Meteorological Congress was held, at the invitation of the Government of the United States of America, for the purpose of concerting a systematic and uniform plan of meteorological observation at sea, on the suggestion of Lieutenant Maury. This important congress laid the basis for the discovery of new courses of navigation, for ascertaining the laws which govern atmospheric and electrical phenomena, and for rendering both the navy and mercantile vessels instrumental in bringing every part of the ocean within the domain of philosophical research. What were the results? Observations were made; and our own Board of Trade gave instructions to that effect. But, owing to the difference of meridian, one nation taking it from Washington, another

from Paris, another from Greenwich, &c., &c., the difficulty of calculation became enormous.

It has been said, nations are divided among themselves, only because they do not understand each other; because the confusion of hundreds of different languages hinders them from communicating to each other their ideas and their aspirations, and to make known to each other their wants and their interests. Let them have the means of understanding each other, and all barriers will disappear; rivalries will be smoothed; hatred will be extinguished; prejudices will vanish; a rich emulation will replace the antagonism, fruitless even where it does not cause destruction and mourning; war, that bloody scourge, and the deplorable residue of the barbarism of the first eras, will become impossible; and the civilized nations of the globe, united into one common thought, animated by one similar principle of intellectual and moral life, will march together in a steady and uninterrupted step towards those great and mysterious destinies which Christian civilization opens to the modern world.

And now that we have considered some of the prospective results of International Exhibitions, as they affect the individual, the nation, and the world, we shall see what are the morals they teach, and what are the duties allotted to us; or in other words, in what manner we can best appropriate to ourselves the benefits they are likely to bestow, and what are the conditions for such an appropriation.

A desire to know was the great motive of the Exhibition, and to meet it unparalleled efforts were cheerfully made. It is no use to think otherwise, knowledge must be sought after. It must be acquired step by step, here a little and there a little; now by reading, and now by writing; now by hearing, and now by speaking; now by travelling, and now by resting; now by contemplating, and

now by measuring. The universe is our school. The works of God are our school-book. God is our teacher. If we but feel the want of knowledge, we shall soon obtain it. There are nations who believe they have all they need. When at the Statistical Congress, held in Brussels in 1853, a remark was made on the absence of representatives from Russia, it transpired that the Russian government had signified its opinion that the statistical organization of Russia was perfect. So, China and Japan are convinced of their own perfection, needing no help from European contact. It is the same with individuals as with nations. There are some who presumptuously believe they know all they want, or at any rate, all that is desirable for them to know, or worse still, all that can be known on any subject. Extreme blindness! No, no! Let us acknowledge our deficiencies. Let us brace our mind. Let us gird our loins, and search for knowledge. And where shall we seek for it? From the Source of all wisdom. It is thither that we must turn our eyes, and thence we must expect our cistern to be filled with the water of knowledge. "The Lord," says Wisdom, "possessed me in the beginning of his way, before his works of old. I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was. When there were no depths, I was brought forth; when there was no fountain abounding with water. Before the mountains were settled, before the hills was I brought forth. While as yet he had not made the earth, nor the fields, nor the highest part of the dust of the world. When he prepared the heavens, I was there; when he set a compass upon the face of the depth; when he established the clouds above; when he strengthened the fountains of the deep; when he gave to the sea his decree that the waters should not pass his commandments; when he appointed the foundations of

the earth. Then I was by him as one brought up with him, and I was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him. Rejoicing in the habitable part of His earth, and my delight was with the sons of men." It is Heavenly Wisdom that speaks—He delights in us. Gracious assurance! And will he not impart a share of his wisdom to us? Yes, if we but ASK; and we may ask, as HE DELIGHTS IN US.

Another prominent mark of such Exhibitions, was the readiness with which the articles were exhibited. Whilst this powerfully demonstrated a great revolution in public opinion, as compared with that secrecy which distinguished former ages, it indicates also that extension of information and liberality of principle often proceed *pari passu* A misanthropic exclusiveness ill befits a liberal and intelligent mind, nor does it advantage himself or the world. When the early Christians received that heaven-born spirit which animated and transformed them, we learn that they were of one heart and one soul, and brought all things in common. By communicating our ideas, we strengthen and develop them. Fear not that they will be stolen from you. The chances are that you will receive them back with interest.

A beautiful illustration of the principle herein involved, founded upon the proverb, "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth," was given in a late number of *Excelsior*:—

"A young scholar is making his first trial of composition; and he fears that this essay will exhaust the sum-total of his literary property. He thinks he has a few good ideas, and one or two rather striking illustrations. But if he puts the whole into the present speech or poem, what is to become of him? There will be no assets left; he will be reduced to intellectual bankruptcy. But you say, No fear. An earnest mind is not a bucket, but a fountain; and, as

good thoughts flow out, better thoughts flow in. Good thoughts are gregarious; the bright image or sparkling aphorism—fear not to give it wing; for lured by its decoy, thoughts of sublimer range and sunnier pinion will be sure to descend and gather round it. As you scatter you 'll increase. And it is in this way that whilst many a thought which might have enriched the world has lain buried in a sullen or monastic spirit, like a crock of gold in a coffin,—the good idea of a frank and forth-spoken man gets currency, and after being improved to the advantage of thousands, has returned to its originator with usury. It has been lent, and so it has not been lost. It has been communicated, and so it has been preserved. It has circulated, and so it has increased."

It is important, also, to consider that the nations suddenly appealed to, to exhibit their own industries, had scarcely any time to prepare. Evidently the Exhibition aimed at obtaining a fair exposition of the present state of industries throughout the world. Therefore, unless the different nations had already made sufficient progress, they would have taken their stand with much discredit to themselves. Little did they know of the possibility of such an universal competition being at any time carried into effect. How does this suggest the importance of being always READY for whatever emergency may take place! It is the same for material, moral, and spiritual duties.

Not less important is the consideration of the struggle which must have been made by the artists and manufacturers of the world to attain that amount of proficiency which enabled them to acquire an honourable position in relation to other nations. How many new ideas were created! how many new applications of even old truths! how many experiments! how many changes! and how many new researches! In short, through what multiplication of circum-

stances must the numberless articles exhibited have passed! How much time and labour must have been spent to complete them! And yet this is the law of labour; and who that labours intelligently, and for a purpose, grudges it? Labour is our second nature. Our powers of thought, imagination, and passion, qualify us for intellectual efforts; our capacity of invention, construction, and intercourse, fits us for external operation. We must act, in order to be happy. We must work, or otherwise we must be miserable. But what results did we see! What a magnificent spectacle did such an assemblage present!

Let us now ask, if there be so much ground for congratulation in the industrial world, exhibiting as it does the results and products of human genius in the development of those faculties which find their occupation in ministering to the material necessities of mankind, why is it that there is so much comparative inactivity prevailing in the world of morals and of spiritualism? In the one case we find activity the most untiring, devotion the most absolute, an adaptation of means to ends the most complete, an economy of resource the most judicious, and an advancement toward improvement, or even perfection, the most rapid and steady. In the other case we find prevailing listlessness, little ingenuity and devotedness,—and much supineness and inactivity. But alas! alas! let us avow it. It is much the same wherever we turn our eyes. The riches of nature are yet lying unexplored under our feet; human genius has yet to put forth its mightiest power; the universe is yet a chaos to our comprehension, which will demand all but superhuman efforts to unravel; masses of human beings are yet under the thraldom of material, moral, and spiritual blindness and slavery; a vast amount of spiritual pauperism yet prevails, and many regions yet lie under the servitude of pagan fooleries; much remains

to be done to awaken throughout the world a sense of Christian accountability, and a perception of Christian truths; and, if so, what immense struggles are yet required at the hand of the Minister, the Teacher, and the Philanthropist!

Not less instructive and of wide application is the principle prominently brought out in such Great Exhibitions, that progress can only be made by means of comparison. The faculty of comparing different methods and different principles is perhaps the most difficult of human attainments. It is difficult, principally, inasmuch as it supposes a disposition to acknowledge the efforts of others as stepping-stones to human progress. Wherever a small spark of genius or intelligence exists, a desire is soon marked to establish new and distinct theories, and to strike out a new path. Whilst we should aim at "*individuality*" as the great distinction of man, we are egregiously wrong if we ignore or disallow the wisdom and genius of others. True wisdom will always make capital of the wisdom manifested by the ancients, or by contemporaries, and add to such his own portion of attainments.

But oh! let us take care, if Providence does not enable us to do much to stimulate progress, that we *at least do not obstruct it.* Let us remember that in many a manner we may lay obstructions in its way. We may obstruct it when we do not heed the voice of science; when, for example, notwithstanding important new discoveries, we cling to old methods, and thus positively and wilfully refuse the light which Divine wisdom transmits through his favourite children, for universal benefit; we obstruct it when we maintain a system of bounty with a view artificially to direct attention and ingenuity to subjects of invention, rather than allowing the human intellect to have an unrestricted field; we obstruct it when we throw hinderances to the exchange of commodities, and when by protective duties or otherwise

we create monopolies, and oppose the great economical laws; we obstruct it when we set up a text of Scripture apparently enjoining a course at variance with that system of development which all nature clearly illustrates; as when we quote a scriptural authority running in opposition to science. The learned Dr. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, pointedly pronounces that "till the advocates of Christianity shall have become universally much better acquainted with the true character of their religion than universally they have ever yet been, we must always expect that every branch of study, every scientific theory that is brought into notice, will be assailed on religious grounds by those who either have not studied the subject, or who are incompetent judges of it; or, again, who are addressing themselves to such persons as are so circumstanced, and wish to excite and to take advantage of the passions of the ignorant. *Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.*"

Again, we obstruct human progress when we do not act in unison with others, when we keep ourselves by ourselves, isolated from the human family, and peevishly refuse to be indebted to, or to receive from others, any of the helps which man can bestow on man. Just as in religion we obstruct its progress by the divisions and subdivisions of sectarianism, instead of aiming at Christian unity, and at the practical acknowledgment of that precept involved in the prayer,—"that they all may be one."

And now that we have reviewed the main facts connected with these gigantic undertakings, that we have glanced at the motives, and spied over the future as to their possible results, we shall ask, To what grand issue does the world point at? All such steps, Universal Exhibitions, International congresses, railways, telegraphs, — do they not approach that great era of the perfect unity of the human family? Is this great consummation distant or near?

Surely it is coming. Surely it is approaching. Large portions of the world may yet be uncivilized; religion may have yet shined but with veiled face over towns and cities, and scarcely exhibited its force except through some bright recipients of Divine light; war and rumours of war may yet be troubling this wretched world; misery, suffering, and desolation may still be at our door; ignorance may be too visible in our communities. But, oh! let us be patient. Let us look forward. With a sanguine temper let us step beyond present woes. See what agencies are at work. Suddenly do they, and will they more and more, transform the face of the earth. And in the words of an able essayist, while indulging in such reflections, a grand social system rises majestically before the delighted imagination. "The elemental chaos seems arranging itself into definite shapes; the general confusion is giving place to order, and a moral universe appears fast springing into form and being and perfection. Great Father of Nature! Is it a delusion of the youthful fancy—or hast thou from the creation of the world established laws whose slow but continual action is at length producing this mighty creation? Hast thou given existence to the agent of life, which is but waiting the completion of the corporeal frame, to enter and quicken and preserve from dissolution? Shall nations soon commence revolving, without jar or collision, around the great sun and centre of their common attraction, which is on all sides dispensing light, and peace, and happiness; while each of those nations, like so many mighty planets, is internally assuming the form and structure best calculated to secure its future stability? It may be an illusion; but I hope it will last for ever. I will ever gladly preserve the belief that the world is hereafter continually to become more wise, more happy, and more free."

And shall we allow our expectations to be shaken under

the burden of present European disturbances? No! Whatever was originally advanced as to the probable results of International Exhibitions will be more than realized. Although all around us should proclaim war and depredation; though one nation after another should swell the number of the belligerents; though art and science themselves should be so prostituted as to be made to minister to an incendiary and destructive spirit; though commerce, hitherto the handmaid of peace, should be made to help and to supply the wants of war; yet we see before us, clear as crystal, and certain as our present existence, a future bright and joyous, when the prayer which ascended at the opening of the Great Exhibition of 1851, will be fully realized,—"Now, therefore, O God, we thank Thee: we praise Thee, and entreat Thee so to overrule this assembly of many nations that it may tend to the advancement of Thy glory, to the diffusion of Thy holy word, to the increase of general prosperity, *by promoting peace and goodwill among the different races of mankind.*"

The Home-Harbest.

A LECTURE

BY THE

REV. JOHN C. MILLER, M.A.,

HONORARY CANON OF WORCESTER; RECTOR OF ST. MARTIN'S, BIRMINGHAM;
CHAPLAIN TO LORD CALTHORPE.

THE HOME-HARVEST.

To witness—to work—to suffer—is the threefold mission of "Christ's Church militant here on earth."

At different periods of her history, the call to one or other of these duties is made with a special urgency, which presents it as peculiarly and emphatically the duty of the time. Her testimony and her toil are to know neither suspension nor abeyance. From suffering she has her seasons of respite; for not every age is an age of persecution. But as, at one time, suffering has been the characteristic of her lot, and at another, the outbreak of old or revived heresy has called forth her testimony for God's truth, in clearest, loudest tones, so again has energetic and untiring labour become the special, the paramount, duty to which multiplied opportunities and providential leadings have pointed.

The Church of Christ in our own land has furnished her full quota both to the "great cloud of witnesses," and to "the noble army of martyrs." She is now called—not indeed to reserve or suspend her testimony (far otherwise!)—but to labour, to the active work of her mission among the souls of men. Our lot has fallen upon working days.

The call points unmistakeably to her HOME FIELD, as to no secondary field of labour. She is responding. She is no longer open to the charge of a merely telescopic zeal and activity,—a charge oftener made in a spirit of unbelief

and enmity, than in intelligent zeal or sincere goodwill towards the work of Christ in our world. Christian love is nobly vindicating itself from the charge of mere romance. True it was—and it could not, from the laws of the human mind, be otherwise—that, in some measure, "distance lent enchantment to the view," as our work was presented to us clothed with the drapery of the mythology, the superstitions, the habits, the scenery, of distant nations; as our sympathies, and faith, and hope, were turned to cannibal islanders, to Indians in their forests and wigwams, to the Suttee of the Hindoo widow, to unnatural rites on the banks of Gunga, to Benares—the sacred city—to the palmyra trees of Tinnevelly, to the self-inflicted tortures of the Fakir, to the mysterious and unpenetrated recesses of China, to the unutterable wrongs of Africa, the holds of slave-ships, and the touching developments of African intellects and hearts. Henry Martyn, the senior wrangler, the fond lover, the devoted missionary, expiring at Tocat; John Williams, apostle and martyr, his pages teeming with grotesque or solemn incidents; the tragedy of Eromanga; Pomare and all her woes; Moffat amid the Bechuanas; the God-protected "Harmony" on her yearly voyage to the ice-girt missionaries of Labrador; the "Brethren" at Genadendal and at Bavian's Kloof; a bishop swimming rivers and walking himself barefoot on visitation tours; nor least, Jerusalem in heaps, "the lost sheep of the house of Israel," the nation without a home; in all this there was room for sentiment, for poetry, for romance, if you will, no less than for Christian faith and love and hope and joy.

Within these walls have the hearts of thousands burned and thrilled, the eyes of thousands wept, over these themes. From the scorned and derided platform of Exeter Hall have appeals reached many a heart, and brought forth fruit, for the salvation of man and for the glory of Immanuel.

But missionaries from far-off lands have no monopoly of Exeter Hall, nor of the sympathies of Christ's church in our midst. We may have gazed (neither unnaturally nor unduly) with special interest and sympathy on "men who have hazarded their lives for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ," amid African malaria, beneath a tropical sun, or among cannibals at our antipodes. But let Nisbet's and Seeley's Yearly Lists bear witness that the Christians of England, Churchmen and Nonconformists, can use the microscope no less than the telescope. Amid meetings which are gradually absorbing April as well as May, and have thrust our Church Missionary and Bible meetings from their post of honour as the first of the great metropolitan gatherings, into a central position amid the train which precede and the train which follow, the "City Mission" and the "Ragged-school" anniversaries attract the largest multitudes; and their Reports, with that of our "Pastoral Aid Society," though their details be drawn from no spice-breathing islands nor distant landscapes, but from the alleys and courts, the dens and garrets and gutters around us, are listened to with an interest no less solemn than the stirring documents of our foreign missions, which detail to us the running of the Word of God to and fro, and the increase of the kingdom of Immanuel in the distant lands of heathendom. And the Montagu Villiers, the Weldon Champneys, the William Cadman, the Newman Hall, the William Brock and the Samuel Martin, who come to you from Bloomsbury or Whitechapel, from Southwark or Westminster—the men whom God hath sent to toil amid the factories and furnaces, the coal-pits and the looms, of our provincial Londons—when they come to you to "report progress," find patient and even riveted listeners to the (not always "short," but) "simple annals" of "the Home Harvest" of England.

This Harvest is our theme to-night. It is whitening and waiting, not amid rural scenes only, in the golden valleys and on the hill slopes of Old England; but in back streets and swarming courts, amid towns which, as we look down at them during some brief railway stoppage, seem shrouded in ceaseless and impenetrable smoke. The sickle is to be plied, the sheaves gathered, throughout the sparse hamlets whose population has not varied for a century, and amid the teeming towns which, during that century, have trebled and quadrupled their population, if they have not altogether sprung into existence.

My proposed line of address is simple. It will direct you first to the HARVEST-FIELD itself. Our glance at this will be followed by an examination of SOME OF THE AGENCIES ALREADY AT WORK FOR ITS INGATHERING.

We may then inquire, WHETHER ANY, AND IF ANY, WHAT, NEW AGENCIES SEEM TO BE DEMANDED BY THE EXIGENCIES OF THE CHURCH'S WORK?

I. THE HARVEST-FIELD itself. Not the *whole* field, not those classes of society among us who are already beneath the influence of our active operation; but the classes least reached, and which therefore are, in this nominally Christian land, the proper objects of what is ordinarily understood by Missionary agency.

Let us look our work in the face; and let us not talk of the working classes and of the poor so exclusively, as to fall into the error of supposing that they only need our anxious thought and earnest effort. In reference to the former, I shall not rehearse in your ears statistics which, although they have lost none of their terrible importance by repetition and familiarity, are yet known sufficiently for my purpose to every man among us. One test, however, of mournful significancy and conclusiveness may be touched on—the testimony of our Communion Tables. Exceptions, here

and there, in nowise invalidate the fact that the proportion of communicants among our artisans is absolutely "nil," when set beside their numbers. I do not exaggerate the importance of this test. I do not regard absence, even habitual absence, from that holy table as necessarily conclusive of spiritual death, any more than I regard habitual presence as necessarily conclusive of spiritual life. But surely it is a test, and no unimportant one. And it is a mournful symptom of the spiritual indifference of the masses to their Christian duties and privileges, that the great bulk of them should seem to have no concern with the dying injunction of their Lord—no care for a child's place and a child's bread at the table of their Father in Heaven.

On their infidelity, their indifference, their improvidence, their Sabbath-breaking, their giant sin—drunkenness—I have no design to dwell. Yet, while the facts are too patent and glaring to be gainsayed, I cannot but in fairness suggest that we are falling into a way of talking of the working-classes which savours too much of a Pharisaism on our own part. Take into account the advantages—domestic, educational, moral, and spiritual—which the higher classes have enjoyed, and then mark their scepticism, indifference, improvidence, Sabbath desecration, and unchastity—the prodigals and the hoary *roués* among the aristocracy, and gentry, and middle classes—penetrate beneath the veil which the usages of society spread over the prodigalities and the excesses, the frauds and the *liaisons* of our spendthrifts and blacklegs from among the titled and genteel; and while we shall neither shut our eyes to the condition of the working-classes in their casinos and gin-palaces and tap-rooms, nor mourn less over their vacant places in God's house and at Christ's table—still less become their apologists—we shall not speak of them as if the monopoly of vice and crime were in their hands.

But, before we pass on to other portions of the Church's wide harvest-field, let us a moment leave those scenes in which what are popularly understood by the Working-Classes are to be found. Let us glance a moment at the working-classes in our rural districts. A man should seldom quote himself. Indulge me in an exception to this wholesome rule.

"We greatly err if we imagine that our large towns have a monopoly of indifference and vice, and irreligion and crime, and that our country villages and rural districts are comparatively the scenes of purity, and innocence, and piety. Our large towns have their peculiar snares. The facilities for indulging vice in secret, the congregated numbers affording numerous tempters and numerous associates for evil—in most cases, the far higher rate of wages; these and other causes combine to render them peculiarly scenes of peril. But *he* knows little of the internal condition of our rural parishes who, as he surveys their calm and picturesque beauty in some wide-spread landscape, with here and there the tower or heaven-pointing spire of many a village sanctuary; or as he dives into their dells, and glades, and copses, saunters by their river sides, paces their meadows, and climbs their hills, luxuriates in the belief that these fair scenes of rural loveliness are types and emblems of the purity and virtue of those whose lot is cast among them. Our assize calendars dissipate the pleasing delusion. Drunkenness and impurity are rife even amid these scenes of nature's beauty; and the drunken brawl, and the murderous blow, and the unbridled lust—these are not less sinful in their character, nor less fearful in their social evil, nor less damning in their eternal issues, because the scene of the revelry, or the quarrel, or the rape, or the murder, was in a fair landscape or a village in which an artist's eye and fancy might revel with delight. Nor (to put actual crime aside)

is the stolid and brutish indifference of the farmhouse labourer—too often even of the farmer himself—with whom, if ever he enter the village church, the rude choir alone awakens his gaping and staring interest, while the man collapses mentally, if he do not slumber physically, through the prayers and sermon—less mournful. Nor is this man, practically and for his soul's salvation, more alive unto God or more earnest for eternity, than the less boorish secularists of the manufacturing town."*

There is a danger lest our attention be concentrated too exclusively on our large towns. No doubt, whether in home or foreign evangelization, they are of the first moment; and, if any doubt existed, the Acts of the Apostles are conclusive. But our agricultural districts present fields which, whenever we shall address ourselves earnestly to the work, will, in practical detail, be encumbered by greater difficulties. The scattered character of the population; in many cases the almost entire absence of both living and pecuniary materials for local agency and work—even the maintenance of a solitary school; the crass and stolid indifference of our boors to self-improvement in any form; the domestic arrangements of their dwellings, fatal to common decency, and rendering purity well nigh impossible;—these obstacles, when we are aroused to grapple with rural evangelization, will be found more formidable than any which oppose us in the Metropolis, or in our provincial cities and towns.

Yon petty farmer, with no higher thought than the price of wheat or the yield of potatoes; yon urchin who scares crows the livelong day, and thinks heaven is for gentlefolks; yon girl who is piling haycocks in that field; yon ruddy lass who is driving those cows to water;—these are but samples of tens of thousands who—no less than the Spital-

* "Home-Heathen:" an Assize Sermon. (Hatchard.)

fields weaver, the Manchester cotton-spinner, the Liverpool dock-labourer, the Birmingham artizan, and the iron-puddler of the "black-country,"—are to be sought out, gathered as wheat into the garner, and shepherded within the Church's fold.

In reverting to our urban population, let us again be on our guard against the concentration of our thought and effort too exclusively on what are ordinarily comprehended under the term "*the Working Classes.*" Nor is it to the lowest strata of our motley population that we must chiefly look,—the scum—the outcasts—the thieves and prostitutes who skulk among our brothels and our rookeries. We believe that, at this moment, there is a class less accessible to Christian effort, and, as a matter of fact, less reached. Into our rookeries the minister of God, the Scripture reader, the City Missionary, has dived and delved. He, and such as he—their "feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace"—have wound their way aloft: told the story of the Cross in yon squalid garret, and in the depths of yon damp, dark cellar, where the jail-bird, the bloated drunkard—where she, who was once a bright-eyed, laughing girl, now lies a-dying, amid rags and vermin. But let us turn our thoughts to others—each unit with a soul as precious—who meet us in a guise more homely: the thousands of our smallest huckster-tradesmen; our needle-women—not in Bond-street, or St. James's-street, or Pall-mall, whose fingers furnish the *trousseaux* of noble belles, for coming "Marriages in High Life"—but the wan-faced, bony-fingered one, of whom Hood sang in immortal verse, and whose work decks the windows of our gay hosiers, and supplies the stores of our slop-shops. Let not our omnibus-drivers and cabmen, the crews of our Sabbath-breaking steamers, be forgotten.

Add to these our factory girls. To these, the children

drawn, I had almost said, from our *infant schools*, to eke out the family earnings by premature toil in our hardware districts. To these, the multitudes of young men whom no early-closing movement has yet reached, and who are chained to the counter, not "from morn till dewy eve" only but, till sable night. Nor must the mass of domestic servants be lost sight of,—not the privileged ones whose lot is in a Christian home, with Sunday privileges and the daily privileges of the family altar,—but who serve in families living "without God in the world." Look again at our juvenile criminals, the guilt of whose early crime must be laid mainly at the door of that Church and nation who, by their grievous neglect, have left them as pupils for Satan's school,—that school from which our prisons are replenished, and every name in whose muster-roll figures upon our Sessions and Assize-calendars. I stay not now to inquire whether it be to the increase of educational means mainly, or to some regulation of juvenile labour throughout all the manufacturing districts, or to the adoption of a system of compulsory education, that we must look. That the great educational question has not yet been successfully grappled with, I will prove to you by no antiquated statistics of bygone days, but from a recent document—

"The chaplains have examined during the year 1480 prisoners—925 males and 555 females. Of these

TOTAL.	MALES.	FEMALES.	
24	24	0	had received a fair general education.
83	66	17	were able to read and write well.
186	134	52	to read well and write imperfectly.
195	149	46	to read and write imperfectly.
23	5	18	to read well but not write.
426	266	160	to read imperfectly.
543	281	262	were unable either to read or write.
1480	925	555	

144 prisoners, 76 males and 68 females, were entirely

ignorant of our blessed Saviour; 656, 431 males and 225 females, knew the Saviour's name, and that he was crucified, but nothing more; 478, 292 males and 186 females, knew something of his return to judgment; 175, 112 males and 63 females, had some knowledge of his intercession and the necessity of prayer in his name; 27, 14 males and 13 females, had some understanding of the need of the Holy Spirit's help and grace, though ignorant of his office and operations; 102 prisoners, 68 males and 34 females, were unable to say the Lord's Prayer; 436, 290 males and 146 females, had been taught the Lord's Prayer only; 413, 252 males and 161 females, the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed; 164, 91 males and 73 females, the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments; 365, 224 males and 141 females, the Church or some other catechism; 133, 74 males and 59 females, had received the rite of confirmation. It is scarcely necessary to observe that these persons, if tried, repeat their respective parts inaccurately, generally by the merest rote, and often without the slightest understanding of the import of the solemn words they utter. Of the 144 prisoners entirely ignorant of the Saviour's name, 89 could say the Lord's Prayer, and 21 had even been taught to repeat the Creed. Nor is their secular education or general intelligence in advance of their religious. Of these 1480 prisoners, 1231, 717 males and 514 females, were altogether ignorant of arithmetic; only 47, all males, had learnt as far as the rules of practice or interest; the remaining 202, 161 males and 41 females, had learned something of arithmetic, though none of them had gone beyond the four fundamental rules.

"In order to test their general intelligence, my plan is to ask each prisoner five simple questions:—the name of the Queen, the number of months in the year, the name of the

current month, &c.; and the following is the result of our examinations of these 1480 prisoners in this respect:—

TOTAL.	MALES.	FEMALES.	
131	71	60	were unable to answer one of five questions.
273	139	134	were able to answer one question.
306	180	126	were able to answer two questions.
294	198	96	were able to answer three questions.
104	72	32	were able to answer four questions.
372	265	107	were able to answer all the questions.

"Of these 1480 prisoners, 245, 160 males and 85 females, had never attended any school. The rest had attended various schools, often irregularly, and with long intervals of absence for longer or shorter periods."*

Too truly did the *Times* tell us that "the education of all, is one of the great tasks set before this generation."

What a field is here!—a field, be it remembered, included in the zeal and energy, the plans, and efforts, and prayers of the Church of Christ. And when we look at our work in its urgency and entirety and comprehensiveness and in all its fulness of detail, we must let no difficulties daunt us, no self-indulgent sluggishness deter us, from recognizing these as included in the work which we have to do for our Master and for the souls of men. These must task our ingenuity and call forth our effort.

II. WHAT AGENCIES ARE AT WORK FOR THE INGATHERING OF THIS HARVEST?

This is our second point of inquiry. We look around and take courage. "Brother," said Legh Richmond in his dying hours, "we are only half awake, we are none of us more than half awake." Too true, alas! even now, when the worth of souls and the nearness of eternity and the riches of Christ's love, are adequately accounted of. But we are astir. The thesis of to-night's Lecture is felt to be

* Report of the Rev. R. H. Goodacre, Chaplain to the Stafford County Prison and House of Correction. Michaelmas Session, 1855.

the thesis of the day. The press teems with it; the "London Quarterly" and the "North British" have, in their latest numbers, devoted able papers to it; the *Times* devotes "leaders" to it; schemes and efforts are multiplied. While the work of church and chapel and school building is going on, it is felt that mere brick-and-mortar work is not enough.

Societies are multiplied for bringing to bear upon the living harvest-field the sympathy and love, the energy and toil, of living men and women. Lay agency is awakening in its Scriptural and giant strength. Scripture readers and missionaries are traversing our chief towns in their length and breadth, and, better still, in their holes and corners. Young Men's Associations, Training Colleges, Ragged Schools, the Reformatory movement, Model Lodging-houses, Working Men's Associations, schemes for the harmless recreation of our sons of toil, all tell of reviving zeal and life. We may be blundering and hobby-riding, some of us, but at least we are in earnest. Better honest blundering than sheer laziness; better a little hobby-riding from here and there a theorist and an eccentric worker, than the unbroken sleep of the whole Church. And the gospel has got back to its old pulpit—the street and the roadside—and to its old sounding-board—the broad blue sky—as when the Baptist pioneer startled them in the wilderness, "Repent ye!" "Behold the Lamb of God!" and the greater than the Baptist taught by the seashore, in fishing-smacks, at well-sides, on mountain-tops and crowded highways. Noble lords and statesmen of "the first water," and of all schools of politics, the "genuine old Whig" and the "Liberal Conservative," and the "Whig and something more,"—ex-secretaries of state, and ex-chancellors of exchequer, stand forth upon other floors than St. Stephen's, on other platforms than the hustings, and speed on the great work.

Again we say, we take courage, but courage not unmixed with anxiety and fear. In proportion to the stir and the multiplicity of agencies at work in the great cause of England's progress, is the solicitude of the Christian that our principles may be sound, our plans wise, our agencies suitable, and that all may be for the true welfare of man, the furtherance of Christ's kingdom and the glory of God.

Manifestly, we can but touch on one or two of the agencies at work.

And, first, *the Pulpit*. This, I trust, in this auditory, will take precedence.

> "The pulpit therefore (and I name it, fill'd
> With solemn awe, that bids me well beware
> With what intent I touch that holy thing,)—
> The pulpit (when the satirist has at last,
> Strutting and vapouring in an empty school,
> Spent all his force, and made no proselyte)—
> I say the pulpit (in the sober use
> Of its legitimate, peculiar powers)
> Must stand acknowledged while the world shall stand,
> The most important and effectual guard,
> Support, and ornament of virtue's cause." *

Not only so, but "the most important and effectual" means of aggression on the mass with which we have to do. We believe, with old Richard Cecil, that "Christ crucified" (the grand theme of preaching) "is God's great ordinance," and therefore that God designs for preaching, under the blessing of his Spirit of conviction and renewal, a mighty power.

We preachers have of late been the subjects of pungent, severe, strictures at the hands of the press. We shall do well not to wince unduly. They have told us some wholesome truths. A few home truths, though somewhat curtly told, may rouse some of our pulpit sluggards; and, coming

* Cowper's Task.

from an independent source, and not from the *coterie* of friends and admirers, do some of our pulpit-idols good. But in much that has been written—and written ably—there has been an important fallacy; a fallacy arising from the ignoring of an important fact. Our critics, in deploring the feebleness of the pulpit in our day, and its comparative failure to attract the masses, have forgotten this important element in the case, that "the carnal mind is enmity against God," that "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God," that our work is *against the grain*, because man, untouched by Divine grace, is blind to "the things which belong unto his peace," and "dead in trespasses and sins." They have ignored a truth, practically ignored very commonly, even where held theoretically, the alienation and corruption of the human heart; in a word, THE FALL.

Nevertheless, they have told us much by which we shall do well to profit. And whether we look to Church of England or Nonconformist pulpits, there is much to make us anxious. Not that we would take a desponding view, or shut our eyes to the fact, that from very many pulpits of our land the Gospel sounds forth in all its blessed fulness and freeness. We believe that many underrate the number of really excellent sermons preached every Sunday in our land. Their own standard of preaching is erroneous—too intellectual, too literary, too secular. The one only theme of Paul, "nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified," palls upon their ear. And God forbid that we should meet their tastes by departing from his rule, or adopting any other determination. But while in but too many Church of England pulpits, sacerdotalism, sacramentalism, and rationalism are obscuring the blessed testimony of the Gospel, has not a new school of preaching sprung up in too many Dissenting pulpits—a school in which the aim seems to be

to secure a reputation for genius and profundity of the preacher, by wrapping up old and simple truths in a new-coined mystic jargon of intellectualism and philosophy? The Gospel is there, but so bedecked and bedizened and tricked out, so overlaid and encumbered, that simple-minded hearers are untaught and bewildered; and others form a high conception of the depth and eloquence which baffle their comprehension. To the Romanizer we say, "Give us the Gospel in its integrity." To this would-be philosopher, "Give us the Gospel in its simplicity;" to both we say, "*Sirs, we would see Jesus.*"

The power of preaching, be it remembered, does not lie in the wisdom or eloquence of man; but in the Gospel testimony as the Divine provision for man's recovery from the curse and from the chain of sin; presented in unimpaired fulness, in unfettered freeness, in uncompromising faithfulness. The love of the Father, the giver—the love of the Son giving himself—the love of the Spirit testifying of the Son. The ruin, in all its depth of guilt and helplessness—the atoning blood, in all its efficacy and preciousness—the grace, in all its might. The Father reconciling the world unto himself—the bleeding Saviour, the great magnet—the Spirit covenanted and outpoured. All the love of a present forgiveness—all the grace of a present justification—all the liberty of present holiness—all the glories of a coming kingdom—all the wrath of an eternal hell—"all the counsel of God."

We hear much of a "*Broad Church*" school among us—a school headed by leaders of attractive personal disposition and character, of varied acquirements, and, in some instances, of popular gifts. They have taken a foremost place among the social reformers and friends of progress in our day. If by "Broad Church" were intended a Church of broad sympathies, less disposed to division on non-essen-

tials, a Church of larger and more catholic heart toward Nonconformists, who in essentials are one with us—a Church taking a broad view of our social and spiritual evils and their remedy, and endeavouring to give our machinery an elasticity suited to the exigencies of the age,—such a "Broad Church" we would hail with joy, of such we would enrol ourselves members. But if, in order to the desired *breadth*, the vital truth of the inspiration and infallibility of the Word of God is to be frittered away under the sophistries of a specious rationalism; if the foundations are to be assailed, the atonement resolved into a higher kind of self-sacrifice only, denuded of its expiatory efficacy, and branded as inconsistent with the benevolence of the God of love; if the eternity of future punishment is to be explained away,—such breadth we can only characterize as the breadth of a latent, and perhaps unconscious, semi-infidelity. We love a "broad church," "Christ's church" is "broad." There is nothing narrow in true Christianity; but it rests upon the broad basis of inspired evangelical truth. And we have no faith in the breadth of a Church, or of any section of a Church, who depart from the faith of Christ's Church catholic—"the faith once delivered to the saints."

It is well observed, by the Rev. John Angell James, in his introduction to Dr. Spencer's "Pastors' Sketches," that, "In all preaching there should be *a prevalence of the converting element; i.e.*, of truths, and the manner of treating them, which are likely to rouse the hearer to the state of his soul; to show him his condition as a sinner; awaken a deep solicitude for his eternal welfare, by convincing him of his danger; to make him feel the necessity of repentance and faith; and to urge him to flee, without delay, to Christ for salvation." Almost any truth of the Bible may be so handled as to lead to this."—

p. 24. And he quotes the strong language of Richard Baxter: "Oh, care for the impenitent, and ply the great work of converting souls, whatever else you leave undone!" p. 22.

This element should indeed characterize all preaching; for our Sunday congregations consist but to too great an extent of those who have been designated "orthodox sinners," having "a name to live," while "they are dead;" but especially preaching which is designed as auxiliary to such a work of missionary aggression as that in which we are now engaged, in our school rooms, in our cottage lectures, and in our streets. And in ordinary congregations, we greatly overrate the power of the intellectual and literary element — the elaborate argument and the well-balanced period. Looking now at preaching only on the *human side*, an earnest tongue, prompted by an earnest heart to the utterance of the simplicities of the Gospel, will be found to constitute the most attractive and effective preaching. Well has a writer in the "London Quarterly" (October, 1855) said:—

"There is wanted in the pulpit more of nature, more of individuality, where we cannot have true originality; more of *earnest* talk, that shall rise with the argument, and with the growth of feeling, into forceful appeal, leading captive the whole man; more unction, *that*, in the whole body of ministers, which renders the few justly popular, impressive, and irresistible. Eloquence subdues free men; and the pulpit wants the eloquence which springs from energy and earnestness. These may make a rough style, but the knots of a club are its strength. We need, not the preaching which only whitens the sepulchres, but that which opens them and calls the dead to life."

To the criticism passed on much modern preaching we entirely assent, viz. that it comes too little to the business of daily life; that it is as if the religion of Christ was for

Sundays only, and not for "the six working days." We have before us a motley mass of sinners and sufferers, of tempted, toil-worn, care-burdened, tempest-tossed men and women. And the message we are charged with, while it points to the joys and glories of an unseen world, has its counsellings, its consolations, its balm, its medicine, its manna and its living waters, its commands and its threatenings, for these men and women in their daily life, in all the diversified minuteness of its detail. Home duties, counting-house cares, shop morality, anxious heads, aching hearts, houses of sickness, homes of mourning—it should reach them all. Only let the practice be based on the doctrine: our ethics not dry and frigid, but vivified and warmed by the motives of the Gospel, and by the provisions of God's grace.

Our limits do not permit, nor does necessity require, that we should dwell in detail upon each and all of the existent agencies and instrumentalities specified. Of Lay agency, of Training Colleges, of Ragged Schools, of the improvement of Dwelling-houses, of the Penny Bank system, and least of all, of the ordinary appliances of every well-ordered parish or chapel, District Visitors, Tract Distributors, and the machinery of Provident and Clothing Clubs, it would be superfluous to say more than that we need their manifold multiplication, so that, like a blessed network of Christian love and wisdom, they may overspread our entire population. For in too many a town and village will it be found that even these recognized and tested agencies have never been set at work—that there is little or nothing doing. We, whose lot is cast in towns where scarcely a day passes without its Committee summons, or an evening without its meeting, where every friend is a treasurer or honorary secretary or mendicant, for some Christian scheme, are apt, I sometimes think, to assume that what is going on here, is, in measure, going on everywhere. But there are, alas! many

stagnant pools; there is many a district where nothing of all this is doing; where, "like people, like priest," all are fast asleep; the clergyman, a drone in the parish, a rushlight in the pulpit; dissent powerless; the darkness—"darkness which may be felt"—the darkness of the shadow of death.

Were I to say a word about our SCHOOLS, it would be a word (not for the first time in this hall) in reference to our SUNDAY-SCHOOLS. And it would be a word expressive of the strong conviction that their real power is mournfully incommensurate with their numbers. From details I am utterly precluded. They would occupy a separate Lecture, and a long one. But let me honestly and deliberately again record my oft-expressed conviction that we are greatly deceiving ourselves as to their efficiency, and that the whole body of ministers and teachers throughout the land would do well to direct their calm and anxious attention to the elevation of our Sunday-schools—in no whit lowering or adulterating their purely religious character—to the requirements of the day.

The REFORMATORY movement is full of hope. It is in good hands, for the most part. Its friends seem, many of them, alive to the importance of not eliminating the penal element from their treatment of juvenile criminals. For a while there seemed a danger of a morbid humanity. We trust that it is past, and that whatever amount of the unhappy boy's or girl's precocious guilt is to be laid at the door of criminal parents, or of a nation which has deferred Christian education until the first school-room was within Reformatory walls, the child will be taught, by punishment moderate, and, both in kind and measure, suited to the end of reformation, that crime and suffering go together. And in anticipating the effects of the Reformatory movement, we fully share the sentiments of *The Times*, in the article already referred to, that "we shall rejoice to see the

anomaly"—of making the police-court the vestibule to the reformatory-school—"yet more anomalous." For it will soon render it "impossible for the country not to educate the honest offspring of honest parents."

Of "OPEN-AIR PREACHING" I shall now say little. Of what I have already uttered and written I have nothing to retract. I am far from regretting that our climate prevents its constant continuance throughout the year, because, being confined to the few summer months, it will the longer retain its freshness, and come in as a powerful stimulus just when "Dr. Greenfields" becomes a formidable rival. But one suggestion I would offer, which to Church of England ministers must have peculiar weight. No doubt, the claims of the flock already gathered in, and assembling regularly for food in "the green pastures" and "by the still waters" of the sanctuary on the Lord's-day, must not be neglected. But if we claim a territorial responsibility, as inducted to the pastoral charge of an entire district, and our only exception is where our ministrations are declined by the conscientious Nonconformist parishioner; and if, year after year, we find that, with a large mass of the souls for which we must give account, all other means fail, must we not *sometimes* go forth during the ordinary hours of Divine service on Sunday—most of us have curates—and in "the streets and lanes of the city" endeavour to arrest the groups of loungers and pleasure-seekers who never enter church or chapel walls? A Sunday morning or evening so spent occasionally seems almost necessary to our entire acquittal of ourselves of our awful responsibility for souls.

And now a word on "bricks and mortar." And if I speak as a minister of the Church of England, let it be understood that the duty urged will devolve no less on the Nonconformist, in reference to the increase of chapels.

No doubt *living agency* is our first and most pressing

want. But let us avoid extremes, and open our eyes to the fact that a gigantic effort is needed for the immediate increase of places of worship. Take the Establishment alone. Six hundred new churches are, upon careful computation, declared necessary. Nonconformists deeply feel the urgent need of new chapels. Meanwhile, our large towns—our Manchester, our Birmingham, our Cardiff—are rapidly doubling their population. And, while in many districts I would warmly advocate the immediate planting of a living man prior to the laying of a brick or stone, and would give him for his sanctuary the best room, and would not refuse the worst in which a score or two of home-heathen could be assembled to worship God and hear the glad message of salvation, I would not shut my eyes to such results as those which have followed church building in Birmingham, where, in every case of a new church in which there has not been some special hindrance, that church has proved the prolific source of blessing to the people. At once its schools and societies have sprung up. It has been as the opening of streams in the desert.

I will not stay to calculate what proportion of the work Dissenters will claim to do and will accomplish. But, would to God that the speaker were one whose words would ring through the land, and startle half-sleeping and self-indulgent Christians in their "houses of cedar"! We shall never grapple effectually with this evil but by a gigantic effort of love and energy—of determination and self-sacrifice, such as the Church of England has not yet seen. "*Six hundred churches*"! Cannot the nation which raised its Patriotic Fund with scarce an effort—cannot the nation which is sustaining buoyantly a mighty war, in the cause of liberty and righteousness, build "six hundred churches"? You are stirring in London. But why should not the laity of this land, not from the Metropolis and

suburbs only, but the aristocracy, the gentry, the squirearchy, the merchant-princes, the manufacturers, the sturdy middle-class men—of England, at once determine on a grand, united, comprehensive effort, initiated by a conference in London and in our large towns—an effort to pervade every city, town, and village in the land; and pledge themselves, as at the cross's foot, that, God helping them, they will never cease from the work until it be accomplished?

Is this rhapsody and romance? Look across the Tweed. Let the marvellous history of the Free Church of Scotland tell what can be done by the principle, the determination and the enthusiasm of a people. The disruption took place in 1843. The first year's income was upwards of £366,000. Its average is upwards of £300,000. In 1845, within the year, £100,000 were raised as a manse fund. The total sum expended on manses is not less than £250,000. Concurrently with this, wide-spread foreign missions have been supported. £80,000 have been expended in school building; nearly £20,000 in normal schools. There is a school teachers' fund of upwards of £12,000 annually. They have a college which has cost nearly £40,000. Oh! that Christ's saints and servants among us may be baptized anew with the spirit of self-devoting and self-denying love, and rise, in the strength of God, to the vast and urgent work which awaits their awaking!

We proceed with our concluding inquiry—WHETHER ANY AND, IF ANY, WHAT NEW AGENCIES ARE REQUIRED BY THE EXIGENCIES OF THE CHURCH'S WORK?

And here, at the outset, let it be hailed as a hopeful sign and earnest that we are beginning to awake to those domestic and social hindrances which stand in the way of our direct spiritual agencies. For the work is not to be regarded as devolving exclusively on the ministers of God, or as a work calling only for direct spiritual effort. In

reference to all—but more particularly to some—of the specified portions of the vast harvest-field, the direct work of the Christian Church is effectually blocked and barred by barriers which not only hamper its energies, but prevent them from being brought into play. And there is no point which I am more anxious to impress upon you to-night than this, that, if the work is to be done, the ministers of God and the direct spiritual agency of the Christian Church must be aided by the co-operation of employers—and generally, by the influence of an enlightened public opinion. Take the case of young men; ministers unaided cannot reach them. There are evils against which ministers can only protest, but which are beyond their power to remedy. For even when brought under the influence of Christian teaching and ordinances on the Sunday, this influence is counteracted by the evils of their domestic and social condition in the week. Emphatically and anxiously we say it—employers must begin the work. We are all but powerless without them. Employers must feel an employer's responsibility. The home element—there is none like it—must be brought out in the private ordering and the domestic arrangements of our houses of business. So long as home is felt, by young men or young women, to be the happiest place on earth, we have little fear for their morals, and good hope for their piety. But the evil under which our shopmen and apprentices are labouring—an evil inseparable from their condition—is, that they have no home; for that solitary room in which the clerk or out-door shopman lodges, is no home. There are no companionships, no sympathies, there. With apprentices and all in-door *employés*, the remedy is in the employer's hands. Let him regard himself not as master of a band of servants, but as *head of a home. Let the house be a home*, with as much as possible of domestic intercourse, recreation, and comfort. Let not the young

man be driven to street-strolling to while away his only hour of leisure, "in the twilight, in the evening, in the black and dark night"—to realize Solomon's mournful picture. Let him not be driven for the stimulus which he needs—(and he *does* need it, for he has stood behind a counter or been chained to a desk the livelong day) — let him not be driven for it to the casino and the tavern. Let him not be driven even to the reading-room of the "Young Men's Christian Association" for a book, a magazine, or a newspaper. Emphatically we reiterate, Gentlemen Employers, infuse the home element into your establishments; afford to these young men beneath your roof, those comforts and sympathies which you would desire for your own son, were you, with yearning heart and tearful eye, sending him forth to a distant town, to his apprenticeship. Cherish the fatherly element in your own character and conduct. And a motherly word, not from a paid housekeeper but, from your lady, may "work wonders."

We turn with heavy heart to the case of our poor needlewomen, and we cannot rid ourselves of the echoes of "The Song of the Shirt." The question of their miserable pittance baffles us. "Cheap! cheap! cheap!" is John Bull's cry. And as he buys his cheap rubbish at the cheap warehouse, he recks not that the cheapness of that shirt or coat has driven her who sewed and stitched at it,—

> "Band, and gusset, and seam,
> Seam, and gusset, and band"—

to the streets, to supplement by a life of infamy the inadequacy of her honest toil.

But—(I am indebted for the suggestion to a valued officer of this Association)—would not the establishment of "Homes" for respectable unmarried females—with rules of no further stringency than would be needful for proper

supervision—be a great step? I can hardly conceive a position of more fearful peril than that of a lone, ill-paid sempstress, in a large town.

I turn to our *domestic servants*. The complaints of masters and mistresses are heard on every side. The days of steady, trustworthy, attached, servants are, we are told, gone by. They are dressy upstarts and fine ladies. There is too much truth in the complaint. In no class of society are humility, courtesy, or deference to superiors characteristics of our age. And in the case of domestic female servants, there is a more frightful evil. Let the masters and chaplains of our workhouses—let our baptismal registers—tell how many of those fallen ones who are driven to seek an asylum against their hour of mingled shame and trial, are from this class—too many of them to come forth, alas! to recruit the ranks of our street-walkers.

Does no measure of this guilt lie upon employers? In our carefulness not to spoil servants by over-indulgence, have we not regarded them too much as hirelings, too little as members of the family? Do we sympathize with them in their personal joys and sorrows? Can Betsey come and tell her mistress that her brother Robert has got a good situation, and is doing well—that William has got into bad company, and is going wrong—that John has written a long letter from the Crimea, telling how he "helped to thrash the Rooshans," and how the bullets whizzed by him and all missed him? And then, "No followers!" Certainly not—if "my beau" be policeman A 1, a cupboard lover, or a burglar in disguise, who, while blushing Sally is dropping her eyes modestly at his tale of love, is measuring the kitchen-window with his practised glance, and calculating the strength of the shutters, and marking the position of the alarm-bells. But—in all sober seriousness—a servant maid has a heart. No less than the Belgravian belle who

is to come out at the next Drawing-room, she has dreams of "settling." Poor girl! why not? I never read the marriage service with greater pleasure than when a servant of my own is the bride—though such as make good wives are the very servants we are loth to lose. But I believe that attachment to a respectable "follower" is a great hold upon a servant's steadiness, and no small guarantee for her respectability. The courting, perhaps, must be done "off the premises"—certainly where an establishment of servants is kept, but the thing should be recognized and provided for, in our arrangements. A servant girl has not lost her respectability because she has lost her heart.

I turn next to our *agricultural classes*—smaller farmers, farm-labourers, chawbacons, clod-hoppers, and ploughboys—perhaps, after all our talk of the working classes, our greatest difficulty. Personally, I should feel I had undertaken a heavier, harder, task, as a missionary to these, than as a missionary among the artisans of Birmingham or London. Ask county magistrates—ask ministers of God in rural districts. Look at the character of the crimes which blacken your assize calendars, when your criminals come from your village population. No doubt, in very many cases, the influence of the resident squire, his wife and daughters, is most salutary, in humanizing and elevating. But among our more widely scattered rusties—in outlying hamlets—where nothing but the weekly labour of the Wesleyan preacher supplements the country clergyman's efforts—the latter has a hard task.

On these districts (though not in these alone) I would suggest that the itinerant ministry, which no less grave an authority than the Committee of Convocation recognizes in its Report, as an agency to be desiderated, might be brought to bear. Let special preaching stations be appointed; let special preaching seasons be fixed. Let congregations be

gathered on such a grassy knoll or amphitheatre as Wesley preached in, or beneath some wide-branching tree. The village pastor, perhaps, has no gift for this out-door work. But, if he have, a new face and a fresh voice will do no harm. The same testimony from a brother's lips will establish the matter.

Not to dwell on the obvious (though, in these districts, difficult) question of the extension of the means of Christian education, I would refer to a point which is attracting some attention, through the correspondence and advocacy of the public press. We want to devise means whereby our rural districts may derive benefits analogous to those conferred upon town populations by our various institutions and associations of an educational or recreative character. So far as experience and observation warrant me in offering a suggestion, I would venture the hint, that in our plans, both for town and country, we shall do well *not to be too ambitious.* We are too apt to imagine that nothing effective can be accomplished unless some great scheme be formed, —some grand institution launched, with its army of committee-men and officers. Rather, let every squire find a corner in his mansion for a lending library. Let his wife and daughters, not only be district visitors and tract distributors but, facilitate in every way the circulation of the books. Let the rules be few and simple. Let every schoolroom be opened for evening Self-Improvement Classes, or, where this is impracticable, at least as a Reading-Room. Let one London paper and a local paper, at any rate, be laid on the table. Let Chess and Draughts be provided. Let Lectures, illustrated by maps and diagrams, be given. Not too much *science.* You will never make the great mass of any people scientific. Certainly, to a people so long neglected as ours —to bumpkins and factory-girls, who sign marriage registers with a "cross"—the mere terminology is fatal.

Amid our artisan population, such provision for the instruction and recreation of the people may be made on a larger scale. Here cheap Concerts, (why is music a sin to the working man, when every tradesman's drawing-room has its piano?) Newspaper and Literary Readings may be added. A yet bolder experiment is being launched in Birmingham, in which Gymnastics, and such sports as quoits and bowls, are to be admitted. We must be pardoned boldness of experiment, after Mr. Horace Mann's statistics, and with our gin-palaces before our eyes, and our statistics of drunkenness and wife-beating in our hands. Matters can hardly be worse. Better try, and fail, than not try to mend them. No doubt the Church's mission is far higher and holier than to amuse or even intellectualize the people. No doubt we commit a fatal, a deadly, error when we rest our hopes of the regeneration of the working-classes or any other classes, upon any other agency than God's own remedy—"the glorious Gospel" of His grace. And we can fully sympathize with the minister of God in his misgivings as to whether, having been ordained to preach the gospel and to minister in holy things, he be not unduly diverting his time and talents from his solemn duties to the souls of men, in scheming for their amusement and recreation. Would Paul have done this? How often have many of us asked the question? or, yet more anxiously, Will Christ bless it? At least, we must keep this in lively remembrance, that all this is secondary—a means to an end; an endeavour to remove barriers which, as a matter of fact, are found to stand between these masses and the very hearing of the gospel; an endeavour to draw together in bands of mutual respect, confidence, and sympathy, classes too long estranged; to bridge over the chasm; to *set* the dislocated members of the social body. For my own part, I say, earnestly and importunately, let a "*Working-man's Association*," with its Library and Reading-Room, its

Lectures, Concerts, its Self-Improvement Classes, be formed in every parish in England. Let the laity furnish the means, each in his parish or congregation, not for costly buildings and ambitious schemes, but for a simple, practical, inexpensive effort; and let the ministers of God sanction, aid, and foster.

But a glance, however cursory, at the remedial measures necessary for the elevation and evangelization of the working-classes, must be essentially defective, if the condition of FEMALES in those classes be overlooked In truth, this is socially the root of the matter. To an incalculable extent, the drunkenness of the man, and all its legion train of consequences on wife, children, and society, are to be traced to the unfitness of his wife for home-duties. In too many cases, nurtured in the atmosphere of a factory; modesty broken down, if not virtue lost, in the society of rude and godless men; with no schooling worthy of the name; "putting out" even her own little needlework, scarcely knowing how to mend the clothes she wears, utterly ignorant of cutting out a garment for man or woman; expending her wages mainly upon gay dress; she marries. Her husband finds her a doll or a drab—may be, a gossip and a shrew—instead of a helpmeet. She becomes a mother. Of a mother's duties she knows nothing. Her children, dirty and cross, add little to the attractions of home, and grow up to reproduce in their children the improvidence and misery which they have thus learned. The husband yields to the superior attractions provided by Boniface in the tap-room, or by the more refined master of the ceremonies in the gin-palace, and becomes a sot.

Let the hours of juvenile female labour be restricted in hardware as in cotton-factories. Let the promiscuous assemblage of the sexes be, as far as possible, done away with. Let manufacturers look to the moral tone of their

workshops. Let evening Self-Improvement Classes be formed. Let our Schools, whether day or evening, incorporate as fully as possible into their system such lessons as may fit the future wives and mothers of the working-classes for their home-duties.

Indeed, in reference, not to our females only, but generally to our population, both urban and rural, no point of the Educational question presses more than the immediate extension and improvement of our EVENING SCHOOLS.

We are still engaged with that class of additional agencies which call for the co-operation of other than the ministers of religion only. Even this rapid glance would be most imperfect were no reference made to that which has forced itself upon the attention of every philanthropist and social reformer who deserves the name—the obstacle presented to every humanizing and spiritualizing influence brought to bear upon our rural and town population—the frightful and all but universal plague of DRUNKENNESS. We are about to indulge in no advocacy of the "Maine Law," nor of teetotal nor even of temperance, pledges. But we make our solemn, our earnest, appeal to the senators and magistrates of the land. We tell you that the obstacles which paralyze our efforts for the working-classes are in combination as nothing beside this giant curse. We will weary you with no police returns. We will not again reiterate in your ears the accumulated testimony of the judicial bench, from the magistrate of the police court to the ermined judges of England. The "Crown side" of our assizes were, but for drink, all but a sinecure. Your responsibility as magistrates and as senators is of awful weight. We are for no Act of Parliament religion. We are for no interference with the convenience and comfort of the working-classes and the poor. We are for no class-legislation. But we solemnly ask you—specially you, our legislators, and, more specially

yet, you among our legislators who stand forth as the guardians of the interests of those classes—Have you a doubt as to the root of nine-tenths of their misery and crime? Why, then, speak and vote rather as becomes the advocates of the public-house and beer-shop interest than philanthropists and Christian men? We ask at once and unhesitatingly for the repeal of the mischievous Beer Bill, for the licensing of far fewer public-houses, for the putting away of all jobbing in the granting of unnecessary licences because the applicant is the tenant of some one who has "*a friend at Court;*" we ask for the disseverance of all music and dancing licences from licences for the sale of intoxicating drinks; we ask, that, at least, no retrograde movement be made in the Sunday Act; we ask for inspection, not by the police only, but by men of higher stations and habits, proof against the "brandy-and-water" bribe which now silences so many; we ask these things, not as the enemies of the working-classes, but in their name, and as their friends.

And we boldly say—poll them. Not your Hyde-park rioters, but the true working-classes of England; ay, even those who fall into the snare, even those who are slaves to the vice; only let the appeal be "from Philip drunk to Philip sober," and not one of our proposals shall be negatived. We will join heart and hand in providing counter-attractions such as have already been advocated to-night. Many of us can appeal to efforts in our parishes which show that we are no mere theorists. But we warn you that all counter-attractions will be impotent—save in here and there a case—so long as the temptation is undiminished. And we warn the "National Sunday League," and the well-meaning but misguided nobleman who has placed his ominous notice on the books of the House of Commons, that never did the Christian men and women of England gird themselves to a

struggle under an intenser conviction of the momentousness of its issue, nor under a more confident assurance that the God of the Sabbath will be with them, than now, when, throughout the length and breadth of the land, they demand for the working classes of England their inalienable right and inestimable privilege—an inviolate and an undesecrated Sabbath.

In thus rapidly traversing the vast and whitening field of the Church's "HOME-HARVEST," we must experience a conflict of emotions. Those emotions will be modified by the sanguineness or despondency of our temperament, and by the measure of our love and zeal, our faith and hope. At one moment the field overwhelms us. The work is so varied and so vast; the arrearage so great; the accumulation and increase so rapid; the counter-agencies so mighty; our earthly resources so weak; our personal ability so small; life so short; the issues for time and eternity, for England's weal, for the destinies of priceless souls, for the glory of our Lord, so momentous—that we sink appalled, under the overwhelming and crushing conviction that we are damming out a deluge with a dyke of straws, and coping impotently against Titan evils with infant strength. But in a moment, our hearts thrill again, as we remember "whose we are and whom we serve;" whose work it is; who is with us. Even He of whom it is written, "The government shall be upon his shoulder;" who, when He gave eleven feeble and illiterate peasants their commission to turn a "world upside down," prefaced that commission by the assurance, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, THEREFORE." What a "THEREFORE!" His promise is with us, whether we witness, or suffer, or work for Him. "My grace is sufficient for thee." His guerdon awaits us; "Well done, good and faithful servant!" Oh! these working days are glorious days!

Where is the craven-hearted loiterer, the self-indulgent drone, who asks for exemption or respite from service—the service of such a Master, in such a work? Let us be diverted from the WORK by no differences of opinion as to what the sure "word of prophecy" warrants us to expect as the result of the agencies of the present dispensation, and prior to our Lord's return. Be the darkest or the brightest anticipations realized; be it either that, under this dispensation, the most glowing predictions are to be fulfilled, and "the knowledge of the Lord" to "cover the earth, as the waters cover the seas;" or that for the millennial day of righteousness and peace, and for all the glories of which David, and Isaiah, and Zechariah, and their fellows sang—the Church must wait her Lord's return and personal presence in Zion—our duty is the same. Pre-millennialist and Anti-premillennialist—Futurist and Anti-futurist—must gird themselves for the present WORK; and gird themselves *individually*. Our societies and combinations are blessings and means of strength. But they are snares. The varied work which has to-night been glanced at—the various sections and corners of the harvest-field which has been traversed, cannot all be compassed by one class of agency, nor by all our agencies combined, if this truth be not deeply impressed upon our understandings, our consciences, our hearts, that here is work for every man—for every man in his individual sphere, and with his individual gifts. Well has Horatius Bonar said,—

"All great deeds in the church have been done by one man. All great eras in the church have been marked by the impress of one individual mind. Common eras are the product of many minds; great eras the product of one."

* * * * *

"It is not bands of men, nor confederate nations, nor proud alliances, that have done great things for the world:

it is solitary individuals, wielding simply, but in earnest, the force of their own individual minds, bringing to bear upon every one around them *the power of that special gift with which God had endowed them.*" * * *

"It is not large associations, wealthy societies, or well-knit combinations, with the vast machinery which these can call into play, that have wrought great things for the Church of God, and won victories to be remembered over her enemies; it is individual men, like Luther, or Calvin, or Knox." * * *

"To recall these things is needful. We are in danger of losing sight of God's order. We are exposed in no small degree to the temptation of distrusting individual effort, and of placing our confidence entirely in association, as if the power of effecting great things must be in proportion to the greatness of the combination that wields that power. The Bible and Church history have shown us the more excellent way. One man, filled with the Spirit, and living in communion with the Almighty Jehovah, will be able to accomplish far greater things than the most perfect and extensive organizations can undertake. Such associations are useful in their way. They are excellent 'hewers of wood and drawers of water;' but the doer of the work is the one man—the man of faith,—the man who works in the tranquil consciousness, not merely that he is doing the work of God, but that God is working *in* him, and *for* him, and *through* him.

"We do not slight such organizations. Far from it. But we distrust them sometimes, as being in danger of taking up a false position, and so of doing an *unreal* work; at least of seeming to do a work which can only be done by individual men. They are apt to blunt the feeling of personal responsibility, whilst appearing to afford the means of carrying it out. Nor is this a small evil: for it takes us

out of the exact position in which God would have us work, and sets us in another which man deems more eligible and effective; nay, it damps that peculiar energy which the sense of personal responsibility cannot fail to create,—that energy by means of which God has wrought all His great works in times past,—that healthy energy which nothing save this can furnish, and without which the most unwearied labours degenerate into mere bustle or routine.

"That a man can do nothing save in connexion with a society or scheme, is a ruinous fallacy,—an idea forged by Satan for the purpose of cunningly counteracting God's great plan of operation. It sears the conscience. It lulls the soul asleep. It checks the exercise of those special gifts which God makes use of in each of his own. It leads to a suppression of *individualities*, and so to an extraction of the very pith and point of personal character or mind. It makes us forget that we have a work to do which no man can do for us—nay, which no man can help us in doing,—a work which God expects at our hands, and a work which assuredly we shall be enabled to carry out, if we will but use the individual gifts conferred on us in their natural and healthy way." * * * *

"There is work for *all* of us. And there is special work for *each*. It is work not for societies or alliances, but it is work for individual minds and hands. It is work which I cannot do in a crowd or as one of a mass, but as *one* man, acting singly, according to my own gifts, and under a sense of my personal responsibilities. There is, no doubt, *associated work* for me to do; I must do my work as part of the world's great whole or as member of some body. But I have special work to do, as one individual, who, by God's plan and appointment, have a separate position, separate responsibilities, and a separate work,—a work, which, if I do not do it, must be left undone. No one of my

fellows can do that special work for me which I have come into the world to do; he may do a higher work, a greater work, but he cannot do *my* work. I cannot hand my work over to him, any more than I can hand over my responsibilities or my gifts. Nor can I delegate my work to any association of men, however well ordered and powerful. They have their own work to do, and it may be a very noble one. But they cannot do my work for me. I must do it with these hands, or with these lips, which God has given me. I may do little, or I may do much. *That* matters not. It must be my own work. And by doing my own work, poor as it may seem to some, I shall better fulfil God's end in making me what I am, and more truly glorify His name, than if I were either going out of my sphere to do the work of another, or calling in another into my sphere to do my proper work for me."*

Let us weigh those words. Such men are the men for the age. We know whither to turn for them. Let it not be in view of India's or China's millions only, but, no less, in view of the "HOME-HARVEST" of the Church, that we determine to give "the Lord of the harvest" no rest until "he send forth labourers unto his harvest."

Let us remember too that the very urgency and variety and bustle and grandeur of the work, give it a tendency to draw us off from that which alone can fit us for its discharge. The summons to the Committee-room, or to the Ragged-school bench, may summon us too soon and too often from our closet. Our religion may be all platform and glare and bustle—out-door work. And while with stalwart arm and sturdy heart we are reaping in the harvest-field, ourselves may not be ripening for the heavenly garner. Pause, calm thought, self-communing, prayer, the milk and

* "*My Own Work*," reprinted from "Excelsior."

manna of the word; these, essential to our growth, will not be lost upon our work.

And while our hearts are stirred within us in joyful hope at the signs of life and progress around us; while we look around with wonder, and, as we look, take courage, upon the *work doing*, the varied and successful machinery now in motion in our midst—the many shrewd heads planning, the many active hands working, the many willing feet running to and fro, the many loving hearts prompting and speeding all—take we heed lest the alone Source of life, and strength, and success be forgotten, or slighted; the Spirit of counsel, and might, and holiness.

So must they watch and work, and wait and pray, who would share that reward of which "the Lord of the harvest" spake:—"And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal; that both he that soweth, and he that reapeth, may rejoice together;"—and pass from the blessed toil of the HARVEST FIELD on earth, to the blessed rest of the HARVEST HOME in heaven.

The Credulities of Scepticism.

A LECTURE

BY THE

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THE CREDULITIES OF SCEPTICISM.

THE "credulities of scepticism"—these words have the sound of a paradox; but the idea they most naturally suggest is that which they are intended to convey. They are used to indicate that there are persons who are at once very credulous and very sceptical; very easy to be convinced, or very hard to be convinced, according to the occasion.

By a sceptic, in the strict sense of the term, we understand a *doubter*—one who does *not* believe, in distinction from one who *does*. The strict meaning of the word, accordingly, is purely negative. But it is not possible to separate the negative in this case from the positive. If a man believes, he must be supposed to believe *for a reason;* and if he doubts, he must be supposed to doubt *for a reason.* Ask a man why he doubts, and he will answer—"Why do I doubt; oh! because"—and then he proceeds to enumerate the causes or reasons for his doubting.

In dealing with a sceptic, therefore, it is fair to look at two things—viz., at what the sceptic must be supposed to believe, in any given case, in order to his being a sceptic; and at what the evidence is which *does* satisfy him in some cases, as compared with the evidence which *does not* satisfy him in others. If we find a man to have been more credulous in order to his being a doubter, than he needed to have been in order to his being a believer, we attribute that man's

doubtings to weakness, or to something worse. If he can doubt in the face of a certain amount of evidence to-day, and become a firm believer on the ground of evidence by no means greater to-morrow, the evidence being the same in both cases, the difference as to conclusion must be traced, not to the evidence, but to what is personal to the man. In brief, if it shall appear in any case, that the subject being airly and rationally viewed, the difficulties in the way of scepticism are greater than the difficulties in the way of belief, we think we have a right to say the scepticism in that case is from the man, and not from anything external to him. My object will therefore be to show that there is much in modern scepticism which lies open to censure on this ground. To a large extent it is the scepticism of men, who, were they only as much disposed to bow to evidence in its relation to Christianity, as they are prepared to bow to it in other connexions, would be no longer sceptics, but firm Christian believers.

But, in saying thus much, let me not be supposed to say that I do not believe in the existence of honest doubt. Such doubts there are, and the minds subject to them are entitled to our sincerest and deepest sympathy. But of this you may be sure, the men who are the subjects of such doubts are not the men to make a parade of them. No—they are in their nature too grave, too sacred for that. To a thoughtful, moral man, uncertainty, doubt, on the weightiest of all subjects, must be unwelcome—must be inexpressibly painful; and he will be more disposed to shut up his inquietudes in the sadness of his own heart, than to babble of them to every passer-by. If there be such minds present, far be it from me to utter one word that may add to their griefs. I know too well what those cells in Doubting Castle are, not to pity the men who have not, like myself, escaped from them.

But there are men who carry their doubtings, as the poet has it, "upon their sleeve, for daws to peck at;" flippant, frivolous men, whose real or pretended scepticism is only a particular form of their vanity. Even for these, however, I would cherish considerateness and compassion, and would endeavour to show to them how much that is unmanly, as well as unchristian, may be found in modern unbelief.

I. We shall glance at the credulities inseparable from scepticism in the higher—the *philosophical* sense of that word.

By scepticism in this sense we mean the tendency which so judges concerning the means by which we attain to our knowledge, as to affirm that there is no certainty in that knowledge. Men, it is said, do not all see or taste alike, do not all think or feel alike, do not all reason alike; even the same man differs in these respects in some parts of his life, from what he was in other parts of it. Where the diversities and contradictions are so great, the error must be great, and who is to tell when the influences which do so often lead us astray do not lead us astray?

It will be seen that scepticism on this scale extends, not merely to the speculations of the intellect, but to the facts of everyday life. We have a right to say to such a man you affirm that the senses, the inner experiences, the logical powers of men, are all treacherous; you do not believe in them. Of course, then, when your senses tell you that it is midday, and not midnight, you do not believe them; and you may be seen making your way to transact business on 'Change at twelve o'clock at night, quite as often as at twelve o'clock in the day. When your memory tells you that it will not be safe for you to attempt to walk upon water as upon land, you do not accept of counsel from a guide so treacherous as the memory, and you may be seen attempting to walk quite as often upon the sea, as upon more solid footing. When your reason and moral nature tell you that

to lie or steal is mean and criminal, it is not your manner to heed the verdict coming from an authority so fallible, and you do lie or steal according to inducement. If human knowledge be the uncertain and worthless thing you say it is, then a world of things like these should be strictly natural to us all. But, if the case be not so, and if there be grounds of certainty fairly open to us in relation to such immediate experiences, then we have a basis of certainty from which we have a right to reason onwards towards considerations much more remote. The fact is, scepticism, in the sense above stated, is simply a perverse notion, on which the sceptic dares not act—of which his whole life is a refutation. Nevertheless, he can be credulous enough at times to avow himself a sceptic in this extreme sense, unabashed by its monstrous consequences.

But the great point in the system of the philosophical sceptic consists in his denial of the existence of matter—that is, of the *substans*, or essence supposed to underlie all material phenomena. The Christian philosopher is challenged to prove the existence of this substance or essence, of which all the properties of matter are said to be attributes. But such proof is not possible—certainly not in the form demanded. *What* it is we do not know—cannot know; but *that* it is, is the belief of all men, by the force of an intuition common to our nature. The sceptic, however, while he knows that it is utterly beyond his power to prove that this *substans* does *not* exist, is credulous enough to believe that the faith in its existence, which comes as a law of nature upon all men, is a falsehood. It is easier to him to suppose that all mankind have been made to believe a lie, than that they are made so as to believe a truth! It must suffice to say that however ignorant we may be of the essence of matter, we do know its properties, and in this

knowledge we have quite enough for the purposes of our present existence.

We have said that the philosophical sceptic rests his habit of doubting upon the variability of the experiences and conclusions observable among men. But it is possible to get out of this region of variability. That every effect must have a cause; that all qualities suppose a substance to which they belong; that every object must exist in space, and that every event must take place in time—these are all truths common to humanity. Interrogate the most rude or the most civilized on these points, and once make them understand what you mean, and you will find them all agreed. Here, accordingly, you may think you have the sceptic at bay—that escape is impossible. Be not too confident. Before, the *want* of uniformity in the judgments of men was assigned as the reason for not believing in them; and now, the *fact* of such uniformity is assigned as the reason for not believing in them. See you not, you may hear the sceptic say, the necessity imposed on the faculties of the mind in all such cases? The man cannot believe otherwise if he would; and who can say whether the objects supposed to be thus known are indeed realities, or whether it be not simply a law of our nature that we should be compelled so to regard them?

We thus reach the lowest root of scepticism. Not only our senses, not only our mixed and ordinary experiences, but the most purely intellectual acts of the mind, unavoidable in all men, are subjected to suspicion, are in fact accounted as unveracious. Here reasoning is at an end. For if our faculties themselves, in their purest and most necessary acts, are false, no deposition in their favour which may be made through their means, can be admitted as of any value. If they are all liars, they must share the fate

common to liars—that of not being credited even when they seem to speak the truth. If, indeed, our very consciousness is to be thus suspected, we see not how any created nature may be free from scepticism. We say it with reverence —we do not see, in such case, how the Uncreated himself may be free from it. For it must be remembered, that consciousness can never go beyond consciousness, in order to prove that consciousness may be trusted. But terrible, monstrous as are the sequences of extending scepticism thus far, there are men who can be so credulous as to suppose that they do reasonably in so doing.

The man who rejects the idea of a personal deity, as not furnishing a satisfactory account of the origin of the universe, must so do on the ground of preferring one of two other ideas for this purpose in the place of that idea. He must either believe that the universe has been self-existent from eternity as it is now; or that at least the primary matter, the elements of all existing things, have so existed. But modern science has demonstrated that the universe has not existed from eternity as it is now; and the only alternative left to the sceptic accordingly is, belief in a God as the creator of all things, or belief in all things as having been self-existent in their elements from eternity, and in those elements as being self-developed, and self-regulated from everlasting until now. Now the sceptic cannot believe in one self-existing being, but he can believe in the existence of a universe of self-existing principles, involving beings without end! His credulity is equal to the greater difficulty, not to the lesser. Atheists and Pantheists are obliged to admit that the choice before them is as above stated, and they make their choice accordingly.

Philosophical scepticism is the sin of subtle intellects. It can never be more than partially apprehended by the mass of society. It generally begins in a proud contempt

for the common understanding and the common sentiment of mankind. It is felt to be a pleasant thing to put down the dogmatists, to degrade the popular, to live in a region apart from it and above it—until at length the philosophical shares the fate of the popular, and as if by an act of solemn retribution, the man who knew not how to respect the faith of his species, is allowed to denude himself of all faith. To conclude that our knowledge of things must be worthless because it is not perfect; that we know nothing because we do not know everything; and that because we are often in the wrong we can never be sure that we are right, may seem to be absurd enough; but these assumptions are nevertheless the main grounds of philosophical scepticism, and the fitting sequel of the whole comes to be, the conclusion that the mind itself is not to be trusted, whether concerned with the most acknowledged principles of morals, or the supposed truths of geometry. The significant lesson of the whole is, that when a superior intellect once becomes vicious, it is no strange thing to see it become the dupe of falsehoods of the flimsiest description imaginable. The philosophical sceptic, if he has not gone so far as to say to evil, "be thou my good," he has gone all but thither, by saying to negation, be thou my truth. But in all this he has deceived himself. In place of being less credulous than ordinary men, he is more so. In common life he is seen to follow the teachings of experience in common with his neighbours, and always at the cost of consistency; while in speculation, his unbelief imposes upon him beliefs, in comparison with which the faith of the Christian believer is a matter of little or no difficulty.

II. But you will expect me to direct your attention to some of the more *popular forms of Credulity allied with Scepticism in regard to Religion, and especially in regard to Christianity*. To such I shall now restrict myself.

It is worthy of notice, that the man conspicuous in our history as the first Deistical writer, is also conspicuous as combining a large measure of credulity with his scepticism. Lord Herbert of Cherbury flourished in the times of Charles I. His Lordship was an accomplished gentleman, a fashionable courtier, of an easy Epicurean temperament. People, said his Lordship, should be forgiving, not be long angry, inasmuch as anger causes perturbation, perturbation is unpleasant, and it is pleasant to avoid the unpleasant. So also, men who were strongly biassed by constitution towards certain vices were not to be hardly dealt with, inasmuch as they were really no more to blame for such things than a dropsical person for being thirsty, or a lethargic person for being inactive. His Lordship was a somewhat better man than these maxims would suggest. But the Christianity of that day was not to his taste. He thought he could devise something better; he thought that the old heathenism was something better; and he accordingly wrote a book to show that man does not need an external revelation, and that Christianity is not a revelation. The book being finished, its author, who had no sort of doubt about its conclusiveness or truth, suddenly became very grave and philosophical, and wished to be quite sure that in raising his potent hand and inflicting so memorable a blow on the faith of the vulgar, he should be doing the right thing.

"Being thus doubtful in my chamber," says his Lordship, "one fair day in the summer, my casement being open towards the south, the sun shining clear, and no wind stirring, I took my book, 'De Veritate,' in my hand, and kneeling on my knees, devoutly said these words:—

"'O thou Eternal God, Author of the light which now shines upon me, and Giver of all inward illuminations, I do beseech Thee, of thy infinite goodness, to pardon a greater request than a sinner ought to make. I am not satisfied

enough whether I shall publish this book, "De Veritate;" if it be for Thy glory, I beseech Thee, give me some sign from heaven; if not, I shall suppress it.'

"I had no sooner spoken these words, but a loud though yet gentle voice came from the heavens—for it was like nothing on earth—which did so comfort and cheer me, that I took my petition as granted, and that I had the sign I demanded; whereupon, also, I resolved to print my book. This, how strange soever it may seem, I protest before the eternal God is true; neither am I any way superstitiously deceived therein, since I did not only clearly hear the noise, but, in the serenest sky that ever I saw, being without a cloud, did, to my thinking, see the place from whence it came."*

So was his Lordship instructed and comforted. The noteworthy aspect of this affair is, that a book which denies the existence of an external revelation, which tells us it would be superfluous if given, is made to come to us attested by such a revelation! We are expected to believe in a work which denies the supernatural, because its author has been assured of its truth by means of the supernatural! Lord Herbert is an existence of such importance, that a revelation has been made to him; but the great heart and soul of humanity in all past time, *that* has not been an existence important enough to have been so favoured. The force of vanity and credulity may go very far; but help each other as they may, it is difficult to conceive of them as going beyond that. When evangelists and apostles bear witness to miraculous facts, they are to be pooh-poohed as deceivers or deceived; but when this courtly trifler bears witness to his supposed miracle, he is prepared to account it very hard measure if he be not at once believed.

Time would fail me to descend from Lord Herbert to the

* The Life of Edward, Lord Herbert, 279, 280.

series of writers of his class who followed in his train. The eighteenth century was eminently the age of scepticism. It was prolific of men whose credulity strained at a gnat, and then swallowed a camel.

It was common with the men of that day, for example, to reject Christianity because it was not universal, and had not done everything. But with the same breath they could profess their faith in the light of nature, though, according to their own showing, that had done nothing, or much worse than nothing. They could not believe in the Gospel because it had not done more; they could believe in their inner light of man, though by that means even so much had not been accomplished. Christianity had brought nations and races under the influence of a comparatively pure theism, and of a comparatively pure religion; while reason had left the nations, through all lands and all times, sunk in the grossest creature-worship and corruption; nevertheless, those wise men of their time could more easily believe that Nature would *begin to do what it had never done before*, than to believe that Christianity would be found to do on a *larger* scale what it *had already done on* a *smaller*. As it was on this one point, so was it on a hundred besides. They could believe in spurious Gospels to any extent, if they might only thereby cast suspicion over Gospels which were not spurious. The authority of the sacred historians they could dismiss as of no weight, simply because they were accounted sacred; while the authority of pagan historians they could accept as all but infallible, simply because they were pagans. But I shall not dwell longer on these credulities of the past. We have more concern with the present.

About seven years ago, two handsomely-printed 8vo volumes made their appearance in this country, entitled, "The Principles of Nature, her Divine Revelation, and a Voice to

Mankind, by and through Andrew Jackson Davis, the Poughkeepsie Seer and Clairvoyant." The publisher of this work was Mr. Chapman, of 142, Strand. So valuable was it deemed, and so large was the demand expected for it, that the edition was stereotyped. Mr. Chapman was not merely the publisher, but the editor, and wrote an extended and elaborate preface to it, giving an account of its substance, and expressing his thoughts as to that substance. It is pretty well known that Mr. Chapman's career as a publisher has been that of a propagandist. The profits of his publications would seem to have been a matter of less concern to him than their principles—a somewhat unusual feeling for a bookseller. But Mr. Chapman has come to the conclusion that it is high time Christianity should be accounted a thing of the past, and that something much better should take its place. Great, accordingly, has been his zeal in ushering all sorts of books into existence which have promised to be in any way favourable to his object; some of them able, others presenting specimens of the veriest trash that has ever seen the light. It is right to say that there are some things in the visions of this Poughkeepsie Seer too extravagant even for Mr. Chapman's credulity; but, as a whole, he commends these visions respectfully to the scientific minds of the age, and is prepared to accept them as a natural harbinger of that brighter future, towards which all men not sunk in the narrowest bigotry are said to be looking.

Revelations he supposes them to be, not immediately from the Deity, but from natures of the spiritual world intervening between man and the Infinite. "There is no unreasonableness," he writes, "in the presentiment that in the present age, *when the creeds and dogmas of the past have lost their influence and vitality*, and man has attained to a degree of development unfolding new wants and feelings, and higher

sentiments; and when his faith in the immortality of the soul has become weakened and almost annihilated by his struggles with material nature, and his purely analytical and inductive modes of obtaining knowledge;—a *new revelation*, suited to his enlarged views and more spiritual needs, should be vouchsafed. And it may be that we are on the verge of an era, when this mysterious and *mediatorial element* between mind and mind, the *magnetic fluid*, will open up to us a means of intellectual acquisition and psychical experience more commensurate with our yet unfolded capacities, and our boundless desires." (Preface, 30.) As Mr. Chapman discourses on this subject, so do the gentlemen discourse who present themselves as witnesses to the authenticity of these supposed visions. With them, and with the beardless prophet, Andrew Jackson Davis himself, all our present *isms* in theology have had their day, and the revelations of the next stage in the world's progress, are to be revelations by clairvoyance and the magnetic fluid. It becomes us, therefore, to look somewhat carefully at what is presented to us as from this source,—and the more, as the quantity in this case is such as to fill two closely printed octavos, and the quality is such as to touch upon nearly all knowledge.

The story is, that when the volumes in question were published, Andrew Jackson Davis was not more than twenty years of age. He was the son of a shoemaker. He had grown up in very straitened circumstances. His only school education consisted of five months' attendance at a district school when a boy. Since then, we are told, he has read very little. Nor has he been in the way, it is said, of conversing with persons better educated than himself. Ignorant as he is, however, in his natural or normal state, put him into a mesmeric state—let the magnetic fluid do its office upon him, and he can then see truth of all kinds by

intuition. Time and space, with all that is in them, or that has ever been in them, seem to be laid open to his view.

The body of the Seer being sufficiently fluidized, the spirit passes out of the body into infinite space, and out of present time into the remotest past time. Off in the far back ages, whose distance no numbers can reach, the Seer beholds space filled with a floating, formless, nameless something, out of which everything is to come. "It was," he says, "a vast expanse of liquid substance. It was without bounds—inconceivable—and with qualities and essences incomprehensible. This was the original condition of matter."*

But in due time, from this "liquid substance" a globe, a great central sun, destined to have place in the middle of the future universe, was formed. From this central sun—in comparison with which all other suns are but particles—matter is thrown off from time to time, which gives existence to other suns; these suns, in like manner, throw off matter which becomes worlds or planets; and these planets again, in like manner, throw off matter which becomes satellites. And as all satellites flow round their proper orbs, so all planets flow round their respective suns, and so all suns flow, in ever-widening circles, round their great central sun. Of course, to a mind thus familiar with the origin of all suns and all systems,—which has been *behind them all*, if I may so speak, and seen how they were made,—our own solar system must be a very small affair, a mere village corner of the universe. Here we may expect the prophet to be quite at home, and his accounts to become definite and minute. And so they are.

According to the Seer, the planet Herschel, and those still further removed from the sun, are not yet sufficiently condensed to become the seat of life. But it is otherwise with Saturn, and globes revolving in a more limited circle.

* Vol. i. 121.

Of these we have wonderful descriptions, geographical, botanical, zoological. We see their proportions of land and water, of mountains and plains. We see the multitude of their plants, classified in the most scientific order. We see their animals disposed of in the same intelligent manner. Very odd often are the shapes of the vegetables and of the animals we find there. In general, we are disposed to say our own are better.

But everywhere these lower developments have a rational and moral existence as their ultimate. And these higher existences in the planetary worlds, though differing much from man as we know him, are still called *man*. It may not be unpleasant to you to be introduced to some of these persons. There are the men of the planet Saturn, for example. Their form, we are told, "is perfect in its developments, and adaptations to its uses." But their limbs, it is said, are "very straight and round." The substance, moreover, of which their bodies consist is so fine as to be "almost transparent." Their heads, it is added, are "high and lofty," — for everything in the planetary worlds, it appears, has been done on phrenological principles. Thus it is said of the men in the planet Mars, that "there is a peculiar prominence on the top of the head, indicative of high veneration. The cerebrum and the cerebellum correspond in form and size; and the latter extends upwards at the junction of the two brains, *which makes* them very susceptible of internal and true affection." * As to the inhabitants of Saturn, so clairvoyant are they, that every man knows the surface of the whole globe, and what is everywhere taking place. "They inhabit buildings," says the Seer, "of an ingenious and peculiar structure, which are also beautiful and convenient. These are very large and extensive, covering immense areas of land, like an extensive city among us.

* Vol. i. 198.

There are, however, but few of these large and united buildings on the surface of the planet, these being near the equator, where light and heat, which correspond to interior truth and love, are most perfectly enjoyed." Concerning the inhabitants of the planet Jupiter, the clairvoyant says, "Much might be said that would be of interest; for their relation to *our conceptions* of a perfect being is much closer than the inhabitants of Saturn. Their form is full, and well sustained by inward and physical forces. Their size, symmetry, and beauty of form exceed those of the earth's inhabitants. Their mental organization corresponds to their physical developments. Smoothness and evenness are upon their form generally." But the clairvoyant adds, "They do not walk erect, but assume an inclined position, frequently using their hands and arms in walking, the lower extremities being rather shorter than the arms, according to our standard of proportion. And by a modest desire to be seen only in an inclined position, they have formed this habit, which has become an established custom among them." * With all deference to our clairvoyant, it is not one of *our* conceptions of a graceful and perfect being that he should go upon all-fours! But something more note-worthy still is recorded of the inhabitants of Mars. "Sentiments arising in their minds," it is said, "become instantly impressed upon their countenances, and they use their mouth and tongue for their specific offices, and not as the agents for conversation. But that glowing radiation which illumines their faces while conversing, is to us inconceivable. Their eyes are blue, and of a soft expression, and are their most powerful agents in conversation. When one conceives a thought, and desires to express it, he casts his beaming eyes upon the eyes of another, and his sentiments instantly become known. And thus do their countenances and eyes,

* Vol. i. 189.

together with their gentle affability, typify the purity and beauty of their interiors." * It should be added, that one of the lessons acquired by Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis in his abnormal peregrinations is, that the origin of evil has come from the invention of language. Every perfect world, accordingly, should be a world of pantomime or dumb-show, where people talk, not by using the tongue, but by making faces!

The gifted Seer, who is so deeply versed in the history of the stellary systems and the planetary worlds, is, as will be supposed, full of matter concerning the history of our own poor dwelling-place, the earth. Andrew Jackson Davis, in common with Moses, divides the process of the creation of the world into six days or periods. But Moses has told us nothing on this subject, compared with what the modern prophet has related. The Hebrew lawgiver is allowed to be at times correct. But he is said to be frequently in error, and even his truth is borrowed. One is chiefly curious, however, to know what sort of account this better Moses has to give concerning the origin of man. According to his story, the hand of nature in this direction was long but a "'prentice hand." Her work was not done well, it appears, until done many times over. The first type of man, it seems, made its appearance in the early part of the sixth day. The creatures in question, which then somehow worked their way into existence, are called *quadrumana*, because they were not so much bipeds, as creatures going, Jupiter fashion, upon all-fours, being of a huge monkey or baboon tribe. This Poughkeepsie Seer, this new cosmogonist, describing these embryo specimens of humanity, says: —"Their body was short and heavy, their limbs disproportionately long, and their heads of a very wide and low form. The spinal column, in the early species, resembled more

* Vol. i. 202

nearly that of the fish than that of any other form. The shoulders were of great width, and the neck was very short and full. The whole body was covered with thick, heavy hair, like many of the plantigrades of that period. Some parts of the body of this *quadrumana* resembled those of the lowest animals, such as the fore limbs, which were used always in walking. This animal was the first type, after many ages of regeneration, which resembled in any particular the form of man."* So writes our Poughkeepsie Moses. Behold—Homer and Æschylus, ye Shakspeares and Miltons—behold your sires! Those hairy brutes climbing their way through yonder primitive forest, they—*they* are your fathers!

Now what you have to mark here is, that the men who sit at the feet of this dreamer, who can believe that he is allowed thus to look into the most subtle mysteries of nature past and present, to become thus cognizant of the most remote facts of the universe, and who can publish costly books commending these dreams to our attention as veritable revelations,—these are the men who profess themselves amazed and grieved that the people of this country should be found placing faith so generally in the divine origin of the Old and New Testaments. It is a significant fact, that some of the most active and deadly enemies of Christianity in our time, are parties whose credulity has been of this order—a monstrous maw that can swallow anything.

One thing is clear, there should be a golden harvest in the distance for the book-trade, seeing that the standard editions of our best authors, both in science and history, must soon become worthless, and be superseded by others enriched with clairvoyant notes, correcting their many mistakes, and supplying their sad deficiencies. Furthermore, if Mr. Davis may visit the planets and stars after this manner, why may we not all do so? The aerial path to

* Vol. i. 315.

Jupiter or Saturn is in a fair way of being as much thronged as the footway between Charing Cross and the Exchange; and the charms of a trip to Kew Gardens, Richmond Hill, or the Crystal Palace, may be expected to become feeble, compared with the delights of a day spent with our neighbours in the street of the Great Bear, or with such of our friends as have their villas in the vicinity of Orion.

But the visions of the Poughkeepsie Seer belong to a time so far back as 1847. Spiritualism, as it is called, has progressed wonderfully since that time, especially among our cousins on the other side of the Atlantic. What is called the "Spiritual Library" in the United States, consists of some scores of publications relating to this subject, many of which, though of considerable bulk, have passed through numerous editions. Since 1847, Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis himself has made many new contributions to this science, and he has not lacked coadjutors. Clairvoyance, spirit-rapping, table-turning, and one knows not what, has run riot at such a rate as to impose no small labour on the historian who would keep pace with this new thing. If we may credit those who avow themselves believers in spirit-rapping and spirit utterance, the people who have faith in it are no longer to be numbered by thousands or by myriads, but amount in the United States alone to some two millions. They are found, moreover, in all grades of society, and in many lands beyond the soil of America. In the United States there are said to be not less than thirty thousand persons known as *media*, that is, as persons through whom spirits from other worlds do make their communications to the people of this world. In the one city of Philadelphia there are said to be as many as three hundred circles, that is, groups of people having one or more persons among them through whom spirits make their communications. No marvel, therefore, if bulky tomes, made up of fact or

fable, on this subject, are produced, that pamphlets fly abroad like insects' wings on a summer's day, and that "Spiritualism," as it is called, should have a newspaper press of its own.

Among these multitudes of believers there are some who profess themselves Christians, and say that they accept these spiritual manifestations as a much-needed supplement to the Gospels. But the observable feature of the case is, that these are the rare exceptions. The bulk of those who profess themselves converts, profess to have been converted from a state of religious scepticism. In a volume published only last year, by Judge Edmonds and a Dr. Dexter, there is a series of letters given from converts; and of the seventeen letters, fourteen are from persons who confess to having been religious sceptics. The people who believe in these spirit-rappings, are almost uniformly people who know not how to believe their Bibles.

One point of novelty in this bit of modern history, and a point that has proved very damaging to it, is, that the spirits which are described as answering questions, are sometimes described as the spirits of great men of past times—such as Bacon, Locke, and Franklin. You have heard often of Mr. Robert Owen—a gentleman who has been schooling us all about our religious credulities for the last half-century. Well, the following is the "*Manifesto of Robert Owen to all Governments and Peoples.*"

"Peace, Charity, Love, Union, and Progress, to all the Inhabitants of the Earth.

"A great moral revolution is about to be effected for the human race, and by an apparent miracle.

"Strange and incredible as it will at first appear, communications most important and gratifying have been made to great numbers in America, and to many in this country, through manifestations by invisible yet audible powers, pur-

porting to be from departed spirits; and to me especially, from President Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, his Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent, Grace Fletcher, my first and most enlightened disciple; and many members of my own family, Welsh and Scotch.

"I have applied all my powers of mind, so as honestly and fearlessly to investigate these new manifestations, said to be made by departed spirits from another advanced state of existence.

"Until the commencement of this investigation, a few weeks since, I believed that all things are eternal, but that there is a constant change in their combinations and results, and that there was no personal or conscious existence after death.

"By investigating the history of these manifestations in America, and subsequently, as will be narrated, through the proceedings of the American *medium*, by whose peculiar organization manifestations are obtained, I have been compelled, contrary to my previous strong convictions, to believe in a future conscious state of life existing in a refined material, or what is called a spiritual state; and that from the natural progress of creation, these departed spirits have attained the power to communicate their feelings and knowledge to us living upon earth, by various means."

So writes Mr. Robert Owen, who boasts, in this very paper, of having examined the religions of all peoples, and found them based in error! Can a man be born when he is old? Yes; if not from folly to wisdom, from one deep grade of folly to a deeper still. No small recommendation, however, of the new doctrine to Mr. Owen has been, that the spirits he has consulted are all found to have become great Owenites.

In fact, the weakness of these "spiritualists" is in nothing more conspicuous than in their wretched attempts to per-

sonate the spirits of great men. If Bacon, Calvin, and such natures, do really now talk as these *mediums* make them talk, it is manifest that the change which has come over those gifted minds is anything but a change for the better. The subtle and pregnant thoughts which have served to render them immortal are theirs no longer. It is true, they whine in a sentimental fashion which is new to them; but this is a poor compensation for what they have lost. Judging from the facts, the sphere in which *we* live is far better adapted to the education of spirits so endowed, than the sphere into which they have passed. Some of these spirits make sad havoc of the Queen's English, and as to logic, there are few of them who do not need to go to school again on that subject. All things considered, we are not enamoured of that upper sphere, and greatly prefer to remain where we are, as long as may be.*

Nor is this the only difficulty which the credulity of the spiritualist has to surmount. When questioned so that the manner of putting the question does not in any way suggest the answer, the replies from the natures of the spirit-world have generally proved to be egregiously wide of the mark. To questions put with this precaution, in this metropolis, the replies given consisted of the most ridiculous untruths.

* Since the above was written, the following passage has come under my notice in Putnam's Monthly Magazine for the present month: New York.—"We can only judge of the character of a messenger by that of his message; and by this test we pronounce the spirits, thus far, a set of sickly, pink-eyed sentimentalists, who are incapable of giving us a single thought in advance of what is already known. Some speak as Bacon, but their sentences have as little of the pith and matter of Bacon in them as a school-boy's theme. Others take the name of Swedenborg, but of a Swedenborg that has lost all his fine sagacity and noble logic. Both Bacon and Swedenborg were clear-sighted, profound, and consistent thinkers; but their spiritual personators are weak and washy rhapsodists. Even the spiritual Shakspeare is sometimes made to write poems—but such a Shakspeare!"—p. 104.

Thus, one of the *Eumenides* was made to describe herself as a person who died some years since in the Jewish faith! The ghost of Semiramis intimated that she had seventeen noses! While Pontius Pilate was metamorphosed into a leading tragedian! The defence set up, when these errors were detected, was, that the querist was a mocker, and that the spirits had answered him accordingly; that is, took to joking and telling lies!

In short, in this hit-or-miss process, the failures have been so many, that it has been found necessary to admit that the bad and the good of the spirit-world can communicate with this world, and, in doing so, speak according to their natures. Even the good spirits, it is said, must not be supposed infallible, for ignorance and fallibility are inseparable from all finite natures; and against the evil spirits it behoves us especially to guard, lest they lead us astray. So the result of this vaunted spiritualism, in place of putting an end to our differences, and giving us certainty and unity, is to add the uncertainties and contradictions of that upper sphere to those which already burden our own. Confusion becomes worse confounded. So do these people help us out of our difficulties! But so flexible is the credulity of our modern sceptics, that many thousands of them are at this moment zealous rappists.*

But among these dealers in the marvellous a great schism has grown up, which is somewhat amusing, and very suggestive. It will be in the memory of many present, that a short time since, that accomplished lady, Miss Martineau,

* The reader who wishes to see the pretensions of the "spiritualists" scientifically sifted, is directed to the several tracts and pamphlets published by Dr. Braid, of Manchester; especially to an article intituled "Hypnotic Therapeutics, illustrated by cases; with an Appendix on Table-Moving and Spirit-Rapping"—Reprinted from the Monthly Journal of Medical Science for July, 1853.

took a Mr. Atkinson to be her priest, and sitting at his feet in most docile mood, received her daily lessons from his lips. The doctrine of the priest so honoured was of a very materialized description. He knew nothing of a human soul, apart from the organizations of the human brain; and nothing of a God, apart from the material combinations designated by the word *Nature*. But he was nevertheless a great mesmerist and clairvoyant. The thing to be observed is, that while this clairvoyant power—this new channel of revelation to the world—reveals nothing to Mr. Atkinson or Miss Martineau beyond certain supposed qualities of matter, the same power, as exercised by others, especially in America, sets them talking incessantly of a "spirit-land," and of the host of spirits which seem to be always on their passage between that land and ours. To the one, the vision proclaims that there is no God beyond matter; to the other, it teaches a positive theism, and makes them after their manner, very pious, very devout. Can the oracle contradict itself? If so, when does it speak truth, and when does it lie? Which of these doctrines, in the clairvoyant church of the future, is to be accounted the orthodox, and which the heterodox?

Most extraordinary indeed have been the discoveries of this Mr. Atkinson. He thoroughly understands the miracles and prophecies of our Lord, and could show himself no less sagacious and powerful, were he so disposed. When he has been mesmerising in cold weather, so free is the passing of fluids from body to body at such times, that he has had but to shake his flannel-waistcoat, and the sparks flying off would be such as to enable him to see the time of night by his watch. Such is his mesmeric sensitiveness, that, on entering a sick room, he can tell, by his own sensations, where the patient is suffering, without asking. His pleasures from this source are no less remark-

able. At times they have made him "seem or think himself all in all." His patients, too, have been extraordinary people. One lady could read writing when her eyes were closed—reading from the top of her head, or from any part of her body. Another lady, forty years of age, blind, and born blind, could see in her sleep, and were sight given, she "could not only say that red was different from green, but which was red and which was green." On one occasion, while bringing a person out of a mesmeric state, the influence seemed to pass into a lady standing close by, who ran away screaming like one possessed, and Mr. Atkinson thought of the devils cast into the herd of swine. One sick lady always knew when some one known to her had died, the token being "the form of a black cat coming over her bed." To another patient Mr. Atkinson's face always shone like phosphorus, being brighter or darker according to the health or force he happened to be in. "Sleep-walkers," he tells us, "often see through into themselves, as if they were all on fire, and perceive light emanating from the top of the head, or from any faculty in action." What is more remarkable, from a touch, from a bit of hair or leather touched by a person, they can read that person's entire history. In all this, and in very much more like this, Miss Martineau can avow herself a decided and delighted believer, and can repeat her "Amen" as this high-priest, or rather this small priest, of Atheism chants his litany, saying, "Philosophy finds no God in Nature, no personal Being or Creator, nor sees the want of any."* In a letter, printed by Professor Gregory of Edinburgh, Mr. Atkinson says, "On one occasion I *breathed a dream into a glove*, which

* "Man's Nature and Development," by H. G. Atkinson and Harriet Martineau, 102, 104, 105, 109, 153—157, 198. British Quarterly, vol. xv. 262, *et seq.*

I sent to a lady; *the dream occurred.*"* I have no space for comment, nor can it be needed.

Let it not be thought that I have any pleasure in laying bare this morbid bias of scepticism. But, inasmuch as there is no end to the sneers and sarcasms cast by these apostles of unbelief on the faith of Christians, it is only fitting, we think, that the war should sometimes be taken into the enemy's country, and that the parties who affect to be living wholly above the region of the credulous should be stripped of their disguises, and placed in their true position —that is, among the most signal victims of credulity.

In what has been said I would not be understood as meaning to say that there is no sort of truth in phrenology or in mesmerism. Our complaint is not so much about the facts adduced, in so far as they are facts, as about the interpretations put upon them. That there are rappings is beyond doubt, but is it a spirit that raps? That there are communications is beyond doubt, but is it a spirit that communicates? That mind, in the present condition of our nature, has an intimate relation to the brain, may be true; but is this merely a *relation* between different existences, or must we account mind as only a modification of matter? That the phenomena of mesmerism are in many respects strange and startling is admitted; but are they sufficient to sustain all that our clairvoyant visionaries would found upon them? It has been the work of credulity to put a meaning on these facts which has been foreign to their nature, and to use them as grounds for inferences and conjectures the most unwarranted. The beliefs in this direction, to which many modern sceptics have brought themselves, rather than believe the Bible, are such as to demonstrate that the question at issue is really no question

* Letters on Animal Magnetism, 517.

of *evidence*, but simply one of *liking* or *disliking*, of *love* or *hate*. There may be exceptions, as I have intimated, but this is manifestly the rule.

Long as I have detained you, I have done little more than indicate the nature of the field opened to your reflection by the credulities of scepticism. The solution of the matter may be traced in great part to the inherent weakness of the human mind when left to itself in dealing with such questions. Let external authority—the authority of revelation—be ignored, and let the questions concerning the personality and perfections of the Divine nature, the separate existence of the soul, and the nature of our hereafter, be left to be determined by our unaided reason, and where our poor bark may land us, left to drift upon that open sea, it is impossible to predict. To learn the value of our Bible, we have only to look largely at the history of minds which have affected to dispense with its aid, or which have never known it.

God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spoke in times past unto the fathers by the prophets, HATH *spoken unto us in these last days by his Son Jesus Christ.* History, with its unbroken and ample chain of testimony, tells us that; prophecy, with its signal fulfilments, stretching through all time, tells us that; miracle, stupendous and physical in the early ages, benignant and manifestly heaven-born in later times, tells us that; the character of Him who is the subject of the great message, so human, and yet so divine, tells us that; the nature of the message, so true to the facts of our condition, and so adapted to its wants, tells us that; and the power of the message on our own spiritual being, giving us new thoughts, new emotions, a treasure in heaven, and a heart there, tells us that. On all these grounds we feel assured that our faith is no fable, that it is a faith befitting us as thoughtful and reasonable

men, and we feel warranted in looking with pity on those false appearances which are now seducing, and in the end will mock at, all the credulities of scepticism.

Not that the faith of the Christian man can be said to be without difficulty or mystery. A revelation which should preclude the possibility of scepticism would be wanting in adaptation to the condition of our race. Man is a creature on probation. His agency is free. The moral power entrusted to him, and which he may use or abuse, has issues dependent upon it of unspeakable solemnity. Were our belief in the Gospel a result of necessity, such a faith could be no virtue—no test to the virtuous. So surely as it is a fact that not to believe the Gospel will be to perish, so surely it must be a fact that the evidence attending the Gospel is such as to make belief in it a duty. But that evidence may be resisted. Any man may resist it—*if he will.* Such is the awful amount of liberty and power possessed by man, that he may, if he will, put *darkness for light, and light for darkness, bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter*, on almost any scale, inverting the entire order of truth, morals, and religion. Be sure of it, the difficulties which attend the Christian faith are only such, in measure and in kind, as will best serve to test the heart, the moral nature of man, to show the spirit that is in him. Hence the weightiness of the inspired admonition—*Keep thine* HEART *with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.*

As to mystery, can the finite ever look up to the Infinite, and not feel that it is environed—lost in mystery? Is it for man to look out on the acts of God, and to wonder at finding that there are thoughts there which are not his thoughts, and ways there which are not his ways? The condition of creatures must be for ever the condition of natures encircled by mystery—by infinite mystery. The

only difference between the highest and the lowest must ever be, that the higher the ascent gained in regard to the known, the wider must be the range upon which the shadow and cloud of the unknown will be seen to rest. The *revealed things*, vouchsafed by God to his children, will be ever expanding, and becoming more and more bright, and more and more beautiful. But the *secret things* which belong to Himself will still be unexhausted—infinite. Let it never be forgotten, that the immortality of the Christian is an immortality of progress—an everlasting growth.

Yes—and what the life of God is in the soul of the individual believer, such will the life of Christianity be in this world. Paganism may do its worst. Pantheism may do its worst. Deism may do its worst, atheism its worst, and priestcraft under a Christian name its worst. The mission of these antagonisms is not to destroy Christianity, but to ensure vigilance and action, and to bring out that true Christian manhood, which in God's time will prove to have been the manhood destined to rule over all the nations.

Things Secular and Things Sacred.

A LECTURE

BY THE

Rev. LUKE H. WISEMAN.

THINGS SECULAR AND THINGS SACRED.

It is possible that the title of this Lecture may not have conveyed any definite idea respecting the train of remark likely to be pursued. The words, "Things Secular and Things Sacred," may appear not to restrict us to any particular line of thought. It may be desirable, therefore, at the outset, to explain a little more precisely the objects which we have in view.

The term "Things Secular" we shall understand according to common usage. It denotes the things belonging to daily life, or to the visible world, as distinguished from things spiritual, things ecclesiastical, things celestial. These are included in the other term, "Things Sacred." Thus the distinction between things secular and things sacred corresponds nearly, though not exactly, with the distinctions between the body and the soul, between things temporal and spiritual, between "the things which are seen" and "the things which are not seen."

Our first business will be to inquire, whether these two great classes of things are necessarily at variance with each other; so that, if a man pursues either with earnestness, he must abandon the other? Whether secular things and sacred things must necessarily be viewed as opposites, as antagonists, so that the pursuit of both is impossible? If it be found that no such antagonism exists, it will be our busi-

ness to inquire where the distinction between them does actually lie—where they meet, and where they part—where and when, in the journey of life, the two can travel on harmoniously together, and where and when the higher requires to be left alone.

If we were to enter upon a formal and elaborate argument to prove that they are not irreconcilable, it might appear a needless tax upon your time. It may not, however, be uninteresting or uninstructive to illustrate, in a few brief sketches, the history of opinion on this subject, for the idea has been very extensively entertained, that secular things and sacred things are inherently opposed the one to the other. For instance, there was an ancient and a widely-extended notion that matter is the source of all evil. Men felt, within themselves, a conflict between good and evil. Much of the evil they fancied they could plainly trace either to the appetites of the body or to the temptations presented by the external world; while the good, which fought too unsuccessfully against the evil, as it existed more in purpose and in feeling than in practice, they were inclined to ascribe to the virtue of the soul, which was too weak to contend with the sinful matter encompassing it on every side. The immaterial soul, they thought, strives after what is pure and good; the material body allies itself with what is corrupt and evil. Thus they placed the body, and the visible world, and the devil, on one side: and the soul, and God, and spiritual truth, on the other side; and imagined that an everlasting conflict must go on between them.

These were not the notions of heathens, as might be supposed, but of Christians in the apostolic age, and subsequently. We perceive some allusion to their existence in the Epistle to the Colossians, where St. Paul warns the church against ideas which even then had begun to spread; ideas which, as he says, "have a show of wisdom in neglect-

ing the body." (Col. ii. 23.) The expression (ἀφειδία σώματος) is significant;* it denotes a total neglect of corporal comforts or indulgence; as if the study of heavenly things were incompatible with any enjoyment of the comforts of life. The warning given by Paul did not prevent the spread of the error. After his death, but before John, the last survivor of the apostles, had passed away, we find the Christians making the most arbitrary separation between things secular and things sacred. Many, as soon as they were baptized, gave the whole of their property to the church or to the poor, and retired from all social and public duties, living unmarried, sustaining themselves scantily by manual labour, wearing the coarsest clothes, and withdrawing as far as possible from all intercourse with their neighbours. Some, in their mistaken sincerity, considered the body to be the work of the devil, and believed redemption to consist in the entire destruction of the bodily nature: so impossible did they consider it to reconcile religion with the daily business of life.

There is in Christianity a world-appropriating tendency, and also a world-resisting tendency. It was natural in the circumstances of the primitive church that the world-resisting tendency should be predominant, for the Christians had to fight against the world; the whole power of church and state was against them; and it was, therefore, not at all surprising that those passages of Scripture which speak of resisting the world should be more dwelt upon by them, more inwardly cherished, and more frequently quoted, than another class of passages which show how the world may be appropriated by a Christian man; for instance: "All things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the

* It is to be hoped that Mr. Alford's advice in his lecture of last year has not been forgotten. He recommended the formation of a Greek Testament class.

world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours." (1 Cor. iii. 22.) The Christian, when he attains to the full consciousness of his liberty in Christ, is able to make the best of both worlds, as was ably stated in this Hall some time ago. But it was some time before men came fully to understand this, especially in the struggling circumstances of the early church, when everything which seemed to enjoin resistance to the world seized hold of their minds, as being in special accordance with their vocation. When a man has embraced a partial, one-sided view of truth, however unintentionally, he has already met error half way; and it is in this manner that most of the heresies which have divided the church have arisen.

Accordingly we find that, in some cases, the spiritual pride of the Jew, and, in other cases, the philosophical pride of the Gentile Platonist, rapidly and extensively corrupted the churches. Religion was viewed by many as a thing altogether separate from common life. Among the multitudes of the Gnostics the body was despised, since it is only earth; it was detested, since it is only evil. Thousands of emaciated enthusiasts hid themselves in caves, or wandered as mendicants about the country, worn to the bone with watchings and fastings; dirty, for the corrupt body was not worth the trouble of washing; solitary, for all social enjoyments do but pamper its corruption; hoping to rise to the intuition of God by reducing the body to a skeleton. Others spent their time in study and contemplation, thinking this the only way to the enjoyment of the Infinite. Others gave themselves up to profligacy, alleging that they showed their contempt of the body by treating it as a thing indifferent. Outwardly, these present an extreme contrast; but the fundamental error is in each case the same. The error lay in believing that what appertains to spirit is in itself good; while that which is physical, mate-

rial, is necessarily evil. This false belief, coming in contact with a religious disposition, led to bodily mortification; coming in contact with a low animal disposition, it led to sensuality.

But we need not go as far back as the first two or three centuries of the Christian era in order to find instances of this improper disjunction between religion and common life. The whole monastic system is an instance of it upon a vast scale. Why did people shut themselves up in convents and monasteries, and why do they still? Why was the secluded life of nuns, and monks, and hermits extolled above the life of other Christians? Why have such men as Simeon the Stylite, who perched himself upon the top of a column thirty-six ells in height, and never came down for several years, been esteemed as models of the most exalted holiness? Why have thousands of serious men immured themselves in convents: why have millions of conscientious women taken the veil and bidden farewell to the world? Because they have thought that the most exalted kind of service which can be offered to God consists in withdrawing from the world which He has made; that the highest wisdom consists in retiring from that social order which He has ordained among men; that the most acceptable worship of the Universal Father is the refusal of all intercourse with His creatures; that perfect attention to things sacred requires total abandonment of things secular.

Similar notions prevail among the Hindoos. They believe that the soul is defiled and degraded by its union with the body, and cannot be pure so long as it is connected in any way with the world of Sansara—the bonds of matter; hence the most perfect men are those who are continually longing for release from these bonds; and the highest felicity of which the soul is capable is to be absorbed in the Universal Spirit, as a drop of water is lost in the ocean.

The devout Buddhist has no conception of the principle contained in our Saviour's prayer, "I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from the evil;" for, according to His notions, everything that belongs to this world *is* evil, and purity cannot possibly be obtained except by our removal from all contact with visible things. A friend related to me the following circumstance, of which he was an eye-witness:—"A Fakir, or Hindoo devotee, of extraordinary sanctity, happened to enter a town in India. This man's arm was fixed, by long habit, in an uplifted position. By voluntary effort, when a youth, he had held the arm in that position night and day till the muscles had become rigid and the limb as immovable as if in a state of catalepsy. His feet were bare, his body was a mere skeleton, his nails and hairs were like Nebuchadnezzar's in his insanity, his tattered rags swarmed with vermin, and, as he never washed, his flesh was most disgustingly filthy. When this hideous fanatic entered the town there was a great commotion. One respectable native made himself very conspicuous as an admirer of the far-famed devotee. After very long entreaty, he succeeded in persuading the dirty fellow to allow him to wash his feet: and, having performed this operation, he drank the water, that it might wash away his sins."

Such a case as this, of a man in high repute among his neighbours for piety and charity, cannot but be deeply interesting. Unquestionably he had a sense of sin—of an inward schism and disunion—of an inward taint, which needed to be washed away. But if anything external *could* wash it away, why should he not have supposed such virtue to exist in the clear water of the crystal spring, bubbling up fresh and pure, rather than in the polluted puddle which had washed the Fakir's feet? Why was the Fakir so holy that the dust of his feet had power to cleanse the soul?

Because he was despising his body, and the world, and all things around him. He had attained to unusual elevation in piety by showing unusual contempt for all ordinary things.

There are tens of thousands of persons, both in Roman Catholic and in Protestant countries, whose only notion concerning religion is a dim, half-formed idea, that it is something very different from everything else. "Law for the lawyer, medicine for the doctor, and religion for the parson; it is the parson's profession to understand it: no doubt he will do what is right, and give what directions are required; he is paid for looking into these things, and if he does not understand them, why, it is not our fault, and we can't help it, and have nothing to do with it." To such people, if they pay any attention at all to divine worship, it is merely a ceremony, directed by a competent functionary, which they think it right to attend and see performed. It has no other connection with common life than this, that some virtue is supposed to reside in it, some magical effect, whereby their sins are removed from time to time, and matters are kept right for another world. Some years ago, I was passing by the Spanish chapel, Portman-square, on a Sunday morning. A number of Irish were going in and coming out. One man came out, stood staring around him for a moment, and then walked into the gin-shop at the corner. A friend, who knew him, waited at the door till he came out (it was before the public-houses were closed till one o'clock on Sundays), and then accosted him, in a serious tone, with, "Why, Donolly, I am surprised at you. What is the use of your going to mass for the good of your soul, and then going, on a Sunday morning, straight to the drink-shop afterwards?" Donolly replied, with the greatest coolness, "Why, yer honour, what *is* the use of paying off an ould score, if we cannot set up a new one

directly?" Donolly was a deluded man, but he was an honest man; and in his simple words you have the creed of thousands of better educated people, who would perhaps look down upon him with scorn.

We thus see how men have arrived, by very different roads, at the same point. The point where all these paths converge, the point which men, by all these different roads, have reached, is an arbitrary disjunction between religion and the things of common life—an improper separation between things secular and things sacred. Some have trod the old Persian road of an original dualism, a twofold empire of supreme evil and of supreme good. Some have travelled by the Buddhist road, supposing that everything material contaminates the spirit. Some have pursued the Gnostic road, believing that the soul is to be purified by metaphysical abstractions and dreamy contemplations, and counting the body as fit only to be despised,—either punishing it with austerities, or yielding themselves up to sensual vices as things indifferent. Some have travelled by that road which priesteraft has in all ages been ready to point out, and which poor human nature has in all ages been but too eager to follow,—the road of Ceremonialism; the idea that religion consists in a particular set of ceremonies prescribed by the recognised priest-functionary, and that a due attention to these is a sufficient set-off against their sins. Pursuing these varied tracks of thought, all have arrived at this conclusion, that sacred things are altogether distinct from the things of every-day life. They would not say so in so many words, but, practically, one says, "Religion is a thing for the educated, but not for the illiterate;" another says, "Religion is a thing for the retired and contemplative, but not for busy, ordinary people;" another says, "Religion belongs to the church and the confessional, but has nothing to do with matters outside;" another says, "Religion is a

study for the cleric, not for the layman;" another says, with great unction, "Religion is an inestimable blessing, intended for all mankind, but it is only intended for Sundays, not for the other days of the week."

But why this separation? Why this putting asunder of things which God hath joined together? What more convincing evidence can be imagined of our sad state of estrangement from God than this universal disposition to forget Him in the general affairs of life, and to regard religion as wealthy ladies regard their jewels—things to be kept shut up in a dark closet, and brought out only on state occasions? What can be more unlike the New Testament representation of Christianity than that principle, so common among men of all sects, which tends to make religion an outward thing, confined to particular times and places? In the first chapter of Genesis we read that God, having created the heavens, and the earth, and the seas, and replenished this world with innumerable forms of vegetable and animal life, which crowded and beautified the land, which filled and enlivened the waters—having accomplished all this in that period of duration which is described to us as six days, the Almighty One then proceeded to create a being worthy of this wondrous fabric: a being in His own image, intellectual and moral, whose especial charge and study it should be to "replenish and subdue" this earth, because his Maker had so commanded him. Accordingly, when our first parents were created, "God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it; and have dominion over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." (Gen. i. 28.) As the earth became replenished by the gradual multiplication of the human species, it was to be "subdued" by the inventions of human skill, and the varied processes of industry. The most obvious and simple processes were those of dress-

ing the garden, tilling the land, and tending flocks; such were the occupations of Adam, Cain, and Abel. But how little did the first generations of men imagine of the riches which the Creator had laid up in store in the soil, in the waters, in rocks, in plants, in the bowels of the earth! How little do we ourselves, after six thousand years, know, in all probability, of the hidden principles and properties of nature! How much that is unexpected and astonishing has been discovered within the memory of men now living; while yet, as much as we enlarge the circle of light, we feel that we only enlarge by so much the circumference of darkness which surrounds it. Yet all the discoveries of science, all the energy of merchants, all the labour of artizans, are but so many efforts (unconsciously, it may be, on their part) towards accomplishing that which our Creator set before us at the beginning. One end—I do not say the only end, or the chief end—but one end for which God Almighty put man upon the earth was, that by the working of his intelligence, by his study, his traffic, his combinations, his industry, he might 'subdue the earth,' and turn its unknown riches to his own advantage. God has made the earth full of wonders, of beauties, of utilities, which do not develop themselves at first, but which only appear to man in proportion as he is industrious, and patient, and skilful, and intelligent in the work of bringing out that which his heavenly Father has laid hidden in the various principles of nature. When, therefore, we look at our busy wharfs, our well-ploughed fields, our gigantic ships, our mills, and mines, and laboratories, and foundries, with their thousands of quick eyes, nimble fingers, herculean arms, intelligent heads, and brave hearts, do we see anything in all this which is necessarily inconsistent with religion? Quite the contrary. We see in all this man pursuing his divinely appointed vocation, and God's design in process of fulfil-

ment. "Replenish the earth, and subdue it, and have dominion over everything that moveth upon the earth."

So far, then, from secular toil being inimical to sacred duty, they are both ordinances of God. It is true that, connected with secular things, there is much evil; yet the evil does not lie in these things themselves, but in "the evil heart of unbelief which departeth from the living God." The schism is really not in nature, but in man. Men receive the gifts, and forget the Giver; they explore the globe, and forget its Creator; they wander about this lovely earth, and bask in the sunbeams, and pluck the fruit, and cool themselves in the shady grove, but forget who is the lordly Proprietor who has given them liberty to survey his estate and enjoy its choice things. We till the soil, and excavate the rocks, and navigate the waters, and manufacture the produce which belong to this Almighty Proprietor, strangely forgetting that we are doing all this only by his leave, and for him. The servant thinks that he is master, the steward thinks himself proprietor; the Lord of the servants being long absent, the servants willingly forget him, and think of taking the vineyard to themselves, and neglect or mock at those who would remind them of their duty.

Now, in the popular language, the trading, and digging, and sailing, are called things secular; singing hymns, and praying, and preaching, are called things sacred. There can be no objection to this distinction, rightly understood. No reasonable man would maintain that these several duties are all of one class. There is a peculiar sacredness belonging to the latter kind of exercises, which does not belong to the former, to the same extent. But the difference between them is not so much in kind, as in degree. Common opinion would make them duties of *opposite kinds*; "the trading belongs to earth, and the praying belongs to heaven—

the buying and selling are for this life, the singing and prayer are for the life that is to come. The enterprise, and discovery, and competition are for our own advancement; the solemnities of worship, and the quiet devotion of the Sabbath, belong especially to God." Very true; but this is not the whole case. Has your trading to do with this world alone, has it nothing whatever to do with another life? Are not your buying and selling, your discovery and enterprise, your commercial enterprises, and scientific pursuits, and family settlements, all parts of one great whole—of which your prayers and your worship are a part also? God has made the body as well as the soul, earth as well as heaven; and as John Wesley has remarked, "we are every moment pleasing or displeasing to Him, according to the whole of our inward tempers and outward conduct."

There is great power in words. I remember, when a boy, being sadly puzzled with the phrase "Sacred and Profane History." Sacred history, of course, was right and proper, —but 'profane history,' by which boys, in those days particularly, understood the histories of Greece and Rome, this was a difficulty. Could it be right to read anything profane? I did read, but with a secret uneasiness for a time; and this was an injury to me; for a boy, or a man either, receives real moral injury when he does anything which he is not thoroughly persuaded is right. The fault was in that ill-chosen word, which put a stumbling-block in my way. It ought not to be called 'profane history.' The expression arose probably in those ages when ecclesiastics were jealous of the progress of learning among the people. The word 'secular' has not the same signification as the word profane; for instance, 'secular history' sounds much more harmless than 'profane history.' The word 'profane,' as used in this sense, is becoming obsolete We do not now

hear of sacred and profane history, but of sacred and secular history; it is not now religious and profane education, but religious and secular education; it is not sacred and profane music, but sacred and secular music. Undoubtedly, we require a word to express just what the word 'secular' does express; that is 'not sacred,' in the higher and stricter sense of the word sacred. But we must avoid confounding 'secular' with sinful; they are two essentially different ideas. 'Sacred' and 'sinful' are irreconcilably opposed—they war with each other to all eternity. But 'sacred' and 'secular' are not irreconcilably opposed—they can travel agreeably side by side. And God grant that you and I may learn the happy art of rightly adjusting their several claims, so that in the experience of each of us, they may travel thus, side by side, in the journey of life! The effect of true religion is not to set them at variance—not to represent the claims of the one as inimical to those of others. In St. Paul's catalogue, 'Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report," there is nothing which may not apply to things secular, rightly understood and lawfully pursued.

Still, though not opposite, they are not alike. There is an important distinction between them. We have to inquire where they meet, and where they part; in what respects each may interwork, and in what respects each has a distinct sphere; how far the higher may blend with and transfuse itself into the lower, and how far it requires to dwell alone in its native majesty. You walk out in the country, and you admire the rainbow, as you stand gazing at the point where one foot of that bow appears to rest, over yonder orchard. There are certain colours perfectly distinct, and perfectly distinguishable—there is the

violet, there is the green, there is the indigo, there is the orange, and so of the other colours. You can see each perfectly well in its own individuality. Yet these colours imperceptibly blend. You do not see parallel stripes of orange and of green, but you see orange and green gradually blending, yet each perfectly distinct. There is no harsh line. You cannot say, "Here is the line where thegreen ends, and the orange begins." There is no such line. Each colour is distinctly seen in its own individuality, yet each colour imperceptibly shades off into another. Thus it ought to be in regard to things secular and things sacred. Are we advocating an indiscriminate confusion of the two? Are we proposing that the distinctions between them should be abolished or disregarded? Are we encouraging the idea that, so long as a man is honest and charitable in his temporal concerns, it is of no consequence whether he believes a creed or no creed, whether he keeps a Sabbath or no Sabbath, whether he attends divine worship, or neglects it? Are we intimating that there should be no speciality of religious services, no sacred day, no holy book? God forbid! The sacred has an authority of its own. There it stands, in its beauty, in its grandeur, in its divinity; but still there is a way in which it ought to tinge and to blend with all the transactions of common life.

Let us proceed to a few practical illustrations of our meaning.

All our engagements ought to be in a certain sense sacred. Religion is not a thing confined to particular times and places, but a power pervading the whole life. It is described in Scripture as a new nature. "If any man be in Christ Jesus, he is a new creature; old things have passed away; behold, all things are become new." This cannot mean that the man merely observes certain days and forms and ceremonies which previously he was careless

about. He is a partaker of a new life. The tone and aim of life are raised; its toil and its rest, its week days and its sabbaths, its business and its recreations, its days of joy and its nights of suffering, are all regarded as one continuous living sacrifice to the Father. A certain sacredness is felt to attach even to the humblest and commonest pursuits.

We find an apt illustration of this in the life of Dr. Arnold. Arnold was called to visit a dying man. He talked to him and admonished him, and prayed with him as became a faithful minister of Christ under the circumstances. His next engagement, immediately afterwards, was to go into the school, where the sixth form boys were waiting for him to give them their Greek lesson. He felt the transition to be abrupt—an abrupt transition from the dying bed to the sixth form. Yet he reflected, that although of very different kinds, they were both duties; and that, to a mind perfectly in harmony with its duty, there would be no difficulty. He states that he found relief in prayer, which, as he felt, harmonized the two.

There is much to be learned from this remark, obvious though it may appear, that they were both duties. One was secular, the other was peculiarly sacred; yet, as duties, each of them formed part of a whole, which, rightly apprehended, must be in harmony with itself. And though the visit to the dying chamber was a duty of a peculiarly sacred character, yet was there not a certain sacredness about the lesson to the sixth form too? And was not Arnold just as holy, just as acceptable in the sight of God, and just as fully prepared for heaven, while teaching the sixth form Greek, as while exhorting the dying man? And provided these duties are attended to only at proper times and in a proper way, may not that young man, while he is behind the counter weighing his sugar, or that young woman, while she is trimming a bonnet, or that coachman, while he is

driving his master's carriage up Ludgate Hill, or that elderly gentleman, his master, who sits so comfortably inside reading the Morning Chronicle,—may they not all be just as holy, just as acceptable to God, just as fully prepared for heaven, while engaged in these several occupations, as they are when they make the house of God resound with their singing, or when bowed in the attitude of prayer? While we take care not to confound 'secular' with 'sinful'; we must also care not to limit our ideas of things sacred within the comparatively narrow boundary of things ecclesiastical

The name of Arnold naturally suggests the subject of education; and I do not know where we could find a more apt instance of that improper separation of secular from sacred things, against which we contend, than is furnished in the controversy respecting secular education and religious education. You enter a large school, (there are many such,) and find it in good order, under efficient discipline, and in a vigorous working condition. The master appears to be conscientiously doing his best to forward the intellectual development of the boys. You look through the classes, you examine the instruction-books, you look down the programme of school-duties; you miss one thing—there is no religious instruction, no psalmody, no prayer, no Bible. You inquire the reason of this omission. The vigorous, intellectual master tells you, that, in the opinion of the managers, religion has nothing to do with a school; the boys can learn that wherever their parents please; it is no part of the duty of a schoolmaster to inculcate any peculiar religious opinions—that duty belongs to the clergy of different persuasions; consequently, though every effort is made to recommend moral habits, religion is a forbidden topic in the school.

Now, is this the more excellent way? Is it wise, is it right, to train children to the habit of regarding religion

as something belonging, like medicine, to men of a particular profession—something which may with propriety be excluded from our thoughts while we are busied with the routine of daily life? Does not the notion that children ought to be thus trained betray an essentially wrong conception of Christianity? Is it not much better to introduce the Bible, and occasionally pious hymns and prayer? What is the object to be aimed at in the education of a child? Is a child all brain? Does he not also possess a heart? Has he not a moral nature as well as an intellectual nature? And if your efforts are directed exclusively to the development of his brain, while his heart is left uncultivated, have you accomplished much that is valuable? It is freely granted that the chief object of the schoolmaster is the advancement of his pupils in knowledge, and the cultivation of good intellectual habits; it is also unquestionable that the Sabbath and the sanctuary are peculiarly devoted to religious instruction. But, not to mention the manner in which the children of our congregations are too often ignored in the arrangements of Divine service and in the generality of sermons, the question returns, Is it right that religion should be thus systematically pushed out of six days in the week? Is it right that children should be trained to regard the Bible as a book, and religion as a subject, proper only for Sundays? To such a habit of feeling we are all liable enough, without having the immense power of the school brought in to confirm it. And as we must all come to regard sacred things as daily things at some time or other in life, if we are to attain to future happiness, why should not such a habit be inculcated in the morning of life? The Spaniards have a proverb, "That which a fool does in the end, a wise man does in the beginning."

You pass from the workshop of boys to the busy marts

and workshops of men, and you find the same principle acted on, as might be expected; for the man is generally nothing more than the boy enlarged, as the successive circles widen when you have thrown a stone into the water. But Arnold's is the principle which ought to be practically recognised—that there is no essential incongruity between the sick bed and the sixth form; and that, under the influence of prayer, the mind may readily pass from the one to the other.

Let me now be allowed to quote with all reverence a higher example than Arnold's—the example of the Perfect Man, the Lord Jesus. Take a scene for one moment from the Gospel narrative. You have before you the lake of Tiberias. There it lies, smooth as a sea of glass; not a breeze is stirring; not the slightest sound of a ripple disturbs the air. The shore just here is steeply sloping; the grass grows down to the water's edge; there is a little cove or indentation of the shore, where a fishing-boat lies upon the motionless water. That fishing-boat is Peter's. He has lent it to his Master, for the purpose of preaching to the vast congregation of people, who crowd on all sides the sloping shore. Jesus is preaching to the people from Peter's boat, declaring that He is the way, the truth, and the life, while all the people are very attentive to hear the words of grace which fall from his lips. But wait awhile. The sermon ends; the people depart; they go away over yonder hill, and you see them no more. The bank, which an hour ago was crowded with eager listeners, is now vacant. There is no boat now lying in the little cove. Where is the Lord Jesus now? If you look out upon the lake, you will see that the boat has rowed away some considerable distance from the shore; and Jesus is in it, giving Peter instructions how he should catch some fish. The transition may seem to be very sudden and abrupt to you, but it did

not appear so to Him; for perfect holiness views all duties in their proper light, as essentially harmonious, the one with the other. So, when Peter has pulled away into the deep water, Jesus says to him, "Now, throw out your net." "Why, Master," says Peter, "it is of no use doing that, for we have been toiling all night, and have taken nothing;" and a fisherman knows very well that if he has toiled all night and taken nothing, there is very little chance of his getting anything when the glare of the sun is full upon the water. But a second thought strikes him, "Nevertheless, *at Thy word.*" I would not do it of my own judgment, but "at Thy word I will let down the net." He let down the net, and you know the result; they were not able to draw it for the immense multitude of fishes.

Now, from that little narrative we learn two things. First, Our Saviour would teach Peter, and would also teach you and me, that He will not allow any one to do anything for him unrewarded. Peter had lent Jesus his boat to preach in, and had thereby confessed his Master before that multitude; and now the Lord Jesus, by His miraculous power, fills his boat with fish. That, however, is an incidental lesson by the way. The particular lesson to which I would call your attention is this: that the Lord Jesus himself saw no unnatural abruptness in the instantaneous transition from one of these occupations to the other. There He is one hour preaching the gospel to the people listening on the shore; there He is the next hour giving Peter instructions in the fishing-boat—how he should let down his net so as to secure the shoal of fish which He, in His omniscience, knew was approaching. That is the lesson I wish to impress upon this audience. The sacred and the secular ought to blend naturally. There is no invincible enmity between them—there ought not to be. And to a mind thoroughly in harmony with its duty, there will be no painful sense of

abruptness, or of impropriety, or of coming down, in passing from one to the other; for the love of God ennobles every duty; and though the one kind is higher and more spiritual than the other, yet both, when combined, form that life-sacrifice required in the sacred word—"I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

Even in an æsthetic view of life (if such a view may be allowed for a moment), this blending of higher and of lower duties commends itself. It is related of Michael Angelo, who united in himself the highest abilities of painter, sculptor, and architect, that he laid it down as a maxim, that perfection in art consists in attention to trifles. There are many minute and apparently insignificant particulars, which an inferior artist would not advert to, or, if he did, he would think it not worth while to bestow time and attention upon them, but which a first-rate artist perceives to be essential to the perfection of the whole work, and therefore important enough to be studied most carefully; for as perfection is his object, nothing, however insignificant in itself, can be really a trifle in his estimation which may contribute in any degree towards it. The ideal beauty after which he strives is in his estimation of such priceless worth as to ennoble the most humble and minute details which are in any way tributary to it. The same lofty or beautiful conception, the same enthusiasm for his art pervades him, whether he is engaged on the grander outlines of his design or in the most trifling details. Inattention to these, or imperceptiveness of them, is precisely what distinguishes an ordinary from a superior artist, according to Angelo. We perceive an analogous thing in regard to statesmen, and men generally who have to conduct large and complicated transactions. No man can be a first-rate man of business,

who despises minor details. Sir Robert Peel was remarkable for his careful attention to small and apparently insignificant particulars of a business, and in this he showed his high qualifications as a statesman; not, of course, leaving greater matters unattended to, yet aware how important the unit is in its relation to the million.

It is thus that, in regard to men's highest and immortal interests, no greater or more fatal mistake can be made than to imagine that the little affairs of daily life—the trifling, unheroic engagements which fill up the daily routine—are scarcely worthy of attention in comparison. Let me put a case which is not very dissimilar to what many of you have often felt. You have been engaged in Divine worship in the house of God with more than usual fervour. The service was most impressive. The prayers, the singing, the sermon, all raised you into a lofty state of sacred excitement and enraptured devotion. In this state you went home, and in this state you laid yourself down at night. On awaking on Monday morning, while you were looking about your bedroom for your working clothes, and with the shop and its day's duties in prospect, you felt a kind of dismay, almost approaching to disgust. "What a coming down from the intellectual engagements and blessed excitement of last evening! Would that I could get rid of this business; it is so distasteful, almost degrading! What have tallow and soap in common with an immortal intellect? How much more happy, how much more in harmony with the true dignity of a man, did I feel while listening last night to that most intellectual and eloquent sermon; when I could so heartily join in singing, 'My willing soul would stay in such a frame as this'!" And so you have felt rather dull at the prospect of commencing the business of the day. You were half disposed to sneer at your trade.

Now, the fact is, that that sermon did you no good. It

might be very intellectual, very brilliant, or very profound; it raised your highest admiration; perhaps it gave you several new ideas. But if it made you sneer at the candles or at the calico on Monday morning, it did you no spiritual good: for it put you out of harmony with your duty. Intellectual gratification is one thing; religious edification is another. It is possible to have the intellect excited and the taste gratified in connection with religious services without one particle of real spiritual good being effected. Just in proportion as the religion of Jesus Christ is received into the heart, the effect will be that the whole man will be in harmony with himself and with his duty. A sense of duty and of a Divine calling pervading the mind, will ennoble and gladden the daily path, even of a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. If, on the other hand, as the effect of the Sabbath services, you go to your business with a lighter heart, with a more active step, with a serious sense of responsibility and a high conscientiousness, with a conscience purified through prayer, and "without offence," and yet with a buoyant, resolute, I could even say frolicsome, activity, this is a better testimony for the Sunday's sermon than the other case which I have supposed.

Many persons have a rather one-sided view of what practical piety is in its outward manifestation. They seem to suppose that deadness to the world means discontent with the world. An entire mistake. Many persons, for instance, have a remarkably curious idea of what constitutes a pious young man. They expect that everything which characterizes a *young* man should be given up; he must be an old man. If a joke is passed among his shopmates, he must by no means laugh heartily at it; he must not go beyond a demure smile. He must never on any account jump over the counter—that would look too carnal; he must walk soberly round the end. He must not [illegible] with

measured gravity. And as for playing any funny tricks, however harmless, alas for his reputation if he ventures on anything of that kind! All these narrow, unnatural notions arise from a one-sided view of the nature of religion, and tend either to repel young people from it, or else to make them hypocrites.

When a man thinks that his religion lays him under the necessity of looking and talking differently from other English people, in a certain conventional pietistic way, it is no wonder if people with a keen sense of the ludicrous laugh at him. They may do this, and yet respect the real piety which they believe to exist under this queer covering. But why should not a pious young man walk, and run, and leap, and swim, and row, and throw a ball, as vigorously or as dexterously as any one else? And why should a fondness for physical exercises be thought incompatible, as it often is, with elevated piety? Nothing is more out of place than that unnatural sourness and grimness which we observe among some religious people. There are many who look natural and pleasant enough at all other times, but the moment they begin with a religious service, or a religious conversation, the expression of their countenance immediately alters. And how often do we hear the Bible read, even from the pulpit, in a tone which would be perfectly ridiculous in reading any other book! Undoubtedly the words of God ought to be read with becoming seriousness; but ought they to be read in a gloomy lugubrious way? I have heard a man read "Awake up, my glory: awake, lute and harp, I myself will awake early," with such a lifeless drawl as if he intended his reading for a soporific. I have heard a man read, "Rejoice evermore," with a melancholy quavering like a Turkish hired mourner at a funeral. The Praise-God-Barebones are not yet quite extinct. What nonsense and folly it is to teach young people to call this

beautiful world, "a howling wilderness!" You may make it a howling wilderness to yourself, certainly; but this will be your fault, not the fault of the Infinitely Holy and Blessed One, who made it.

Regard your business, then, as a part of your duty to God. It is an important part of that life-service which you ought to render to Him. The pure in heart see God in all things. Trade and merchandize are ordinances of God as truly as winter and summer, or as day and night. The effect of genuine piety—that piety which has its seat in the heart and in the soul, as distinguished from that external pietism which has its place only in the church or the chapel—the effect of genuine piety will be to give to you, as a man of business, energy, buoyancy of spirit, elevation of the moral standard, presence of mind in difficult affairs, and caution when tempted by flattering but morally doubtful speculations.

Why is it, that we so frequently hear of disgraceful failures in business of men who have made a religious profession? Why is it that we sometimes hear of 'a religious man' being ruined by some gambling speculation which an honest man would never have entered into? Why is it, that we hear of religious men launching out far beyond what their capital would allow? Why is it, that we hear of religious professors living in an expensive style, when they must have known that their creditors would have to pay for it? Because the religion of these men—if indeed anything they had ought to be called religion—consisted only in doctrines, and ordinances, and ceremonies, and did not influence their daily conduct. It was a Sunday religion only, not a seven-days-in-the-week religion. Early habit, and perhaps a fragrance yet remaining of holy seasons in bygone years, led them to enjoy the form of worship to which they had been brought up. Besides, they believed

certain doctrines to be true, and their opposites to be false, and having a taste for religious oratory, they dearly liked to hear the Papists well rapped from the pulpit, or the Arminians, or the Calvinists, as the case might be. And perhaps they had a keen enjoyment of congregational psalmody, or of ecclesiastical architecture. But what is all this without justice, mercy, and truth? What is mere temple-religion without sound morality? What is faith without works? What is that religion worth, which thinks of nothing as sacred but what is ecclesiastical, and loosens the bonds of veracity and righteousness? "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, justice, mercy, and truth; these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone."

Although I am not practically acquainted with trade, I may be allowed to offer one practical suggestion to a young man about to commence business on his own account. There are some tradesmen—Baptists, Churchmen, Methodists, and others—who appear anxious to turn their religious professions to pecuniary advantage. One of these men may probably come to your warehouse, and ask for goods on credit. He is a stranger to you, and you naturally wish to make some inquiries. He is most willing to answer any inquiry—he is a member of the church in such and such a street, where that excellent man, the Rev. Mr. Christian, is pastor, whom he will straightway begin to eulogise in the highest terms. He is also well acquainted with several other clergymen, and men of influence, in the body to which he belongs. If you ask any further questions, he intimates that the above ought really to be considered amply sufficient. Now, looking at the case, not with the sharp eye of a merchant, but with the mild eye of a minister of Jesus Christ, the bringer of peace and good-will to all men,

—how should I advise you to treat this man? Tell him, that you have the greatest pleasure in dealing with Christian men; but that at the same time you are satisfied that, as a Christian man, he will be even more ready than another man, if possible, to afford every kind of reference and satisfaction which you, in your position, may reasonably require. No man ought to trade with his church membership. Business transactions must be conducted on bnsiness principles. But, on the other hand, if this man is honest and open with you—if he candidly tells you that he is needy, but that a little generous usage will be of infinite service to him, and that he has come to you as a Christian brother,—you ought then to listen to the dictates of charity, considering that this poor man, coming to you so honestly and undisguisedly, is as if it were the Lord Jesus himself coming to you; you must not *then* treat him on the cold principles of business, for he has not treated you thus; you must deal generously with him, if it be in your power; you must not act the oppressor over him. Even if you should ultimately lose some money by him, you will gain it in another way, for "inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of one of these, ye did it unto me." Let sacred charity, not less than sacred justice, have her voice in the management of your secular affairs. One way in which the sacred and the secular ought to be blended, is this—that the holy principles of charity and benevolence which we so loudly proclaim on the Sabbath be acted upon in the transactions of the week. There are some men—and men too in Christian churches—who are inflexibly just, but implacably severe. They will pay every one to the day: but they will show no mercy to the poor and needy. They will make an uproarious outcry if some Christian professor defrauds his creditors; but they themselves will exact the uttermost farthing from the unfortunate struggling debtor, without compunction

and without pity. There are men in the church, rich men too, who are more severe, more oppressive, more grasping, more unfeeling towards a poor man than many others who perhaps are not so rich, who make no profession of religion, but who possess that without which the strictest profession is but little worth—a compassionate heart.

Having thus considered the subject in relation to the ordinary duties of daily life, let us now consider it in reference to recreations. The question arises at once, What is the proper light in which we ought to look at recreations and amusements? There are many young people who regard them as the chief thing in life. The day's work is dragged through in expectation of the evening's frolic. A play, a ball, or a concert, is to them a matter of more real interest than all the business in the world. Such young people are to be pitied for the emptiness of their heads and of their hearts, and, most probably, in a few years they will be pitied for the emptiness of their pockets too; and it will be well if they do not find their portion hereafter with him to whom it was said, "Son, thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, but now thou art tormented." There are others who go to the opposite extreme. They are everlasting drudges; they have no taste for social pleasures, or indeed for anything but working and getting money. I was amused the other day, with a passage in a well-known newspaper, more remarkable for its ability than for its amiableness. Among the "Notices to Correspondents" was the following:—"C. B. wishes our advice with regard to recreations. Our advice is very simple. Take none at all. We never take any ourselves, and never did." Now this worthy man may be a Colossus of industry; but it is no wonder that he should sometimes get bilious and pugnacious. Again, there are others who will allow of recreations to a certain extent; not because they approve of them,

but only as the less of two evils—only as a concession to the weakness and sinfulness of human nature. A remnant of the old Gnostic notion exists in them—that anything which exhilarates the spirits, or in any way indulges the body, must necessarily be inimical to the interests of the soul. Accordingly, they look upon prayer and recreation as two things at the antipodes of each other; nothing could be more preposterous than to place the two things together in any way. All amusements have a savour of sin in them; if all mankind were perfectly religious and thoroughly devoted to God, there would be no amusements of any kind; men would not want them.

This opinion is entirely wrong. It has no foundation either in human nature, or in the word of God. Where does the Bible say that you are to be perpetually hammering, and bartering, and stitching, except when you are at prayers or asleep? What does our blessed Creator mean by giving sweet fresh air, and pleasant fields, and bracing hills, and swelling waves; and, on the other hand, a natural desire for physical exercises and refreshment? And what did our blessed Creator mean when he gave to us a social nature, with social longings, aversion to constant solitude, and love of society? There is no department of life in which the sacred has been so thoroughly severed from the secular as in this of recreations. Oliver Cromwell, with all his great qualities, banished all sports, frowned upon even innocent amusements, created a nation of hypocrites, and paved the way for the debauchery of the reign of Charles the Second. And ever since his day, a vague, undefined notion has existed in England, now happily giving way by degrees, which, as I have said, looks upon recreations and religious services as things in their very nature, not only different from each other, (which undoubtedly they are,) but opposed to each other.

But why should not the sacredness which belongs to our life as a whole belong to our relaxations? Why should not the pleasant walk, or the healthful game of cricket, or the heart-reviving cruise under a staggering breeze, or the social evening party, with a few friendly games, and a little lively conversation, or the musical meeting for the lovers of harmony, where every piece that looks immoral or doubtful is resolutely kept out—why may not these things be viewed deliberately and approvingly as part and parcel of a Christian's acceptable life-service to God? Many people have such strange, false notions on this subject. They look upon religion as opposed to pleasure in every form, as if it despised the body and the external world, and they only join in recreations with the same timid hesitation with which the little boy dipped into "profane history."

"But surely this is not the way to talk to young men. They want no stimulus to amusements; they want to be held back rather than urged forward, especially in London, where vice spreads her net so artfully on all hands to catch the unwary bird." Very true; and it is to this point I am now coming. St. Paul tells us, that "whatsoever is not of faith is sin;" and I am anxious to lay it down clearly that recreation is not to be condemned *as such;* it is necessary, it is right, and the Father of us all smiles upon it. But for this very reason, that recreation is necessary and right, must every good man frown upon many things which are resorted to as recreations. Tertullian, in the second century, speaking of the Christians' feasts, makes this remark: "They eat and drink so as they remember they are to pray that night before they sleep." Here is a golden rule respecting amusements. Remember that you are to pray that night before you sleep. Your life should be in harmony with itself—your trading, your reading, your amusements, your daily remembrance of your God and Saviour; and

whatever disturbs this harmony of duties must be something wrong to you, and must be avoided. Can you visit the theatre, remembering that you are to pray that night before you sleep? Can you stay out capering and fiddling till three or four o'clock in the morning, remembering that you are to pray before you sleep? Can you waste your Sunday in going to Brighton and back, depriving porters, and clerks, and cabmen, of their rightful rest, remembering that you are to pray that night before you sleep?

I trust that we shall be all led to think alike, and feel alike, and act alike—not, indeed, on every conceivable subject, for that is neither possible nor desirable—but in regard to the important subject which has occupied us this evening; that we shall be yet more anxious to carry our religion into all the circumstances and duties of life—into our profession or business—into our recreations and amusements—into our daily concerns—into our social parties. "Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord."

The Lessons which War teaches.

A LECTURE

BY THE

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THE LESSONS WHICH WAR TEACHES.

Since I undertook the delivery of this Lecture, circumstances of a painful and domestic character have occurred, which would have made me desirous of abstaining from taking part in any such public work, if it had not been that the very subject entrusted to me seemed especially to call for the sacrifice of every private feeling to the discharge of public duty. But those same circumstances must be my excuse for the fact, that in the claims they have made upon my time, I have been utterly unable to commit to writing the Lecture which I had intended to deliver to you. This, I say, must be my apology for a less prepared and finished address than I should have been willing otherwise to have delivered. I throw myself, therefore, upon the kindness of this meeting—a kindness which I have experienced at other times, and which, I do not doubt, will be extended to me to-night.

The subject to which I have to address myself is, "The Lessons which War teaches."

Now, if there is one idea more generally associated with the word war than another, it is that of nobility. It is spoken of generally as "the noble art of war;" and no doubt, humanly speaking, there is in nearly everything connected with war much to admire. There is, for instance, courage in the assault. Few of us have heard of the celebrated

Light Cavalry charge in the present war, without its having excited much admiration in our minds for those who were connected with it.

Again, there is the display of great calmness in the time of danger; such as is recorded of one of those who have been well and rightly designated as Crimean heroes. I refer to Sir Thomas Troubridge. You will remember that on the field of battle a single shot carried away one leg, and the foot of the other. When he was urged by those who were standing near him to suffer himself to be removed to the rear, he coolly and quietly directed that he should merely be assisted into another position; and there, lying upon one of the gun-carriages, as calmly as before he gave the command to fire, just as if he had been untouched, and answering the renewed entreaty of a friend that he would retire, with the heroic words, "No, no, not till the battle's won!" No one can hear this of one of our fellow-countrymen, without its exciting in our minds feelings of admiration.

Then there is decision of character. When we hear of wonderful traits of this decision of character, the same feeling of admiration is naturally generated in our minds. For example: at a moment when there seemed to be great doubt whether our troops could withstand the fire of the enemy, we find Sir Colin Campbell exclaiming, "The Highlanders never retreat when the enemy is in front!" Or, to take a case less known, but which, I think, exhibits no less decision of character, I would mention that of the little midshipman who, when he saw a shell fall on the deck of his vessel, ran instantly, lifted it up, and threw it into the water; thus saving his own life, and the lives of many that were round about him.

Nor is our admiration less when we hear of cases of the exposure of self to the preservation of another, or of such

regard for the honour of a brother officer, as we heard of in the case of General Sir De Lacy Evans, who, you will remember, rose from his bed on purpose to share the danger of his division, and to aid by his advice the general commanding in his stead, without allowing himself even to think of taking from the honour of his command.

To these and many other circumstances I might add, perhaps, generosity towards the enemy, when they have fallen. All these things, when we hear of them quietly and calmly at home, cannot fail to stir up in our minds feelings of genuine admiration. England's greatness and England's army and navy are very closely connected, the one with the other; and no one who has the feeling of patriotism within his breast can help entertaining feelings of gratitude towards, as well as of admiration for, those who have been so willing, not only to face danger, but to lay down their lives for their country's cause.

But in this, as in most other matters, there is, the *per contrâ*. When we reflect upon the state of the battle-field after some great engagement—when we hear of the thousands that lie there, exposed, under all the sufferings of their wounds, to wind and weather, without one single friend to speak to them; that a long time must elapse before the wounded can be searched for, or any attempt made to alleviate their sufferings—then we see a very different side of the picture! There is nothing here which elevates us, but everything which is calculated to depress. When we read of those accounts, which reached us through the public press last year, of the state of our soldiers, even in their encampment, and of all the sufferings they endured, war brings with it notions very different from any usually entertained from witnessing soldiering at home. The sufferings of the army abroad made their encampment a very different affair from the camp at Aldershott, or the reviews in Hyde

Park. Or if we look at the hospital, with its disease and its fevers, its groans and its moans, there is a great deal then to be taken off from the ordinary estimate of war. The sister and the wife cease to think quite so much of this nobility of war. They begin to speak much more often of its distresses and its miseries. And when we turn to the realities at home, and see the bereaved, and know of the widow, the orphan, and the childless, very different feelings are brought home to our minds. It is not all elation then. We do not speak then of all the glories of war, nor think of all the follies which we generally associate with the notion of red coats. There is something else that is red then. There is that bloody field. This it is which comes home with such pain to every heart, from the highest to the lowest in the land. This, all this, is sickening

But, in making these allusions, I trust you will not think I am falling into the absurd and weak sentimentality of the Peace-at-any-price party. I do not for a moment deny the sincerity of persons who hold such opinions; but, after considerable reflection upon the subject, I do not hesitate to say, that it is the result of unadulterated folly; that it shows the most intense ignorance of human nature; and that it springs, in those who would speak of it religiously, from a totally wrong view of the Sacred Scriptures If war were altogether wrong, and always to be spoken of as a sin in each and in every party, then of course the soldier's profession itself would be positively sinful. I do not refer to the history of the wars of the Old Testament, but I will refer to the language of the New Testament. I find no words of condemnation to the Centurion when our Lord spoke to him, but only words of commendation of his faith. I find there were soldiers that came to John the Baptist, but I find no desire on his part that they should give up their profession; I find that it was to an officer that Peter was originally

sent to open the ministry of the gospel among the Gentiles; when I find all these things, I cannot suppose that there is anything sinful in a man taking up for his profession that of the defence of his country. No doubt the time will be when men shall learn the art of war no more; but this time is not yet come.

From these two extremes, therefore, I wish to keep myself quite free; from exciting and stirring up, on the one hand, a warlike feeling, as if it were that which were most consonant with Christian feelings and Christian duties; or, on the other hand, from attempting to disparage those who take part in that warfare, or from encouraging those who would sacrifice their country's honour to a mistaken interpretation of the Scripture.

I will not, however, detain you with more preliminary observations. I shall at once address myself to the subject which you have entrusted to my care—the lessons of the war itself. The subject is extremely wide; and at first I was not at all sure in what point of view I ought to look at it to bring it under your notice. I felt that I might treat it simply in the light of modern politics; that I might dwell upon the European, or rather the world-wide importance of the balance of power; still I thought *that* would not be very profitable to the Young Men's Christian Association. I might, indeed, have expatiated on the future prospects of the East, as gathered from the prophetic page, which speaks of the returning of the Jews as the kings of the East; but, although that is a very interesting theological subject, I did not think, if I attempted to turn prophet myself, and to bring these passages of Scripture to bear upon the present warfare, which doubtless arose in consequence of matters connected with the holy places, (and how far they may tend to have anything to do with Jerusalem hereafter can only be pro-

blematical,) I did not think, I say, that I could pretend to speak with any certainty or authority. I therefore abandoned altogether that view of the question. In short, in this latter case, I knew that there will be lectures upon unfulfilled prophecy delivered in my own church, as they have been now for fourteen or fifteen years regularly, and I knew that there are other places in which this very important subject is undergoing discussion. Therefore I would not obtrude that question upon you here; while, as regards the question of modern politics, I felt that, though the Christian does in nowise forfeit the rights of the citizen, yet, after all, modern politics are much better handled, and with much greater profit, by those who are not clerical lecturers, and in the presence of an audience very different from that of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Leaving, then, these two questions, I will just remark to you, in passing, that it is well for us at the very outset to notice what is the origin of war. We look at the soldier, and we associate with him generally the idea of life, and liberty, and happiness; and as we see him in his uniform in our streets, we almost wonder if anything will ever sully his scarlet or his pipe-clay. We look at the soldier, and we know that he is for the most part the admiration of ladies, the envy of the stripling, and generally the astonishment of the intellectual man. But in these days of war things are very much changed. Now we find him the admiration of the intellectual man, as we realise all he undergoes for his country's good. But he is no less the envy of the young man—of the young men of England, for we may be thankful that there are still numbers of young men who are willing to crowd into the ranks of our army; as one gallant fellow falls, there are yet ten ready to fill his place; and so long as there is this fearful work to be done, England will find the workmen to do it. Still, with all this, we cannot

help associating with the soldier in these days the realities of war; and in so doing, let me again remark, that we may be thankful that there is nothing wrong in the profession itself; and, I may add, we may be truly thankful that there are in the ranks of our army so many excellent men, excellent Christian men, soldiers not only of our beloved Queen, but of the King of kings, and Lord of lords. I was very much struck with the language of one of these officers, which I will read to you. He says:—"There are some people who cannot imagine how a Christian can ever join in the deadly strife of battle; but I can only say, that with such I do not agree, and I am sure you do not either; so that I shall not flinch from doing my duty to my Queen and country, the Lord being my helper."

But the apostle James tells us what the *real* cause of war is. He says:—"From whence come wars and fightings among you? Come they not hence, even of your lusts, that war in your members?" Now, this is, I believe, exactly the truth. Ambition, avarice, and love of power, are generally the parents of war; and the grandchildren of such parents are deceit, rage, hatred, and the indulgence of all the sensual and grosser passions of man. As regards ourselves as Christians, if to do good be a positive duty, and the highest Christian pleasure, then it must be a great loss to every one whose duty it is to serve his country at the expence of injuring his fellow-man. But as regards God, war is doubtless one of His judgments, and when He sends these judgments abroad, all parties suffer. This same gallant soldier, who has now forfeited his life in his country's cause, says,—"I consider war to be a direful calamity, but as much a visitation from the Almighty as cholera, or any other scourge. Now, as on the appearance of cholera we do not sit down quietly, and let it take its course, but, rightly trusting in the blessing of God, use suitable means

to arrest its progress, so in the case of this war with the Russian despot." The Christian feels, that if the judgment come, we have our part to play in the visitation; but it does not follow that both parties in this war are under God's anger. God is angry with the wicked; but he chastises his own children. But, children or no children, to be hurried from the midst of such scenes into God's immediate presence is very awful!

We may look at the subject now before us NATIONALLY, SOCIALLY, AND PERSONALLY. Upon the two first I shall not dwell very long. The question is, the lessons which the war teaches.

Now, how does the war affect us nationally? Our national prosperity must suffer. God has done everything for us (taking the world at large) to show us the vast importance of reciprocity—the universal value of the law of love. In the last few years—and we may thank our enlightened statesmen for it—we have as a country adopted a system in conformity with this principle; and no sooner had everything been done which encouraged peace between nations and goodwill amongst men, and which enabled them to make an exchange of the products of their different countries to their mutual benefit, than we find our commercial machinery at once thrown out of gear, and that through this war. This is bad enough in our own country, where there is no fighting; how much worse in the country which is the actual scene of the horrors of the war!

The indirect injury is also great, for all private industry is more or less checked by the public demand for money. There are certain philanthropists who decry the use of things ornamental in appearance and ephemeral in their duration, simply because they do not conduce to the national wealth. But if they do not conduce to the national wealth, I am quite sure they conduce to the personal comfort; and

I am not at all sure that personal comfort is not to be considered. I believe that all things in this world are given us richly to enjoy; and I find nothing in Christianity that is to make us less happy, but everything in real Christianity that is to make us more happy; and everything which tends to our personal happiness and to our comfort, that is not contrary to the word of God, we are perfectly at liberty to cultivate and to encourage. A large class of our population depends upon such works as these; and it is this class that is the very first to suffer by the restricted use of articles of comfort caused by the war. Only the other day, for instance, a tradesman, whose whole livelihood depends upon the production of such works, told me that, since the breaking out of the war, he has not taken in one single large order, and he has been falling lower, and lower, and lower still, till at the present time he is in a state of the greatest possible distress. This will illustrate what I have stated to you.

Then, again, the drain upon the young men of our country must injure us nationally Notwithstanding all the results of machinery—notwithstanding, therefore, the economy of labour which that machinery has caused—the want of hands is felt, and the longer war lasts, the more must it be felt.

From all these points of national importance, which I have only thus briefly touched upon, I would make this one reflection: that if war springs from sin, and it does so in some shape or other, then sin causes a most ruinous expence! The first sin cost man his happiness—his life—life eternal. "The law" of God alone "is holy, just, and good;" and it is only in proportion as we seek conformity to the will of God, and are endeavouring to carry out the law of God, that we are real benefactors to our race, or are doing that which is likely to promote our own personal happiness. Sanctification by God's Holy Spirit and personal happiness

here go hand-in-hand together. Happiness produces holiness, as holiness produces happiness. You will find it to be perfectly true that "the joy of the Lord is our strength."

We pass, then, to look at the matter in its SOCIAL aspect. From conversation with numbers of persons on subjects connected with that upon which I am now addressing you, I am afraid that the accounts of the war, and recollections of our former great triumphs, have accustomed our ears very much to tales of blood. In many cases I verily believe the appetite for carnage has even been whetted by these accounts. Let me point out to you the result of our attention and interest being given so entirely to this one absorbing topic. First, our zeal for education among all classes is flagging. We hear that there are fewer at our public schools and universities. Certainly there is less care to send the middle and lower classes to our schools, because, as with the money so with the mind, it is given to the war. Comparatively speaking, the cultivation of the fine arts is forsaken; the encouragement to science, except in one particular direction, is very much hindered; and that which I venture to think is of quite as great importance, if I may not say of greater importance still—zeal for the missionary work—is paralyzed.

There are some countries, such as Poland, where our missionaries have been altogether expelled; they can do no work there; and, as far as we as a nation are concerned in making known the glad tidings of the gospel among Jews and Gentiles in that region, we are shut out altogether. I am aware that there is a more cheerful view which might be taken of this subject. I think it would be wrong not just to allude to it, and to do so with thankfulness. I mean the hopes excited by the immense number of copies of the word of God that have been circulated by our army and in our army, and which have reached our allies in consequence of our being

brought together in the conduct of this war. But that is not a lesson to be gathered from war; it is an accident which has belonged to *this* war, and which has not characterized other wars. My duty is to bring before you the lessons of war in general, and not the lessons of the one from which we are now particularly suffering. I am not quite sure, that, looking at this matter socially, its bearing may not be discovered even upon this association, and that young men are not now finding much more interest in the study of modern languages than in seeking to obtain information concerning the conversion of the heathen and the making known the gospel of Jesus Christ; that they have, in fact, much more pleasure in inquiring after news from the Crimea, than in pondering on that better news which also came from the East, and which alone can make them wise unto salvation. Let me not be misunderstood. I am not undervaluing the study of languages—quite the reverse. Let the man engaged in mercantile pursuits become master of languages. This will aid him in his work. Let the intelligent and clever young man seek to read the works of our fellow-men, though foreigners, which conduce to edification. But take care lest this become the primary object of study. It is not the fact of learning languages that I allude to and deprecate, but the place which these studies *may* occupy—I do not say are occupying. If they occupy a position which they ought not, then war is certainly the greatest enemy to our own civilization and to our social religion; and no wonder, therefore, that the apostle should have charged his servants of old to take care that supplications and prayers and intercessions and giving of thanks be made for all men—for kings and all that are in authority, that *we* may lead—the two being so closely connected, those that are set over us in authority and ourselves over whom they are placed—that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty; for this is good

and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour, who would have all men to be saved and come unto a knowledge of the truth.

The third point, however, is that which I think is of the greatest importance for all of us, and that is, the lesson which we may gather from the war INDIVIDUALLY. I will, then, take the subject as illustrative of our spiritual welfare; or perhaps I may word this part of my subject thus: The conduct of the soldier as an example for the Christian.

The first characteristic of a good soldier is endurance. In the life which has been published of Captain Vicars,* he makes use of these words in one of his letters:—

"Do not suppose that I am beginning to 'show the white feather,' and that, finding a soldier's cross irksome, I would change it for one less weighty. NEVER! The Lord God has called me to eternal life in the army; and *as a soldier I will die.* Had I loved my Saviour when I was seventeen, or, rather, had the love of my Saviour been *then* made known to my soul, I certainly should not have been a soldier. But as it is, *death alone shall ever make me leave my colours.*"

This, my friends, is what we require as Christian soldiers; we require this endurance which shall lead us to say that death alone shall ever make us leave our colours. The importance of decision of character in the Christian cannot be over-estimated. It differs very much from mere boldness in the moment of excitement. The Christian knows what he has to undergo; he has principles upon which he acts; those principles abide in him, they influence his judgment at all times; he at once makes up his mind to a course, and, cost him what it may, believing it to be the right course, he carries it through. This I believe to be essential to our usefulness, essential to our happiness, essential to us

* I would strongly recommend this interesting Biography It is published by Nisbet.

for the sake of example to others; and, as Christians, it is for the glory of God. I would say to every young man of this Association here present, that if he is seeking his own happiness, there is nothing will mar that happiness so much as making up his mind one moment and unmaking it the next. If he is hesitating and "halting between two opinions," he is in a state of the greatest misery that can possibly be described. He has religion enough to show him what is right; he has not religion enough to make him do what is right. He has too much religion to make him happy in doing what is wrong; he has too little religion to induce him to do what is right. My friends, make up your minds. If the war is to teach you any lesson at all, and you have been able to hear the different accounts of the endurance of our soldiers abroad, remember that that which the army have done collectively, the Christian must do individually; there must be that decision of character which shall make you say, "As for me, I will serve the Lord."

Then recollect this is equally important for the sake of example. What is it that the world pleads for as an excuse for not serving God? It is the inconsistency, the indecision of purpose shown by those who make a great profession of religion; and if this be indulged by you young men who have long belonged to this Association, how pernicious must be your influence upon other young men who, week after week, are coming to this metropolis, who are making inquiries how they may be kept free from the temptations of this great city, and be enabled to maintain those principles in which they have been educated at home; who look to the young men with whom they are associated, and by their example are led onwards for weal or for woe. It becomes each one of you, I say, when you are listening to such facts as these, and when you consider what your fellow-countrymen

are doing abroad,—it behoves you to cultivate decision of character. The glory of God depends upon it, for God has taught us that we cannot serve two masters, that we may choose which we will, but that two masters cannot be served. If we are to take the name of God between our lips, "let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity."

The next point to which I would refer is perseverance, and this differs from endurance. In endurance we are passive, and we go on bearing what is sent upon us; but perseverance implies more of action—going on from step to step, satisfied with nothing less than victory. Many of our countrymen who have fallen, have been asked to retire, and to allow themselves to be carried to the rear, but they have preferred remaining on the field to withdrawing from the battle: they have determined to continue, looking for the victory at last. This they do for a corruptible crown; and we profess to do it for an incorruptible crown. Yet how few there are that are able thus steadily to persevere in their course! There are numbers of persons who begin well and end ill: they are determined at first to pursue a course of holiness and uprightness before God and man; then comes some worldly interest, or some passing object which turns them out of that course, and they make shipwreck of their faith. Now, my friends, no "urgent private affairs" must be pleaded by you. Those who have talked so much about "urgent private affairs" lately have made themselves, I believe, sufficiently ridiculous; and if there is one thing which is difficult to bear, even in a good cause, it is ridicule—I wish you may find it still more difficult to bear it in a bad cause, and that you will not in the end suffer yourselves to be drawn aside by any private interest or feelings from a bold, open walk, pressing towards the mark for the prize of your high

calling of God in Christ Jesus. The motto which ought to be yours is that which belonged to Gideon of old: "Faint, yet pursuing." How far this bears upon your experience, it is impossible for me to tell: how far it ought to bear upon the experience of every one of us, I can tell. How many difficulties there are that present themselves to our minds, and how many difficulties which occur to us in our practice, I know very well too. But I am quite sure that if we take first of all that decided line to which I have referred, and if we use the means of obtaining strength from on high which God himself has appointed, the result will be, that we may even now by anticipation exclaim, "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

But no man lives to himself, and therefore my third exhortation must be to a ready and implicit confidence There are many doubts in men's minds as to what is right and what is wrong, and men often bring themselves into difficulties by not inquiring what is the real word of command that has been given. This has involved some of our soldiers in difficulties abroad; and it is this which involves many a young Christian soldier in difficulties at home. If we want the only standard for right and wrong, we must take our Bibles. I remember attending a meeting in connection with your Society, in which a very earnest and impressive warning was given you by our present chairman upon that subject; I was right glad to hear it come from the lips of a layman; and I am only glad to repeat that warning now—that, as young men, in these days you have great need to take care lest your association should become too much of a mere secular gathering, to the exclusion of your spiritual duties and your Christian improvement. I do not say that it is so, but I would affectionately warn you. If you are to maintain your spirituality, it

can only be done by your maintaining those Bible classes which you now have, and increasing them in their efficiency, so that you may become, as the apostle himself has warned you that you ought to become, mighty in the scriptures, letting the word of God dwell in you richly. So long as you are mighty in the Scriptures the great enemy may present himself to you, and you will meet him as the great Captain of our salvation met him before, with those three simple words, "It is written." Thank God, we require no traditions to teach us what is right or wrong; we need no interference of the priest to teach us what is right or wrong; we are not to follow that which may arrogate to itself the name of the Catholic church to teach us what is right and wrong: but every man can and ought to make use of his own private judgment, and go himself to the fountain of all truth, and draw from the wells of salvation. He ought to go to that word of God, and upon that word decide for himself, "Is this right? or is this wrong?" and having made up his mind as to what is right and what is wrong, he has no option as to his obedience. It is written by the Lord; it must be obeyed by man.

Again, there is great need that we should study the stratagems of the enemy. Recollect the army can never go to sleep; and the Christian soldier must never go to sleep. "We are not ignorant of his devices." We may have our foggy morning, and the armed host may come out against us when we are little expecting or little prepared to meet him: so that we may have to rush forward to the contest in comparative disorder. But if our minds are made up, the battle of Inkermann will be as nothing to the victory which shall be gained over our spiritual foe: the Lord of hosts himself will be with us, and will not suffer his soldiers to fall. But that does not take away from the duty that is incumbent upon us to be alive to our danger, and to be watchful against

the wiles and deceits of Satan. Depend upon it, more miseries arise, greater falls amongst professing Christians are caused by parleying with the enemy, and treating him as if he were not really an enemy, than from any other source. It was so with our first parents; it is so in the present day. There are numbers who think themselves so strong that they cannot fall, "their mountain is made so strong," until they learn by the most painful experience the truth, and, I may say, the extent of their own weakness. Perhaps there are young persons in this very meeting, that can apply every word of what I am saying—persons who came up to this metropolis perfectly pure and innocent, but the word they have listened to has been the cause of their downfall—sometimes by one, sometimes by another, sometimes by some elder companion in the same house of business, sometimes by a casual acquaintance in the street. They have not been alive to the fact that an enemy is an enemy, and always to be treated as an enemy, and by listening to the soft words of our spiritual foe, they have been taken off their guard, and have been ruined. My young friends, let me earnestly entreat you to beware of the wiles of the devil.

To leave this, which has hitherto assumed more the language of warning, let me urge you to cultivate love for the brethren, love for those who really love the Lord, and that even at a personal expence to yourselves. I was very much struck with a letter which appeared in one of the papers two or three days ago: an extract from which I will read, as you may not have seen it.

"A company of the —th Regiment were posted in one of the most advanced trenches before Sebastopol. The fire of the Russians was unusually biting. One of the two officers in the trench was badly wounded in the shoulder, a non-commissioned officer, and nine of the men, were hit with

Minié bullets. The enemy's riflemen so completely commanded the only road to the rear that it appeared to be certain death to attempt it in daylight. Nevertheless the wounded officer—an active lad—preferred the risk of being again hit to bleeding to death in the trench. He made a run for his life, and escaped. The other wounded men were dealt with in the trench by their comrades as best they could.

"After a while, two men of, I think, the 68th Regiment, stole up under shelter as near the trench as they could, and then "doubled" across the open, under a furious fire from the Russians. They, nevertheless, got safe in, and offered to try and carry the non-commissioned officer, whose case was the worst, to the surgeon. So he was laid on a stretcher, and two volunteers sallied forth with their burden into the hot fire; but they had not gone ten steps before the foremost man fell dead, shot through the brain. The stretcher and the wounded man rolled on the ground, and the surviving volunteer threw himself flat on his face, and lay close.

"Instantly, without a word being spoken or an order given, another volunteer strode forth from the trenches and replaced the wounded man on the stretcher. The 68th man arose, and, in spite of the Russian rifles, the three succeeded in reaching the rear without further damage.

"Do the records of the war," asks the narrator, "contain a more gallant deed than that, or one achieved from humbler or higher motives?"

This is what is wanting—love for the brethren; this is the *esprit de corps* which I should like to see cultivated amongst the young men of the Christian Association. I heartily wish that every one who makes a profession of religion might go on straightforwardly, without fall, or let, or hinderance; but it would be mere ignorance of human nature if I supposed that would be universally the case.

I know that it will not. I know that in your Association it must be expected, and will undoubtedly be found, that many a young man has his fall. But what are you to do under such circumstances? Are you instantly to spurn him from your presence? Are you to drive him out of your Association? Are you to declare that imperfection is infidelity? This is neither your duty, nor is it in accordance with Christian principle; but that which is your duty is boldly to step forward and try, at all personal risk to yourself, to bring him away from danger, and lead him once more into a place of safety; your duty undoubtedly is, to "restore such a one in the spirit of meekness, considering yourselves lest you also be tempted." And if your Society did no other good than that of rescuing some poor, fallen young man, I believe the blessing that would belong to this Young Men's Christian Association would be beyond all price; for there is nothing which sends a man so low as being deprived of his hope, deprived of all counsel, and treated with contempt and disdain by his fellows and contemporaries. Hold out to such an one the right hand of kindness; put your arm underneath him; show that you have a Christian's pity and a brother's love. Bring him back again, and let him once more begin; and who can tell whether he that is thus brought back will not, after all, be of those who, once amongst the last, will prove to be amongst the first?

If you are to do this, there is another subject to which I will briefly refer; you must never be ashamed of your colours; you must never be ashamed of your profession of religion. It has been said, and that, too, by persons in high quarters, that this and that is a very fit thing for Exeter-hall—that it is all very well to declaim about it in Exeter-hall. Very well, it is a very good building; and I do not see why we should not declaim about good things

in Exeter-hall. As far as I am concerned, I have not the slightest hesitation in addressing a congregation in Exeter-hall; but at the same time, let me say, we must not keep all the good things within the four walls; because, if we leave all the good things behind us here, and carry none of them outside, people will begin to say that it is *all* Exeter-hall, and nothing more than Exeter-hall. Against that I think it is very needful to put you upon your guard; and whether it be in any commercial hall, or a dining hall, or in Exeter-hall, let it be seen that you have made up your mind to do what is right on right principles, and that by those principles you are prepared to stand.

Let me read you another extract from the life of that gallant officer, Captain Vicars, which bears on this part of the subject. When he was brought to think seriously about his soul, it was from this fact, that he opened a Bible which lay on a table, and his eye fixed on the words: "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." "If this be true for me," he said—(this was his first reflection on reading the text; and he is not the first man by a great many that has been brought to serious thought by a single text)—"if this be true for me, by the grace of God I will live henceforth as a man cleansed by the blood of Christ *should* live." The next morning he purchased a Bible for himself, and kept it *open* on his table, as the new 'colours' under which he would fight. By some of his companions, as is usual with so sudden a conversion, he was charged with hypocrisy; by others, called a Methodist. Amidst considerable opposition, for several months, he still maintained his ground. He then began to be much honoured, which is also the usual result of consistency. He lived as a man who deeply felt his obligation to his Saviour. His labour, and his whole career with the army abroad, were consistent with this. Spiritually he lived with these colours before him; he was never ashamed

of his Bible; he lived as a soldier of our Queen ought to live, and died as a soldier ought to die, leading his regiment to victory.

I would again say, you must cultivate a spirit of benevolence. In your nation's joy do not forget the bereaved and the suffering. That would be a lesson for us as regards the war itself. I have dwelt on a similar topic in dealing with the young men that may be afflicted, so that I shall say no more upon that head, but just notice that, as with our army abroad, so with the spiritual army. The few may be against the many, and yet they may be on the conqueror's side. Our soldiers are not afraid because of the armed hosts of the Russians. Neither must Christians, because they are called a little flock, be afraid of the numerous enemies by whom they are surrounded. It is not the slightest use, when we are speaking of the good fight of faith, to think that we are to have all our own way; that we are to be sure of succeeding, sure of going forward, sure of victory, without receiving a single blow. All the language of Scripture tends to show us the many difficulties and dangers by which we shall be assailed; if it were not so, it would cease to be called a fight; nor would it become a victory at all. But it is certain that, though these enemies and difficulties abound, we are on the Conqueror's side, and that our blessed Lord encourages us by saying: "Because I have overcome, ye shall overcome also."

Then, if we are few—and when we are by ourselves, just coming together, strangers to one another, it seems as if we were much fewer in number than we really are—we may gather the value of an alliance. Though England has not kept up a war establishment, we have not shown ourselves so very unable to meet the enemy, and I suspect the Russians would tell you the same; but we could not have done all we have done if we had not been supported—ay, and

most ably and honestly supported—by our brave, indefatigable allies. *You* have learned just the very same principle. Young men used to come to London, and they stood alone. Some no doubt triumphed, but a great many fell; and you have found the advantage of a Christian young men's alliance. Although in this alliance there may be differences, yet you can agree to differ, and still maintain the great common cause. The allies may differ in uniform, but they have got one common object; and for my own part, I say, if only we agree in fundamentals, we need not so much care about our regimentals. If we are only prepared to declare our union upon that great fundamental truth, "Grace be with all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity," we can hold out the right hand of fellowship to one another, and can maintain together our conflict against the great enemy; and in that day when all nations shall be one, we shall see that our toil and conflict and labour have not been in vain in the Lord.

Press forward, then, my dear friends. Remember that there is indeed a glorious and incorruptible crown in store for those who come off conquerors in Christ Jesus. But while you are here in this life, while your warfare is maintained, so long the body must be kept in subjection, the lusts must be mortified. You must not be contented with speaking of one another as being good-hearted men; none in Scripture are good-hearted but those who are new-hearted; and they alone who are new-hearted now will enter the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ. To carry on, then, this conflict, courage, and great courage, is required. I believe far greater courage than is required when men are supported by their different regiments and led to the battlefield in the East; but with such a Leader you have nothing to fear. Remember that in every difficulty there is One above who sees you; and while you are prepared on earth

to say, "I am not my own, but am bound to glorify my God with my body and my spirit which are His;" so you will find that He recognizes you as His own, and that not one of His own shall be missing in the great day. In God's own time, no doubt there will be the reign of righteousness and peace. Then we know that the sword shall be turned into a ploughshare, and the spear into a pruning-hook, and the nations shall learn war no more. But if we are to have part in the glorious and abiding happiness of that day, it behoves us to prepare for it now, even as God himself has enjoined us. I shall therefore conclude with reading to you that portion of God's word which suggests what that preparation ought to be. The apostle says: "Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness, and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace. Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God." And I am sure you will let me add the two following verses: "Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints; and for me, that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the gospel."

Mercantile Morality.

A LECTURE

BY THE

REV. WILLIAM BROCK.

MERCANTILE MORALITY.

Most surely is it believed amongst us that man was not made to live alone. His constitutional peculiarities indicate that he was intended for society. Society, not seclusion, was evidently his predestinated lot.

Evidently, moreover, the predestinated society was of various kinds. The Creator ordained and prepared for us relations dear, and all the charities of domestic life: relations bland, and all the sympathies of social life: relations kind, and all the co-operations of civil life: relations wide, and all the fellowships of cosmopolitan life.

We came into the world under the jurisdiction of the great law, that none of us liveth to himself. We were blessed with our existence upon the condition that we would be the bearers of the general burdens reciprocally, and that reciprocally we would be the helpers of the common joy. We have all one Father. One God has created us. Bone are we of one another's bone; flesh of one another's flesh; parts, severally, of the vast human whole. As the eye cannot say unto the hand, nor again the head to the feet,—I have no need of you, so no man can justifiably say to his fellowmen,—I have no need of you. By an invincible moral necessity we are members one of another.

Hence the momentous inquiry—How ought we to conduct

ourselves? That obligations have been devolved upon us, will be granted; that, to a greater or less extent, the obligations are acknowledged by mankind, will probably be acknowledged too. There is a feeling generally prevalent that to act in a certain way is right, and that to act in a different way from that is wrong. There is the testimony of the conscience according to the behaviour, the thoughts, meanwhile, either "accusing or else excusing one another."

Conscience being, however, not a standard, but an arbiter; not a lawgiver, but a judge; the question—How ought we to conduct ourselves?—remains, and requires solution: requires it, moreover, with distinctness and authority, on account of our tendency to neglect our duty towards others through inordinate consideration of ourselves. With great distinctness and authority the required solution is given to us in the communicated will of God. He, who created us, is our supreme Governor. He, who organized our manifold relationships, is our sovereign Lord. By Him are we in all things to be directed and controlled concerning the false and the true, the right and the wrong, the evil and the good.

His will, thus imperative on us all, has been communicated in the Holy Scriptures Not indeed, not wholly without value are the teachings of natural religion to the man who has time and talent to get those teachings out. But, by results which partake a good deal of the humiliating, have they been found practically unavailing. To the masses they have taught nothing, whilst to the few they have taught little upon which they could confidently and habitually rely. Not to the natural, therefore, but to the supernatural are we to betake ourselves, even to those writings which have been given by inspiration of God. God hath spoken to us at sundry times, and in divers manners, especially through the teaching of his only-be-

gotten Son. In Him were hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge for our instruction. To this end He was born, and for this cause came He into the world, that He might bear witness to the truth about all our responsibilities towards God and man. Christ's teaching was ultimate and absolute law. All His deliverances were final. Let them once be ascertained by us, and neither remonstrance nor appeal remains. The Teacher sent from God having commanded us, the express Image of the Father's person having forbidden us, our only business is reverently and cheerfully to obey.

And such obedience constitutes integrity. He that doeth exactly what Christ has enjoined will do exactly the right thing. By as much as our doings and our devisings accord with His injunctions shall we be moral persons: moral throughout the several relationships of life.

The general including the particular, we shall be moral in our mercantile relationships by as much as our mercantile devisings and doings accord with the injunctions of Christ. Mercantile morality is not of a different nature from domestic, or literary, or clerical, or judicial morality. It has no code which is generically its own code, no sanctions which are exclusively its own sanctions, no vocabulary which is prescriptively its own vocabulary. Mercantile morality is nothing more nor less than morality in matters mercantile; the adoption of principles in business which are in harmony with the one general standard, and the pursuit of conduct in business which is in subordination to the one general law.

Assuming this, let us render earnest heed to Him who has given us that law. Thus He spake: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye even so to them." Of manifold other injunctions is this one the comprehensive and the authoritative summary. An epitome it

may be deemed of the statutes of the Lord at large; a handbook of duty, condensed and presented to us for the kindly purpose of available and ready use. To our question, How are we to conduct ourselves towards our neighbours? this law saith in answer—Exactly as you would have your neighbours conduct themselves towards you; provided always that you were occupying their position, and that they were occupying yours; provided, moreover, that your knowledge of all which pertains to the two positions had been unreservedly and candidly interchanged.

The beneficiary and the benefactor are thus in their thoughts to exchange places; the teacher and the pupil are to do the same; the guide and the traveller are to do the same; the mother advertising for a governess, and the governess replying to the advertisement, are to do the same; the judge and the prisoner are to do the same; the minister of a congregation and the members of a congregation are to do the same; and then, all things intelligently considered and generously allowed for, the decision which they pronounce in favour of themselves severally is precisely the decision on which, in respect to others, they are to proceed forthwith.

Thus are all questions about duty and obligation simplified and settled; questions about mercantile duty and obligation among the rest. Whether we buy or sell; whether we let or hire; whether we lend or borrow; whether we undertake a contract or accept a contract; whether we demand payment or render payment; whether we request letters of recommendation or give letters of recommendation; whether we take another person into our employ or go into the employ of another person; whether we invest property or receive investments; whether we impose the taxes which the well-being of the State necessitates, or supply the proportion of the taxes which has been rated upon ourselves—

in each case, and in all analogous cases, this is the invariable law, "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also to them likewise."

Let us take some familiar instances for illustration. YOU ARE FAMILIAR WITH THE ACTS OF BUYING AND SELLING. You have commodities in possession which are ready for transference to those who want them, on their transference to you in return of a specified amount of the current coin of the realm. You are, say, the seller. But suppose now, that you were the buyer of those commodities, would you not desire that they should be truthfully described, as to the kind of them; and equitably charged, as to the value of them; and fully allotted, as to the measure of them; and punctually delivered, as to the destination of them?

A statement to the effect that they are really of a particular material—the statement being false—would seriously mislead you. An assurance that, according to the present condition of the market, they will certainly get dearer—the assurance being dishonest—would injuriously deceive you. A representation to the effect that *there* you have the given quantity—the representation being untrue—would fraudulently involve you in inevitable loss. An averment to the effect that your purchase was duly on its way—the averment being mendacious—would entail upon you complicated wrong. Not thus, however plausibly it might be accomplished—not thus would you like to be cheated by others; *then*, not thus are others to be cheated by you. In selling them that which they want, you are to be as those who buy

Or if you are the buyer, you are to be as the one who sells. In that case, would you not like to have your honest word taken about the worth of a thing? Would you not wish to have your time, which is your property, saved from needless interruption? Would you not desiderate the kindly con-

clusion of the negotiation exactly on the specified terms? All haggling and fencing about the price would annoy you. All intimations about your being well up in sharp practice would offend you. Why should a purchaser of your commodities either impugn your veracity, or reflect upon your conscientiousness, or deprive you of your due, or threaten, if you will not render your commodities at a lower rate, that he will go elsewhere? You would resent all this as so much wrong done to you. Then, take care not to perpetrate the wrong. The improprieties that would displease you are precisely the improprieties which you are to avoid.

From the seller mercantile morality demands truthfulness, and from the buyer it demands confidence; from the seller it looks for frankness, and from the buyer it looks for satisfaction; from the seller it requires integrity, and from the buyer it requires respect; from the seller it insists upon unimpeachable trustworthiness, and from the buyer it insists upon implicit belief.

Not always have buyers and sellers complied with the requisitions of mercantile morality. Instances are at hand which show that such ones may be disreputably immoral. The man who will alter the marking of the barometer in order to affect the corn-market is an immoral man. The man who will vend as wholesome food what he knows to be unwholesome is an immoral man. The man who, by glaring and delusive advertisements, imposes upon the uninitiated is an immoral man. The man who will give you narrow widths, and short lengths, and deficient measures, and light weights, is an immoral man. The man who will cleverly imitate the titlepage of a popular book that he may thereby sell a book of his own is an immoral man. The man who, either to save himself from trouble, or to enlarge his profits, will give all his work to some middle man at barely the remunerating price, knowing that that work must actually be done by

other men on the sweating system, at a starvation price, is an immoral man. The man who will steal down stairs slipshod—I use the language with which a first-class periodical has recently described some retail traders—"the man who will steal down stairs slipshod to perform adulterations which he would be ashamed to perform before his shopmen" is an immoral man. The man who will charge the customers who are on their guard one price, and the customers who are off their guard another price, is an immoral man. The man who will 'salt his invoices' is an immoral man. "What mean you?" ask a thousand voices all at once—"what mean you by a man's salting his invoices?" One of our judges asked that very question from the bench, not half a year ago, of a witness who was giving evidence about goods which had been sent to Australia. "I mean, my Lord," replied the witness, "I mean by a salted invoice one which does not show what the prices are which are actually charged to the Australian importer, but which shows a higher list of prices that may be handed to his purchasers out there, whereby, under pretence that they are purchasing at a slight advance on the invoice price, they may be deceived." "Money under false pretences!" exclaimed the Judge. "It is the general custom," rejoined the witness. "Incredible!" replied his Lordship. "By no means," said a juror in the open court, "we know it to be the fact."

Not for Australia alone are salted invoices made out; at least, not to such bills or invoices is fraudulency confined. Not impossible would it be to find bills sent in to private customers at home which are full of fraud. Fifty pounds, say, are charged as the value of a given quantity of goods of a certain kind which has been supplied to a family; not more than forty pounds' worth of which has actually been supplied. "What," you inquire, "what about the other ten pounds?" Why, they have been

appropriated in payment for some other goods which have been supplied to the upper servants of the family for their personal extravagance, or they have been given away to those servants in so much money-bribe.

Who ventures to deny that all such selling is immoral? Who doubts that all corresponding buying is immoral also? Let the vendor who salts the invoices of his customers say how he would like to have his own invoices salted! Let the retail-dealer who charges you for goods which he sends, not to you, but to your servants, say how he would like to be charged for goods of which he never became possessed! Let the tradesman who gives no salary to his assistants, telling them, without a blush, that they must get an income out of crafty overcharges upon their successive sales, say how he would like to be taxed to pay the salesman of the manufacturer by crafty overcharges upon himself! Indignant would be their protestations against the shamefulness of such dishonesty. Self-condemned are they by their own indignation, inasmuch as they perpetrate the dishonesty which they denounce. They do not do unto others as they would that others should do unto them. The moralities are systematically set at naught.

NEARLY ALLIED TO THE TRANSACTIONS OF BUYING AND SELLING ARE THOSE TRANSACTIONS BETWEEN DIFFERENT PARTIES WHICH ARE DENOMINATED CONTRACTS. On the one hand, negotiations are requested for the performance of some specific undertaking. Service is wanted, either of skilled or unskilled labour; works are wanted on the larger or on the smaller scale.

In some customary form an advertisement is prepared; a more public one, or a more private one, as the case may be. Now, how certain it is that the advertiser desiderates fair dealing! *Then*, he is to manifest fair dealing. How certain it is that he will look for full performance! *Then*,

he is to give full information. How certain it is that he will complain if, as we say significantly, he find that he has been 'let in!' *Then*, he is to guard the respondents to his advertisement from finding that they are "let in." All specialties of the transaction are to be clearly set forth. All probabilities of the transaction are to be distinctly intimated. All that is really meant in regard to the transaction is to be unreservedly disclosed. No mental reservation even—no element of mental reservation—to the detriment of the contractor, is to be allowed.

Such scrupulous integrity being evinced on the one hand by the advertisers, the like scrupulous integrity is to be evinced on the other hand by the contractors; by those, that is, who undertake to perform the work, or to render the service, or to accomplish the enterprise. Inasmuch as they are credited, they are to show themselves credible. Inasmuch as they are trusted, they are to show themselves trustworthy. Inasmuch as they are honoured, they are to show themselves honourable; repudiating those disreputable combinations which may be suggested to them, with a view to the advance of prices; resenting those underhand conspiracies which may be proposed to them, with a view to the augmentation of their profits; standing scrupulously on the jots and the tittles of their contract, even though their scrupulosity render them liable to loss.

"Strange doctrine," you interpose; "Strange doctrine will that be deemed, in certain quarters." Who has not heard of intentional concealment on the part of those who have invited contracts, and of chicanery on the part of those who have accepted them? Have no strange facts come out to light telling aloud of craftiest copartnerships, under the guise of vehement competition? Could not scenes of carousal be mentioned in abundance, where dishonest confederates have assembled to divide their unlawful gains? Have not

men met at one hour of the day as the most entire strangers to one another, and at a later hour of the day as "hail-fellows well met," to report progress about their elaborate common fraud? Is it not notorious that what is bargained for is not done; that fictitious appearances are substituted for substantial realities; that where men had confidently reckoned on the durable, they find themselves put off and imposed upon with the perishable; that, despite all available precautions, even of legal and other kinds, one party or another to a contract is often miserably wronged?

What may be the fact is another thing. Our business is with what ought to be the fact, and that is palpable enough. Every man ought to disclose what he knows to be the worst parts of his project; those parts of it, that is, which are at all likely to injure the agents by whom it is undertaken. Every agent ought to perform, in the letter and the spirit, his engagement about the project. If unforeseen and unavoidable difficulties occur, they are to be made known and attended to for mutual accommodation. If no unforeseen or unavoidable difficulties occur needing to be accommodated, the time prescribed is to be rigidly adhered to, and the thing guaranteed is to be fully and exactly done.

This is the law for making out a specification, and the law about giving in an estimate, and the law in regard to carrying out a contract on all sides. "Whatsoever you would that men should do unto you, do you even so to them. Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others."

OF A SIMILAR KIND WITH THE FOREGOING ARE THE TRANSACTIONS OF LETTING AND HIRING. Occasions arise for the temporary use of what is another man's. It may be an estate, it may be a mill, it may be a house, it may be an article of convenience or necessity; it may be, for the time being, a place in a railway-carriage; it may be a sum of money.

One party has to lend what another party wants to borrow. There is affluence *here* of which deficiency *there* may take advantage. For a necessity which has arisen, a supply is forthwith at hand.

But there must be terms, conditions, understandings. The farm, or the house, or the mill, having been placed at my disposal, rent will be demanded in return. The accommodation of the railway carriage having been accorded to me, fare will be demanded in remuneration. The amount which I want having been lent to me, interest will be demanded in compensation for the loan.

The rate at which such demands shall be made admits of great diversity. There is no absolute standard by which rents can be adjusted. There is no unvarying measure by which fares can be regulated. There is—after all that the law has done—there is no fixed proportion at which interest can be always charged. Circumstances greatly alter these cases. Values are variable, according to the propitiousness or the unpropitiousness of the times.

Hence a fine opportunity for the application of our great moral law. It is left to the landlord to decide what the tenant shall pay, and to the railway director to decide what the passenger shall pay, and to the financier to decide what the borrower shall pay.

As they are deliberating on their decision, the question meets them, What, on a dispassionate and comprehensive consideration of the whole case, what would you like to pay yourselves? All risks and liabilities allowed for, and the present proportionate value of things taken into the account, what — if you were the tenant, or the passenger, or the borrower—would you say was fair? And, whatever would be fair to them, in the supposed case, is just that which they are severally to demand—that, and no more.

That they could extort more is possible; and that they

could so gloze and circumvent nevertheless as to get rid of the appearance of extortion is also possible, but the law is imperative. Do exactly, both inclusively and exclusively, as you would be done by.

In their turn, the tenant, and the passenger, and the borrower are to do as they would be done by. No fictitious representations are they to make; no worthless securities are they to offer; no wary and well-timed deceptions are they to practise; no dilapidations or injuries are they to occasion; no postponement of payment are they to keep on manœuvering when payment is overdue.

For transgression in these respects the law of the land will hold them answerable to some extent; but they are answerable to a far greater extent than that. It is possible so honourably to occupy another man's property, and so equitably to use another man's goods, and so faithfully to employ another man's money, and so promptly to meet another man's demands, as to throw the enactments of mere statute law far back into the shade. Quite possible is it for us, from our reverence for law, to rise far above the mere technicalities and the verbalities of law, and by a course of moral discipline to attain something like intuitive apprehensions of what I will call the aboriginal predilections of the law. Even the appearance of evil may be avoided. Punctuality may become proverbial, ingenuousness admirable, conscientiousness remarkable, honour, the good old vernacular "honour bright."

No slander are we propagating when we intimate that there are landlords and many other persons, who are overreaching and fraudulent and mean on the one side; and that there are tenants and many other persons, who are overreaching and fraudulent and mean on the other side.

What but overreaching is the requirement of exorbitant interest from a man who is known to be helplessly within

the lender's grasp? What but overreaching is the concealment from an incoming tenant of the scandalousness of the surrounding neighbourhood, and of the minor nuisances of the house itself? What but overreaching is the diminution, to the lowest possible point, of the conveniences and securities of travelling, with the increase, to the highest possible point, of the rate of charge? What but overreaching is it to take the ticket of an excursion train, and to use it, if we can, for two persons instead of one; or to use it—the fare being then lower than the ordinary fare—for the one journey of ordinary business which we must have taken in the ordinary way? If the company would consent, well and good, but the understanding, in the case of excursion trains, if not indeed the published condition on which the diminished fare is fixed, is this—that we ourselves come and go Of no avail is it to say that it is just the same to the railway company, whoever it is that goes, or comes, or stays. Their arrangements proceed on a stipulation, expressed or implied. By our application for their excursion ticket, we make ourselves parties to the arrangement; and the violation of it, however general it has become, is an immorality against which all honourable men, both by their example and their influence, should make a stand. And then, what but overreaching is it to take advantage of some legal quibble for the procrastination, and peradventure for the final evasion of a claim, which it is beyond our power to deny?

In all such cases mercantile morality is insulted. Rather, He who has instituted that morality is insulted. We may do our fraudulency cleverly, but we are incurring his displeasure. We may keep within the line of our conventional proprieties, but we are transgressing the line of his recorded law. We may perchance only do what, under similar circumstances, others have done unto us already, and will most

certainly do again; albeit the injunction is, not to do what they actually have done, but rather to do what they should have done. "As ye would they should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

NECESSITY IS CONTINUALLY ARISING FOR THE INTRODUCTION OF PERSONS TO ONE ANOTHER BY THOSE TO WHOM THEY ARE MUTUALLY KNOWN. "I would employ you," is the reply to an applicant, "if I knew you to be trustworthy;" or "I would give you credit," or "I would render you the help you ask." "Get from some competent person an adequate recommendation, and I will be your friend." To a great extent these introductions and recommendations have become absolutely necessary. Without them society would presently get to a dead lock.

Imperative on us all is the obligation, both in asking and in giving these letters, to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. What is wanted from the referee should be spoken out, and what is known to the referee should likewise be spoken out. Entirely are we, in this matter, in one another's hands. The sense of honour is the only thing on which we can rely. Because of the testimony which is given to the applicant, he will be intrusted with property, he will be employed confidentially, he will be invested with authority, he will have even his employer's good name, so much better than precious ointment, committed to his care.

How anxious are we, when receiving recommendations, not to be imposed upon either by a false or by an imperfect representation! Could we gain our desire, the referee would describe his friend exactly as he is: suppressing nothing, exaggerating nothing, confounding nothing, embellishing nothing—putting before us for our consideration the transcript of his actual knowledge or belief about the man, relatively to ourselves. Not at all unwilling should we be

for friendship to do its best in the best way; but of the determination to serve his friend at your expense, you would have the referee beware.

You assent. *Then* beware of such like determinations yourselves. If you know a man to be insolvent, resist the temptation to conceal his insolvency. If you know a man to be incompetent, refuse the request to palliate his incompetency. If you know a man to be untrustworthy, hold out bravely against all inducements to keep his untrustworthiness in the background. The reference having been made to you, and you having accepted it, stand fast by your purpose to treat the confidence which has been reposed in you with most scrupulous respect.

Let the introduction you would like to receive, presuming your knowledge about the party introduced to be exactly what it is, be the very introduction which you give. Let the answers you would like to obtain to your inquiries be the identical answers which you return. Let the general impression you would like to get be the precise impression which you aim to produce.

"High time to insist on that phase of mercantile morality," say those who have suffered, in more ways than one, from dishonourable recommendations: from dishonourable recommendations, too, which have been given not by so-called dishonourable men, but by men who carry themselves complacently, both in the world and in the church of God. Cause I fear there is for such complaint. Persons of reputation have given testimonials whereby their neighbours have inevitably been deceived, and representations through which their correspondents have most unsuspectingly incurred heavy loss.

Suppose now that A is introduced to C by B: the object of the introduction being to get from C a supply of goods for A. The introduction, say, is not only satisfactory gener-

ally, but it is especially satisfactory because of an offer from B to show his running account with A, which is one of the largest on his books. C looks at the account, and regarding it and the introduction together as a sufficient proof of A's solvency, supplies him with the goods he wants. Now what would you say, supposing furthermore that B gave the introduction, and showed the accounts to C, knowing all the while that A was hopelessly insolvent? You would say that it was an outrageous breach of mercantile morality. But, now, what would you say about the transaction, supposing, in addition, that B had practised the imposition upon C, for the purpose of getting him to supply the goods to A, that by the sale of them he might liquidate his obligation to B, and then go and fail forthwith; C being left to take his chance of a dividend of some infinitesimal fraction in the pound? You would denounce the transaction as abominable. Look at the case again. You, owing me a bill for goods from my stock, I introduce you to my neighbour under false pretences, that he may let you have goods from his stock, that then of his goods thus fraudulently obtained, you may make a surreptitious sale, and with the proceeds—to my neighbour's entire loss—pay my bill. What epithet would adequately designate my introduction and recommendation? "Scandalous would be hardly strong enough," you answer. "Villanous might suffice." Say that it would be scandalous, as assuredly it would be under any circumstances; and then say that it would be emphatically and superlatively scandalous, in proportion to any profession on my part of being an upright and a religious man.

NOT STRICTLY A MERCANTILE TRANSACTION IS THAT OF IMPOSING AND OF PAYING TAXES. It may, however, without any great far-fetching come under our consideration now. The legislator must obtain the ways and means for provid-

ing for the public service. One great obligation on him is, to see that resources are at hand for upholding the national dignity, and for keeping faith with the national creditor without a flaw.

To the tender mercies, at least, of Sydney Smith are all repudiators of public debts without any delicacy to be consigned.

The principle on which the legislator is to discharge his obligation, is no other than the great principle which we are keeping so distinctly before our minds. Let the man who makes the laws, put himself in the place of the man who has to keep the laws. Let him, for example, who deliberates on the rate at which the income-tax shall be fixed, and on what scale it shall be levied, and on what proportions it shall bear to incomes which are dependent, and to incomes which are not dependent, on the continuance of health and life; let him who deliberates on these really urgent matters when laying on the tax, bear well in his mind how they will affect those who will have to pay the tax. Not as an act of generosity, but as an act of morality, let him exchange positions with his constituents, and, whilst providing for the exigencies of the national exchequer, let him place no burden on his constituents, either in the amount of it, or in the manner in which it is to be demanded, that he would not allow them, with as good a grace as possible, to place upon himself. As one proof of his being "the right man in the right place," let him do unto others as he would have them do unto him.

Then, let his constituents put themselves in the position where by him the national dignity is to be upholden, and the public service is to be performed. Would they like to be left without ways and means? Would they deem it a righteous thing to be deprived of the resources which are necessary for maintaining the august institutions of our fatherland—our cherished and venerated monarchy among

the rest? The supposition is an insult. Should they be thus interrogated, they would somewhat indignantly put us to silence by the unequivocal loyalty of their reply. We should take permission to break the silence by assuming that their taxes are always paid, and that they are honourably paid, withal. Not without our active concurrence can the tax-gatherer, in many cases at least, obtain his due. Returns are required from us, on which his calculations and assessments may be based. Exactness—accurate and comprehensive exactness — must characterize those returns. Whatever the facts are, they are to be reported; whatever the declaration entails, our liabilities to assessment are to be declared. As far as in us lies, with the letter and with the spirit of the law's requisitions we are cheerfully to comply, inserting nothing in our returns which is false, omitting nothing from our returns which is true. And, whether according to our returns, or according to assessments rightly made independently of our returns, we are, at the proper time, to pay; rendering unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's, in respect to all things of a secular kind, with as much promptitude and integrity as we render unto God that which is God's, in respect to all things of a sacred kind.

To the question when and how were such debts of Cæsar's contracted, I answer by pointing you to the protection of your property, to the security with which you go about the streets, to the opportunity you have at hand for arresting and punishing evil-doers, to your general immunity from the malice of the calumniator, and to the respect that is paid to you, as an Englishman, the world through. These are, in part, the value you receive for the taxes which you are asked to pay; and therefore, social, if not mercantile, morality bids you pay them without reserve.

You are all looking for the remark from the lecturer that this bidding of our morality is extensively disobeyed—dis-

obeyed, indeed, without a blush—even complacently and jocosely disobeyed. To evade the assessment or the payment of a tax, is not deemed in all quarters a disreputable thing at all. Many so-called reputable men will evade it with all their hearts. To defraud the Crown is not to involve them in disgrace. No matter if the duty has not been paid, the Custom-house should see to that. No matter though the declaration would hardly do in honest business ; let the Commissioners find that out. No matter though Collectors and Inspectors, and all the tribe of them, have been grossly tricked; what harm is there in tricking them? They are nobody. Well-paid functionaries as they are, let them take their salaries, and be content!

What proof that I am not putting an imaginary case do we get from the official returns about the income-tax! It will hardly be believed that, according to those returns, there are not 6000 people in all England who enjoy an income of £1500 a-year from their trades and professions; that there are only 4000 persons who enjoy an income of £2000 a-year; and that there are only just 800 persons who enjoy an income of between £900 and £1000 a-year. Palpably false as are these returns, they are the certified returns of the tax-payers themselves. No wonder that the *Times* designates them as "a sad tale of commercial morality;" a tale all the sadder in my esteem, I confess, from the persuasion that the men who are thus immoral are not our betting men, our licentious men, our 'fast' men, but, in many instances at least, our visitors of the fatherless and widows in their afflictions, our large contributors to religious institutions, our members of Christian churches, our foremost advocates of the "whatsoever things are lovely and of good report."

For such men systematically and contentedly to do what they certainly would not like to have done to them is an

astounding evil, and all the more astounding on account of its direct defiance of most specific injunctions of Holy Writ. If aught was made imperative by the teaching of Jesus Christ, it was the payment of tribute for all the civil purposes of the State. Thus is it written: "Render unto all their dues, tribute to whom tribute, custom to whom custom, fear to whom fear, honour to whom honour. Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake." The commandment, indeed, to fear God stands in immediate and most suggestive association with the commandment to honour the Queen. And the Queen is a good deal more practically honoured by my honest payment of the tribute-money than by my most effective execution, or by my most vociferous performance, of the National Anthem. The National Anthem, even to the old loud-sounding chorus, by all means, but always when the taxes have been paid—*always*, lest, when singing out so emphatically about others, "Frustrate their knavish tricks," we somewhat awkwardly imprecate entanglement on ourselves. Let our loyalty quietly discharge its pecuniary obligations first, and then, as merrily and lustily as you please, may it sing "God save our noble Queen!" So much for particular cases in illustration.

In singular seclusion must you have been living during the last few months, if you are not aware of instances in succession of gross mercantile immorality. When the attention of the House of Commons is called to the alleged adulteration of our daily food, and when our juries have to find men of prominent standing in the commonwealth guilty of shameless frauds: and when, during the trials of convicted offenders, indications are coming out of strange concealment in high places, and for selfish purposes, of the crime of the offenders; and when our public satirists are scoffing at "that rotten thing called commercial morality;" and when our Christmas pantomimes get rapturous applause

by their allusions to recently-detected cheateries of trade; and when our journals are gravely writing such sentences as this: "The educated, the elevated, and the respectable, are among the latest contributors to our gaols, and it is not uncharitable to suppose, from certain symptoms, that those already there will not be the last." When, I say, these things, and many things like them, are matters of perfect notoriety, it would be arrant affectation not to mention them here; not to mention them, moreover, in order that, first, their baseness may be intelligently apprehended, and then, with some becoming thoughtfulness, may be denounced. They may be vaguely, and recklessly, and vehemently, and virulently, denounced: so denounced, indeed, after the present popular fashion, that the denunciation may do more harm than good, exhausting itself possibly in temporary passion, or generating other and equally censurable crimes. The denunciation of the existing mercantile immorality which, by a full comparison of the mercantile habit with the great law of the Son of God, I desire to induce, will be unambiguous, and inflexible, and severe. *Albeit*, it will be inquiring, and discriminating, and candid. Is there any extenuation that can be properly accepted of that which at first sight seems to be offensive? Are there any acknowledged customs in particular trades which account satisfactorily for the seeming dishonesty? Have we come into possession of all the facts so that we are really competent to decide? Are we doing unto others, in the case of their condemnation, as we would have them do unto us, ere they formally condemned ourselves? Such questions ought always to be asked, and with uprightness and patience ought they to be followed out. "All is not gold that glitters;" all is not dross that is enwrapped in the obscure. Many a transaction has been blamed which, had all been known, would have been approved, and perhaps admired.

But, when all allowable things have been allowed for, it will be found that our Lord's law of reciprocity is grievously disobeyed; and then it will be asked, "How is it, and why is it, that it is grievously disobeyed?" Men are able to understand it; men theoretically admire it; men confessedly act upon it in all respects, except in respect to trade. Why do they not act upon it in respect to that as well? What occasions their violation of it there? More than one answer to this question is at hand, though I must content myself with one.

There has come upon us, I submit, an insatiable passion for style and show; for the pomps and vanities of the world; for the elegant cottage or the splendid mansion, for the handsome or the gorgeous equipage, for the entertainments by whose splendour the fashionable may be attracted, and for the pursuits which will introduce us to men of rank. I quote a paragraph from one of our weekly papers which will intimate what I mean. Speaking of a fashionable hunt, the number dated 4th November, 1855, says, "It is composed largely of corn and mustard dealers, bankers and brewers, stockbrokers and hatters in a large way. The horses are too good for the county; the fact being this, that price is no object with the owners."

That statement might have been made about other things besides horses—"price is no object." Only let admission into certain circles be the remuneration, and the price will be paid at once.

The characteristic of the age is not, I think, hastiness to be rich for the sake of the riches, but for the sake of successful competition in luxury and in the pride of life.

Of course, there is the earlier stage in which this competition is disclosed but faintly, and at which no doubt the intention would be disclaimed. The disposition, however, grows on a man apace. Why should he not live in the

suburbs? Why should he not visit with his neighbours? Why should he not offer the courtesies of hospitality? Why should he not secure for his family the comfort of their own carriage? Why should not his sons be educated at one of our great public schools? Why should not his daughters acquire the accomplishments which distinguish the aristocracy, and the *élite?* Why should he not have his box or his stall at the Opera? Why in a word, should he be debarred from the mode of life for which his neighbours are distinguished? One answer to his challenge is the very simple one, that he cannot afford that mode of life. To this, unhappily, there comes the rejoinder—"Then I *will* afford it;" and hence comes his disobedience to our great law, in respect to his profession or his trade. Fair profits are not sufficient for his artificial and ambitious necessities. Were he strictly honest, he could not maintain appearances. Shut him up to rigid integrity between man and man all round, and either the position which he desiderates is unattainable; or, presuming it to have been attained, it must be ignobly given up.

Ignobly in all conscience, style and show notwithstanding, is such a man's position kept;—his assistants wronged, his customers cheated, his landlord defrauded, his creditors cajoled, his servants injured, his country robbed.

In saying these things about the characteristics of our own times, I must not be supposed to inculcate the opinion that the present times are worse than any former times; neither must I be supposed to hold that immorality is the prevailing rule of our mercantile and our social life. Should either supposition be entertained about the Lecturer, he would certainly be misunderstood.

Population having so largely increased, and commerce along with the population, there would be found, of course, more dishonesty now day by day than you would have

found a century ago. But what ordinary reader of his country's history needs to be provided with the evidence that our honest forefathers complained substantially as we are complaining now!

The fact is simply undeniable that they did complain! and it is also undeniable, as I should like with some distinctness to declare, that our fathers did thus complain when they were, heart and soul, engaged in fearful wars. A theory has been broached of late to this effect,—that the mercantile immorality we are just now deploring is logically attributable to our thirty years of peace, and that we must really give up our deprecation of war, if we would have high-minded integrity to be the distinction of our fatherland. Facts, I venture to presume, are at variance with this theory, and Scripture teaching is at variance with it also. That we may have gross dishonesties and depravities in the times of peace is admitted: that peace is either the immediate cause or the proximate occasion of them is denied. What said the *Times* a month or two ago?—"Day by day we degenerate into the worshippers of Mars and Odin: forgetting alike the dreams of human progress, and the dictates of a pacific religion. Everybody who remembers the late war knows that the Universities languished, that the churches were empty, that the House of Commons became more and more corrupt, that all morality and philosophy and religion seemed to centre in the thought of dying in the breach, with the sound of victory in one's ears." This witness is true. No better then than now were our countrymen, although commerce had not risen into the ascendant, nor Manchester taken its illustrious place amongst the foremost cities of the land. Never was Poet Laureate more signally mistaken than is he who insists upon it, that "chalk, and alum, and plaster, are sold to the poor for bread," in consequence of our having been so long at peace. All history contradicts the man,

when he thus labours to account for the frauds which have cheated depositors of their investments, which have kept forged warrants in unsuspected circulation, and which have substituted deleterious compounds in the place of wholesome food. And the more ancient as well as the more modern history sustains the contradiction. What do we learn about the earliest of the former times, in their relation to wholesale and retail trade? We learn this, that fraudulent practices in relation to them were the express subject of legislative enactment, from the commencement of our statute law. Even before the statute law existed, there is evidence, in the old common law inquisitions for jurors at district courts, that such fraudulent practices were perpetrated. In those old inquisitions we find, invariably, the direction to make diligent return of such as used false measures, balances, or weights: and of such as had double measures—buying by the greater and selling by the less. In a Parliament-roll of the 17th of Edward the First, those cheats of the double measure are expressly proscribed.

One of the regular duties of a Parliament under the Plantagenet kings, was to pass a law for the assize or the regulation of the people's victuals; and one of those laws enforced its injunctions to supply good measures of bread and ale, by the penalty of the pillory and the tumbril. In the 37th of Edward the Third, is a statute beginning thus:—"Item: for the great mischiefs which have happened through the merchants, called grocers, buying up goods fraudulently to enhance the price." The same Act of Parliament provides against deceptions by silversmiths, who were given, it seems, to do very differently to their unsuspecting customers, than the equitable and the fair.

The prosecutions we had a year or two ago about gold chains that were not gold, or that were only gold of an

inferior kind, were prosecutions not without their precedents many centuries ago.

In the 5th year of Henry the Eighth, it was necessary to pass an Act for "Avoiding deceytes in worstead." In the 21st year of the same reign, we find "An Acte for the Lynnen drapers of London," which recites that the said drapers had been accustomed to sell Doulais and Lokran —then made in Brittany—either in whole pieces of 100 ells, or in half pieces of 50 ells of a yard in breadth; but that of late divers persons, for their own singular profit, had brought in half-pieces lacking four or five ells of the accustomed breadth. Not very unlike the practice which was exposed only last week in a letter to the *Times*, of bargaining with the manufacturer for reeled thread, on the avowal that though he marked the reel as containing a hundred yards, it was expected to contain only seventy yards; the purchasers, for the singular profit of the shippers, being fairly cheated out of thirty yards on every reel they buy.

In the 31st of the same reign the wine merchants had come into disrepute. A statute was then passed which recites an Act of the Parliament of Richard the Second, that required every vessel of the wine merchant to be of a prescribed capacity. "Nevertheless," says the statute, "nevertheless great deceyte is daily used in selling wynes and ayle in caskeys and vessels, not having the above contents, to the great loss of the king's poore subjects."

They were the former times, and these were the mercantile moralities of former times. Wrong, therefore, should we be, if we gave the sanction of this Institution to the opinion that the former times were better than these. These, no doubt, ought to be far better than they are. With the advantages of the nineteenth century distinguishing us, the chicanery and the fraudulency of wine merchants, of linen-drapers, of worstead dealers, of silversmiths, of merchants

called grocers, and of traders who sell by the smaller measure and buy by the larger one, should be only known to us by the testimony of old books. More indefensible are chicanery and fraudulency now than they ever were. We grant all that; but we cannot let the notion go unrefuted that our lot is fallen upon times of unexampled commercial depravity, or that to the unwarlike habits of the times that depravity is naturally to be ascribed. With all conditions there is danger, with the condition to which our commercial habits have brought us among the rest; but no necessity is there whatsoever for the apprehension that, if we will have so much commerce, we must have dishonesty; that, if we will do business on so large a scale, we must give up all hope of men's doing unto others as they would have others do unto them. The apprehension is as mischievous as it is unfounded. The smaller mercantile transactions of Edward the First, and the larger mercantile transactions of Victoria the First, are alike compatible with the rigorous and reputable observance of our Saviour's law.

Nor do I hold, as I have said, that immorality is the prevailing rule of our mercantile or our social life; that the majority of our men of business do addict themselves to the disreputable and the base. Fully do I believe, of the large majority of them, that the word of the British merchant is implicitly to be taken; and the reputation of the British contractor safely to be assumed; and the honour of the British banker fully to be trusted; and the dealings of the British tradesman sincerely to be respected. Where would our business be, I ask, if the generality of our men of business were dishonourable men? It seems to me that, in that case, all business must inevitably collapse. Mutual confidence having become impossible, that vast system, of which our Custom-house is the exponent, must of necessity lick the dust. Why, the greater part of our business trans-

actions are negotiated either upon the security of a verbal promise or upon the credit of a written name. Let there be sent by to-morrow's mails, to any nation under heaven, a written order for the rarest of their productions, and upon the strength of that order those productions, in any quantity, would be returned. Yes, despite all that has tended to involve our good name in reproach, the good name of our mercantile morality is in the ascendant yet. What learn we if we stand by the wharves of the Eastern and the Western hemispheres, and see embarked, in consignment to British markets, the choicest treasures which they produce? What learn we, if we hail at random, and in succession, the magnificent fleet of merchantmen that traverses the Indian or the German Ocean, the Mexican or the Persian Gulf, the Mediterranean or the Baltic Sea, the Atlantic or the Pacific Main? What learn we, if we acquaint ourselves with the modes of making payment and of transmitting payment for the goods which are thus landed all along our shores? We learn this—that honour appertains in goodly measure to Great Britain after all; that the word once given by our countrymen is deemed to be as trustworthy as the bond. There are legal instruments, you reply, which afford security to the consigner, and there are documents available in our courts which bind the consignee. Of doubtful value half of them, we rejoin; of no great value any of them, apart from the fidelity and the integrity of the parties who are concerned. They avail to define the bargain rather than to give the bargain absolute effect. The world-wide confidence we enjoy, is indueed far more by the character of the man who signs the document than by the stringency of the document itself.

One fact seems to me to speak volumes. I mean the fact that frequently, in the exercise of unguaranteed and merely personal confidence, something like five millions sterling

change hands in the City in a single day. And not by any means to the City alone is this exercise of unguaranteed confidence confined. By evidence attainable from John-o'-Groat's house to the Land's-end might the averment be corroborated, that our immense mercantile affairs are carried on, not so much upon security which is material, as upon security which is moral; that our trade and commerce assume the mechanical obligation which rests upon the dread of penalty, far less than the spontaneous obligation which rests upon the principle of doing unto others as we would have them do unto us. "Nineteen-twentieths of all my business," said a man to me the other day, whom this Association delighteth to honour, "Nineteen-twentieths of my business are conducted on the understanding that I may be trusted implicitly by my customers, and that they may be implicitly trusted by me."

Dishonourable men are aware how extensively this reciprocal understanding prevails. Dishonourable men take advantage of their knowledge. Dishonourable men, indeed, are my witnesses that dishonourableness is the exception and not the rule; for it is on account of the fact, and the admitted trustworthiness of the majority, that the fraudulency of the infamous minority has any chance of temporary success.

The fraudulency, however, of that infamous majority remains, and, as some good men maintain, it certainly augments. It is so insidious and so plausible, moreover, that those who constitute the honourable majority need to be well upon their guard. With some differences of judgment concerning other aspects of the case, there will be no difference of judgment amongst us concerning the necessity of imploring attention to the claims of mercantile morality, and of confederating together to put mercantile immorality down. Far greater simplicity may distinguish the commer-

cial principle; far greater equitableness the commercial code; far greater unequivocalness the commercial vocabulary; far greater candour the commercial intercourse, even taking them at their best estate. A good deal more perfection must be attained yet, ere holiness will be inscribed "on the bells of the horses."

And for the progressive attainment of this perfection I must plead with you, and not with you only, but with our countrymen at large. There is some obloquy to be wiped away from our country's reputation, and a good deal more of the illustrious to be associated with that reputation; a most befitting enterprise for really loyal ones to undertake, who, all faults notwithstanding, do love their country still.

And let me ask, for the furtherance of this enterprise, the co-operation of the ministers of religion of every name. By no means sure am I that, whilst doing many things which it was our incumbent duty to do, we have not left many other incumbent things undone. We have not said too much about evangelic privilege; we have, I think, said too little about evangelic duty. At least, we have not distinctly enough, and forcibly enough, and systematically enough, connected the duty with the privilege. Integrity between man and man has come out in some technical and hasty inference at the end of a discourse. The obligation to provide things honest in the sight of all men has been casually mentioned, rather than explicitly and impressively enforced.

From the recoil which occurred at the Reformation—the recoil, I mean, from the Popish doctrine of Popish good works—we have not yet recovered; and in our jealousy, partially traditionary may be, lest justification by faith should be compromised, we have virtually compromised justification by works. Not as Christ and his Apostles taught men have we taught them to do justice, as well as to

love mercy and walk humbly with God. So at least do I, after some careful examination, verily believe; and believing it, I avow my belief, respectfully entreating my brethren of every name to take it into their account. Immediately and permanently effective towards the improvement we desiderate, would be the evangelic service of the British pulpit. I say, "its evangelic service," for not one sermon would I have which should be wanting in heartiest sympathy with the Gospel of the grace of God. And not one such sermon need we have. Strangely, indeed, should we play into the hands of the enemies of the Gospel, if we intimated that we could not preach the Gospel, and inculcate mercantile morality; that we could not glory in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, and enforce commercial reciprocity; that we could not expatiate amidst the securities of the everlasting covenant, and insist upon the duties of the Exchange, the warehouse, and the shop. Alas, in that case, for our acquaintance with the Gospel, and the covenant, and the cross! Alas, moreover, for any hope, through our instrumentality, of the improvement we so much desire! Given,—a religious ministry which will not tell out plainly in what morality consists, which will not show specifically how morality is to be manifested, which will not demand, in the name of God, that morality be practised; given,—furthermore, a religious ministry which avoids all this, avowedly because it is inimical to the Gospel of the grace of God; and you may lay your account absolutely with indefinite dishonesty, and with detestable, because with sanctimonious fraud. Given,—on the other hand,—a religious ministry which will proclaim with right certain sound the great doctrinal peculiarities of the Gospel in their divinely-instituted association with the great practical peculiarities of the Gospel; and you may look for "whatsoever things are just, for whatsoever things are true,

for whatsoever things are pure, for whatsoever things are honest, for whatsoever things are lovely, for whatsoever things are of good report." Importunate, therefore, is my entreaty to the ministers of Jesus Christ throughout the land, that they will declare the whole counsel of God about the honesties of common life, as it is revealed in our sacred books.

If those books say that the extortioner stands side by side before God with the adulterer, let us say so. If they say that the canker of ill-gotten wealth is a subpœnaed witness against the men who have fraudulently become wealthy, let us say so. If they say that the unrighteous shall not enter into the kingdom of God, but shall be thrust out into outer darkness, let us say so—commending ourselves, by the manifestation of the truth, to every man's conscience in the sight of God. To all who profess to be the heirs of God, and the joint-heirs with Jesus Christ; to all who speak joyfully of their inheritance with the saints in light; to all who say and sing about themselves, "more happy, but not more secure, the glorified spirits in heaven," —let us reply, that they cannot be too happy if they are really the Lord's regenerated ones, but that of their regeneration there must be proof, practical, every-day, continuous, common-place proof; one essential portion of which will be frankness in opposition to double-dealing, fairness in opposition to over-reaching, stedfastness in opposition to prevarication, the doing unto others in the house of business always what they would have others do unto them. Faith, let us never fail to preach; evermore let us insist, that "faith without works is dead." The religion of the heart let us explain and recommend; let us also explain and recommend the religion of common life. Christ, as the Lamb of God verily foreordained before the foundation of the world, let us set forth with all our might; with

all our might let us avoid that mode of setting him forth which tends to make Christ the minister of sin.

For the improvement of our mercantile morality I ask also for the co-operation of society; of society conventionally so called in its higher and its secondary grades. It has now nearly become proverbial that a man has only to acquire wealth to be sure of a congenial welcome to the most coveted society of the land. Plebeian though he be in his extraction and his education also, let him become the purchaser of extensive manors, and the owner of broad acres, and the occupant of splendid mansions, and then let him keep up, with the requisite modern refinements, the famous baronial hospitalities, and he will take his place forthwith with the patricians, bred and born. With amazing promptitude his introduction and welcome there will be observed, and thenceforward a thousand sycophants wait upon the man; the fashionable, into whose circle he has entered, courting and caressing him; the common people, from whose circles he has passed away, standing half in awe. That the man's wealth should secure for him luxury is unavoidable; but it has secured for him condition, status, rank, and these, in such a case as I contemplate, they need not secure. It is clearly optional with society whether it will receive him to its confidence, and respond to the invitations which too gladly he will be sure to give. There is really no reason whatever why, because a man has amassed money enough to hunt at Melton, and to buy at the Heralds'-office a coat of arms, and to retain Soyer for his *cuisine*, and to keep a fashionable yacht at Cowes, and to attract attention by his turn-out in the Park or Rotten-row—there is no reason whatever why, because of these trumpery accidents, he should be virtually made free of the aristocracy of the land. And I know of no greater service which our aristocracy could render to their own

generation than to determine to receive no man within the circle, as their associate, on the mere ground of his being a wealthy man.

All honour to the Aristocracy for welcoming and for incorporating among themselves, in sympathy with the Royal bidding, the men whose attainments and whose character make them worthy of the distinction. Happily for our country and for the world, such men are constantly coming out to notice from the ranks. Their literature, or their science, or their philanthropy, or their public spirit, has made them men of mark, far more illustriously than their wealth. By all means let them be distinguished on the bench, in Parliament, at our public boards, in the Sovereign's council chamber, and at the Court itself.

But, by no means let a man be a distinguished man in such positions, whose sole merit is that he has a long purse. Let him not be a distinguished man either in lower positions than those which I have named. Other grades of society, besides the higher ones, have made far too much of the long purse: even our religious institutions have done so. No small amount of fawning has been evinced for the sake of gaining the rich man's patronage. No niggardliness of flattery has been shown in imploring him that he would condescend to occupy the chair. Let us confederate to break up the habit of estimating a man according to his money. That habit broken up, one mighty temptation to mercantile immorality would be destroyed. Once let it be known that a man who has gotten riches may indulge in extravagance if he will, but that his riches will no longer secure admission for him into good society, and many a purse-proud and ambitious one may learn in whatever state he is therewith to be content. The knowledge that unless moral and intellectual excellence be possessed, wealth will be unavailing, will hold his ostentatiousness in check, and

thus, peradventure, he may become less devoted to the acquisition of wealth, and thus in acquiring it he may be satisfied with "whatsoever things are just." A poor motive for the man himself, I grant you; I am dealing, however, not with his motives, but with our means of bringing such men as he beneath restraint. Law cannot do it. To a large extent society can do it, if it will reserve its welcome for the honourable man alone.

You men of business must be asked for your co-operation also. In your hands is there the immediate opportunity of embodying the great commandment of our Divine law—in actual daily practice. Of every merchant and every tradesman whom I address, I ask that he will embody the commandment in his daily practice accurately, and then that he will inspire his embodiment of it with persuasive living power. To a large degree, the rising mercantile mind of this country is under your tuition. For you to cheat, is to beget the thought of cheating in other minds. For you to encourage trickery, is to generate a race of tricksters. For you to adopt plans which are dishonourable, is to perpetuate dishonourable habits, when you are dead and gone.

To little effect all other attempts at improvement, if you will require from your assistants the lying tongue, and the clever overcharge, and the "artful dodge," and the well-constructed fraud. Some assistants, indeed, may refuse your service on such terms, and indignantly go away. But why should you render remunerative service impossible for honest men? Some assistants may reluctantly remain; becoming, however, perplexed, disquieted, consciously degraded. But why should you lay snares for infirm and parasitic minds, familiarizing them with the miserable habit of playing fast and loose with their own consciences and with God's truth? Some assistants may readily enough remain and do all your

bidding. But why should you put all that pertains to you in jeopardy, as put it in jeopardy you assuredly do, by deeming men praiseworthy for their feats of chicanery and deceit? If they cheat for your advantage, they may choose to cheat for your disadvantage. If they will defraud others to benefit you, they may think it worth their while to defraud you to benefit themselves.

Repeatedly has this retribution come to pass. Bitterly have employers reaped the evil fruits of their own evil tree. Many a man has been robbed by those whom he himself initiated into practices of fraud.

Men of business, whose personal integrity we hold in reputation, suffer us to ask that you will avoid everything that bears the semblance of the dishonourable and the untrue!

Are there any customs in your establishment of doubtful propriety: customs which do constantly endanger the honour of your name and the integrity of the men in your employ? There may be. It is not the safest thing for mercantile morality, for example, to attract the home or the foreign customer to your warehouse by the pleasant evenings which your salesmen will provide for him at the theatre and the hotel. Are there in the arrangements of your large departments any urgent inducements to the heads of those departments to say what is false, and to do what is wrong, for filthy lucre's sake? There may be. If you necessitate the falsehood and the wrong, to you the guilt of it belongs. If you are willingly ignorant of the falsehood and the wrong, to you the immorality which they originate will ultimately be ascribed. Are there in your partnerships or your companies, the means of perpetrating disreputable acts with apparent innocence, as though the firm or the company was answerable, and not you? There may be. This, I believe, is not at all an uncommon thing, nor is it, I

fear, an extremely uncommon thing for the means to be employed.

In a speech from the Earl of Albemarle, the other day, we had a facetious reference to the way in which a body of men together will do, what as individual men they would certainly let alone. The late Lord Colville, said the Earl, was conversing with me on this subject, and he remarked pleasantly, "Why, my dear friend, take the case of a Dean and Chapter. It shall be composed of some of the best men that ever lived. In their individual character the body shall be unexceptionable, but in their collective capacity they wouldn't hesitate, I believe, to divide even a murder amongst them. Don't think I committed the murder, each one of them would exclaim. It wasn't I that did it; it was the Chapter." So, in matters mercantile, it may be said by each of the partners in succession, "It was not I that did not remit those balances when the balances were struck; it was the house." "It was not I that so shabbily delayed those payments; it was the firm." Unavailable justification this for the practices of mercantile immorality. There is no such thing as the house, apart from you who constitute the house. There is literally no firm at all, apart from you partners who compose the firm. Who take the profits of the partnership? You take them. Who sustain the responsibilities of the partnership? You sustain them.

You would demand a fair distribution of the profits; on the same principle, demand an honourable discharge of the responsibilities.

Once let it be known that you will demand it in good earnest, and that you mean to press the demand to practical results, and the dishonourableness will be held in check. It cannot go on without your consent. Your opposition being well maintained, the doom of all dishonourableness in your firm is denounced and sealed.

Bring then what you know to be wrong to a speedy end. Submit what is doubtful to rigorous reconsideration. Have it understood, from the cellar to the attic of your establishment, that for all misrepresentation, and imposture, and over-reaching, and double-dealing, there will be displeasure ending in dismissal; whilst for frankness, and truthfulness, and conscientiousness, there will be approbation conducing to some generous recompense of reward.

From the buyers of the community we want co-operation also. Plausible enough is the determination to buy everything we want at the cheapest possible rate. To get the necessaries, and the comforts, and the luxuries of life at something less than when last we purchased, has come to be a thing that must be done by all means. If one tradesman will not serve you on these terms, another will; and to him—as you significantly intimate—to him you must go, of course. Economy is quite the fashion. Only let the showy and the stylish be secured, and economy is really all the rage.

But what comes of such economy? In part, there comes from it the mercantile morality which we deplore. If you will have garments at that price, they must needs be badly made. If you will have food on such terms, adulteration provides the only chance of a living profit. If you will not pay a remunerating price for what you want, there is no alternative; whether you buy cutlery at Sheffield for your army, or furniture in London when you set up house, or education at "Do-the-boys-hall" when your boys must go to school—the cutlery, and the furniture, and the education will be proportionally bad; the pretence being, all the time, that they are as good as can be got. No justification of such false pretences do I either offer or allow. Rebuke them by all means; but deal fairly nevertheless, and rebuke first of all the practices to which their falsehood is to be

ascribed. Rather, avoid the practices themselves, and let it be understood that for the good article you are wanting to obtain, you are ready to pay the corresponding price. Discourage systematically the shops whose sacrifices are always culminating towards the tremendous and the appalling. Put grandiloquent circulars about stupendous bargains from the Continent invariably behind the fire, and those much quieter advertisements as well, which look so much like genuine paragraphs of information, but are really prepared by the seller of the article, and paid for at a high price. Suspect and keep aloof from all men of the Barnum school, from those large-lettered boasters that their "profits are on the very smallest scale." Select only such men to deal with as you can trust implicitly, and then, taking their word and warrant for their goods, give them what they ask in return, generously mindful of our fine, venerable adage, "Live and let live." That would be your real economy; and by the prevalence of such economy the whole system of our mercantile immorality would, in measure, be gradually undermined. Through our cry for inordinate cheapness that immorality has been in popular demand. No wonder that the demand has created the supply.

In describing the co-operation which I desiderate, there is one thing that I hardly know how to specify, but which, if attended to well, would greatly facilitate the object we have in view. It is no secret that servants, especially the upper servants in our families of rank, do insist upon large presents and gratuities from the tradesmen who serve those families; do so insist upon them, moreover, that, in some cases, they cannot be refused. Instances could be mentioned in which, unless a given per-centage on the bills sent is allowed—to the coachman from the coachmaker's bill, to the butler from the wine-merchant's bill, to the lady's-maid from the jeweller's bill, to the dressmaker from

the silk-mercer's bill, to the housekeeper from the butcher's bill, and so on—there will presently be no bills to send. In revenge, an effort will be made to have the goods which are required ordered from some other place. These servants will have their spoil, and, as many a London tradesman will tell you to his sorrow, they do have it year by year, and very often in different forms all the year round. Need I say, that such a custom must be intensely and progressively mischievous? What cunning craftiness it must engender! What overcharging it must necessitate! What unscrupulous competition it must encourage! What snares for men of feeble moral purpose it must accumulate! What conspiracies on the part of a man's tradesmen and servants it must originate against his purse! In how many ways, directly and indirectly, must such a custom render our great law of social reciprocity of none effect!

Not a few men in our metropolis, as I can testify, are dismayed at the inroads which this system of gratuities is making upon the simpler honesties of their trade. Bill after bill are they sending in, of which, on account of its known violations of our Lord's commandment, they are ashamed. They know that they would not have others send in such bills to them. "Let them, then, set their faces against the system," you exclaim, "and never send in such bills again." We say so too: but just now we say to the masters of all such servants, Do you vigorously set your faces against it likewise. Make full inquiry in your own establishments about the existence of the custom. Find out and deal with the reasons by which the custom is excused. Insist on the abandonment of the custom forthwith. Hold every tradesman harmless who shall henceforward refuse to follow out the custom. Authorize the immediate communication to yourselves of every intimation from the servants that in some form or other the custom must be kept up. Give

every man and woman in your employ ample remuneration for their services. Take away the semblance of all excuse in this direction for their tax upon the tradesman, and then peremptorily forbid the tax. Forbid them to take it. Forbid him to pay it. Be the masters of your own establishments in something more than the name ; active enough, and benevolent enough, and equitable enough to co-operate in the common effort for making all dealing fair dealing, and for wiping from every page of our country's great ledger all occasion for reproach.

And now lastly, we turn to the young men of our times, and ask their co-operation for the improvement of our mercantile morality. Our appeal, Brethren, is to yourselves and to those whom you represent. We ask your pledge, that in beginning and carrying on your business, you will do unto others as you would have them do unto you, and that you will take all care to do nothing else. We ask your pledge, that you will stand fast against the man who will dub you " commercial puritans," and then laugh you, if they can, to scorn. We ask your pledge, that you will keep guard against the characteristic ambitiousness of the times in which you live. We ask your pledge, that you will maintain your ground in opposition to all temptation to make haste in becoming rich. We ask your pledge, that you will hold yourselves far aloof from the vortex of dissipation with a resolute, even indeed with a stubborn will. We ask your pledge, that you will never meddle with bills, with that class of bills I mean, which are drawn at some desperate hazard, and which represent nothing but the recklessness of the parties with whose names they are inscribed. We ask your pledge, that if ever you are compelled to compound with your creditors, paying them through misfortune, say ten shillings in the pound, and then at some time afterwards are able to pay them a portion or the whole of what is due, that

you will do so to the last fraction, of your own accord,—principal, interest, and all. We ask your pledge, that you will periodically, and with utmost carefulness, ascertain exactly how you stand with your liabilities and your assets. We ask your pledge, that you will content yourselves with the simpler habits, evincing courage enough always to live within your income, especially to live within it when it becomes comparatively large. We ask your pledge, that you will addict yourselves to habitudes, of whose hours of activity the proverbial English steadiness shall in the main be the chosen model, and of whose hours of relaxation the incomparable English comfort shall be substantially the favourite type. We ask your pledge, that time shall be always found for religious exercises, both in your seclusion and in your establishments, not on Sundays only, but on every day besides. We ask your pledge, that you will be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, buying as though you possessed not, using the world but not abusing it, setting your affection upon things above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God.

How say you? Will you give these pledges? Not in your own strength, but as seeing Him who is invisible will you give them, in full determination to act upon every one of them as time goes on? I ask not the verbal assent of your tongue to my interrogation, but the thoughtful, whole-hearted assent of the inner man. Return me that, and I will thank God and take courage. Old England, so much like what old Tyrus was in the glory of its ancient times, will never become what it is in the desolation of these modern times Your integrity will be its preservation. Scattered throughout Old England, doing as you would be done by, you will vindicate our mercantile morality from the insults which have undoubtedly been offered to it, and you will accelerate the period when our commercial trans-

actions shall be second in their religiousness only to the most sacred transactions of the church of God.

Consummation, on all accounts, devoutly to be wished; not on this account the least devoutly to be wished, that it would bring out demonstrably the practical power of our most holy faith. Somehow or other, if the ancient satirists, and historians, and philosophers are worthy of belief, commerce is prone to keep itself defiantly beyond the reach of moral influence and restraint. In vain the reproaches of society: equally in vain the enactments of law. Mercantile practices never, according to those authorities, conform themselves to propriety. By the mercantile men of those days of yore, integrity was notoriously set at nought. The common fame was, that the man of business was unworthy of respect. Let it be your ambition to give to the common fame of these modern times a different opinion to report. Those men of heathen times had received no revelation from Heaven for their instruction; we have. They had been visited with no incarnation of Divine wisdom for their guidance; we have They had been assured of no very present help for feeble purposes; we have. They had been plied with no sanctions of solemn threatening and of rich reward; we have. Yes, indeed, we have! The law, on the strength of which our recommendations are all enforced, is a law which you can neither evade, nor resist, nor defy. True, it is contained in brief and simple words; but its brevity is its glory, and its simplicity is its power. Like the great law of physical gravitation, this great law of moral reciprocity affects alike the minutest rudiments and the mightiest combinations. As the one gives form to the dewdrop, and firmness to the everlasting hills; so the other arranges the multitudinous transactions of the obscurest village shop, and controls the negotiations of your merchant princes of world-wide renown. But one material force is necessary to regulate the universe

aright; but one spiritual force is necessary to regulate our morality aright. Let that one force have its way, and from the centre to the circumference it will suffice. The process will be unostentatious, but the result will be sublime.

With yourselves, however, it rests to let it have its way. Gravitation works mechanically, whether we will or not. Reciprocity works intelligently, through the medium of human consciousness and will. It brings, to those who resist its requisitions, threatening It brings, to those who comply with its requisitions, promise. Dishonesty, in the long run, is disastrous. Integrity, in the long run, is advantageous. Gains, unfairly gotten, are radically tainted with the corruptible; gains, honourably gotten, are essentially surcharged with the vital and the pure. Mercantile fraudulency bears upon its proudest escutcheon the portentous ban of the Lord God Almighty. Mercantile morality becomes more and more resplendent with the manifested approbation of the Lord God Almighty. "The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked; but He blesseth the habitation of the just." Not in one year may this be demonstrated, nor in many; though sometimes we have known it come to pass that, "as the partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not, so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool." This has literally happened; and may, peradventure, happen to dishonest ones again. But, whether sooner or later, there will infallibly be shown the Divine complacency with the right, and the Divine detestation of the wrong. The sins of fraudulent parents may be visited upon their children unto the third and the fourth generation; the virtues of honourable parents may be visited upon their children to the third and fourth generation: whilst neither sins nor virtues will be unrecognized or overlooked at the judgment of the great day. "Some men's sins

are open beforehand, going before to judgment; and some men they follow after. Likewise also the good works of some are manifest beforehand; and they that are otherwise cannot be hid." How august your mercantile transactions when thus contemplated! I think of the Exchange, of the bank-parlour, of the warehouse, of the manufactory, of the office, of the shop; and then I think instinctively of their bearing upon your condition in the life to come. Every mercantile activity throbs, and its pulsation is immortality; every mercantile process culminates, and its climax is immortality; every mercantile competition advances, and its goal is immortality; every mercantile arrangement tells, and its consequence is immortality; every mercantile purpose ripens, and its harvest is immortality; and whether it shall be an immortality for ever in succession to be dreaded, or an immortality for ever in perpetuity to be enjoyed, depends for the purposes of the judgment upon your doings now. Him who confesseth Christ by acceptance of his atonement, and by grateful obedience to His law, before men, him will Christ also confess before his Father and his holy angels. Him who denieth Christ, by rejection of His atonement, and by indifference to His law, before men, him will Christ also deny before His Father and His holy angels. And if you ask me what law will be referred to, that our obedience or our indifference may then be ascertained, I answer—this self-same law of social reciprocity: "All things whatsoever that ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." And in prospect of a reference to it, for a purpose so sublime, I know no prayer more expressive of my heart's desire on your behalf than one with which most of us are familiar. "Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law." Amen and amen.

Conscience and the Bible.

A LECTURE

BY

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CONSCIENCE AND THE BIBLE.

Conscience and the Bible have a common meeting-point behind, as it were, or above, in Law: and a common meeting-place in front, in Virtue. As they point upwards or backwards, their lines meet in Divine Law: as they tend forwards or downwards, their lines meet in human Virtue.

This thought might be presented in a sort of diagram. Look at an elongated diamond-shaped figure. At the extremities of a line drawn across between the two larger angles, let Conscience and the Bible stand inscribed; Conscience on the left, the Bible on the right. The other two extremities, those of a line joining the smaller angles, may indicate the relative positions, the one of Law, the other of Virtue. Beginning at a point marked for Law, draw two diverging lines till they reach two other points, opposite to one another, marked for Conscience and the Bible respectively; thereafter let the lines converge till they come together in a fourth point; that may be marked as denoting Virtue.

Such is a sort of geometrical representation of the positions occupied by Law, the Bible, Conscience, Virtue, relatively to one another. Law is prior to both conscience and the Bible; it is recognized as prior by both of them; both of them look up to it and do it homage. Virtue again is under them; it appeals to them; they judge it. Conscience and the Bible acknowledge law. They approve virtue. And

across the line joining Law and Virtue, Conscience and the Bible meet.

What then is law, as acknowledged by conscience and the Bible? What is the virtue which they approve? These are two questions on the answer to which the solution of a third question, as to the mutual relations of the two authorities,—conscience and the Bible,—may largely depend.

I. What is law, as acknowledged by conscience and the Bible? It is a moral law: a law of right and wrong. But of what nature?

It is, perhaps, unfortunate that the word law is ambiguous. It has one meaning when it is used as a term of jurisprudence, and another meaning altogether when it is applied to the phenomena of natural science. What is called the law of the land, for instance, is felt by all men to be a thing quite distinct, generically, from the physical laws, or the laws of instinct. These last are generalizations of facts observed; the other is a rule authoritatively promulgated and judicially enforced. The result of a fair induction of particular instances, is embodied and expressed in a general formula, to which we give the name of law. It is a natural law, or a law of nature, thus ascertained, that bodies gravitate towards one another, and that the force of gravitation is inversely as the square of the distance. To most minds, this language conveys a very different idea from what they receive when they are told that the laws under which they live as citizens forbid and punish theft.

That the Divine law is essentially the same in principle with human law, both conscience and the Bible clearly teach. The obligation to obey the law of God commends itself to conscience as identically of the same kind with the obligation to obey the law of the land. And in the Bible, the magistrate is represented as wielding an authority of

the same kind with the authority of Deity. The rulers of the people are called gods. But as this is a point of supreme importance, and as a view adverse to that now stated is widely prevalent in influential quarters, it is necessary to go into the subject more fully.

The order established in creation is one of the surest evidences of a creative mind. The more thoroughly it is observed, tested, ascertained and developed, by the inquiries of science, the more conclusively it is so. Ranging over the myriads of ages of which our globe retains the traces; subjecting the multitudinous stars of heaven to her far-seeing telescope, and the all but prophetic calculations of her exact mathematics; embracing all the living tribes that have ever peopled the earth; mastering all the relations of social life, and all the conditions of social prosperity;—science seeks to reduce the whole complex mechanism and manifold movements of the universe, to a sort of uniformity, if not to unity. And the more successful she is in this, the more thoroughly does she establish the reign of one infinite and omnipotent Intelligence, planning all, and presiding over all.

Now law is the index, the assertor, the vindicator of order. If there is to be order, there must be law. And it must be law with its appropriate penalty. The more simple and universal the law—the more self-acting and self-enforcing —the more perfect the order. Hence the tendency, in the various departments of physical knowledge, to resolve particular inductions into more comprehensive general maxims; to trace a similarity of proportion throughout them all; to find the principles of sound, of colour, of form, of weight and motion, identical; so that music, painting, architecture, and the kindred arts, are said to be based on similar ratios or relations of number; and such powers as those of light, heat, electricity, galvanism, gravitation, converge towards some one

radical element in the constitution of matter, that is to cover the phenomena of them all. Even apart from these higher speculations, the sense of law, as the security of order, which is originally strong in the human mind, gains additional strength through the investigation of nature. All things proceed according to law; and law implies intelligence and design.

It seems but another step in the same direction, to reduce the moral world also under the same rigid uniformity of rule and order with the physical. There, too, the empire of law reigns. There are laws according to which our intellectual, our active, our social, our moral faculties, are respectively regulated in their exercise. There are laws of association, governing the intellect; laws of motive and habit, guiding the active powers; laws of taste and feeling, controlling the social propensities; and laws of truth, righteousness, and love, determining the moral judgments. Thus man, as to his whole nature, is the subject of law He thinks and acts, he likes or dislikes, he approves or condemns, according to law; according to laws proper to the different departments of his complex constitution. The violation of any of these laws is his misfortune or fault, and his misery. It is so, whichever of them it may be that is violated. The disorder, the evil, may be greater, when it is the law of a higher department of his nature, than when it is the law of a lower one. Redress and reparation may be more difficult. But it is an injury of the same kind that is done in both cases; it is a law of the same kind that is broken.

The apparent symmetry of a system like this has an attraction for minds of a certain order. But how does it stand the test of an appeal to consciousness? Try it in a single instance.

I dash my foot against a stone. A physical law is outraged by me. It vindicates itself: I suffer. But look at

the different circumstances in which this may happen. It is a mere accident—I am pitied. It is the result of gross carelessness—I am pitied and laughed at. It is an injury inflicted on me—I am pitied, and a desire is felt to avenge me of my adversary. It is, on my part, a deliberate attempt to put an obstacle in the way of a crowded train—I am execrated as a monster. It is a prompt impulse, at the risk of life, to take an obstacle out of its way—I am lauded to the skies for my benevolence and bravery.

Here there are several distinct laws—call them laws of nature if you will—under which the same act or event is considered, tried, and judged. It is not with the same sentiment,—it is not even with similar sentiments,—that the violation or observance of these several laws is regarded. The violation or observance of the physical law which regulates the contact of two hard bodies, as of my foot and a stone, cannot be reduced to the same category with the violation or observance of the law which injustice and wanton cruelty are felt to break, and which courage in a good cause fulfils and honours. No sophistry can identify things which differ so widely. The instinct of mankind revolts against the attempt.

Let it be granted that God governs by law all His creatures, from dead and shapeless matter, up through all the gradations and developments of organization and life, to the highest order of mind. Is it law of the same kind throughout? Or does mind, intelligent and free, as it is found in man, come in contact with law wholly unlike what holds dominion in the region of matter;—or in the region of mind, as it unfolds itself among the most sagacious of the other living races around us?

Some points of contrast may be noted between this higher law and all the other laws of nature and being.

In the first place, these other laws are, all of them, as we apprehend them, the products of induction. That higher

law we have by pure and simple intuition. That there are certain fixed and general laws to which the processes of nature and the energies of life in the universe are amenable, we learn; and what they are we learn; *à posteriori*, by observation and experience—the observation and experience of ourselves and others. The study of these laws is an inductive study. The sciences which treat of them are inductive sciences. It is true, that we can and do bring to bear upon them the intuitions of mathematics,—the *à priori* laws of thought which give us the necessary conditions of time and space. It is under these conditions that we investigate the phenomena of creation, and systematize or codify its laws. Still, essentially, they are laws forced upon us, *à posteriori*, by induction. The moral law is impressed upon us, *à priori*, by intuition. That there is a law of right and wrong, we know; and what it is, we know; by an original and primary intuition. It is a law of thought—exactly as those laws are, out of which geometry and algebra are evolved. The study of it is a deductive study. The science of ethics is a deductive science. It is true, that as we have to apply this law to the phenomena of voluntary action, there is occasion for observation and experience; and the more there is of a large and wise induction the better. In that view, the science which deals with this law is a mixed science. It is like the science which applies the axioms and demonstrations of the pure mathematics to the phenomena of practical astronomy. Still, the law itself is not one which we arrive at through any process of induction. It is known by intuition. It is given as an *à priori* law of thought—an original principle of moral judgment.

In the second place, this law is necessary, universal, eternal. These others are contingent. There is no absolute necessity, in the nature of things, for their being always and everywhere the same. You can conceive of a world in

which the law of gravitation might be different from what it is here. The idea is not felt to involve a contradiction in terms, or an impossibility in thought. But you cannot even imagine the possibility of an alteration of the law of right and wrong. You can no more conceive of its being right to commit murder, and wrong to love your neighbour, than you can conceive of two and two being five and not four.

It is easy, indeed, to make difficulties about this, as sceptical writers have often done. Look, they say, at the varieties of opinion among nations; some justifying and commending as virtues what others condemn as crimes: Sparta encouraging cleverness and success in theft; the Hindoos admiring the conjugal devotion of the widow as she casts herself on her husband's funeral-pile, and commending the maternal piety which sends the tender babe away from the pollutions and ills of life, at once, through the holy river, into a better land. In all such instances as these, however, the bare statement of them, if it be a fair statement, shows that what really is commended is some quality universally felt and allowed to be commendable. The ill-informed and ill-regulated mind, misled by a partial or erroneous induction, comes exclusively to dwell on that quality,—to the omission of other features of the transaction which impart to it an entirely opposite character. There is nothing, therefore, in these instances that militates against the truth, which consciousness attests,—that the law of right and wrong is not contingent;—that it is not arbitrary or discretionary, like those other laws of nature which, for anything we can see, might have been, and may yet be, different from what they are;—but that it is necessary and universal, like the axioms of intuitive science. In other words, the law of God is, like God himself, eternal and immutable.

But thirdly, and chiefly, this law has in it an element which none of these other laws, not even the laws of number

and extension, possess;—the element of command. It speaks as having authority. It says, Thou shalt, and thou shalt not. It makes you say, I ought, and I ought not.

The physical law of heat tells me a fact, that fire burns; and it suggests an inference, that if I go into yonder burning fiery furnace, I shall be consumed and perish. It does not certainly say, Thou shalt go; neither however, does it say, Thou shalt not go. And if the alternative be between that and worshipping the golden image, there is a law which says, imperatively, Thou shalt go: for it says, Thou shalt worship the Lord alone, and him only shalt thou serve.

The physical law of health tells me a fact, that excessive toil and scanty food wear out the body; and it suggests the inference, that if I toil the livelong day and night, and give myself but a crust of bread to eat, I must ere long sink and die. It does not certainly say, Thou shalt thus work in thy want: neither, however, does it say, Thou shalt not. And if the alternative be between that and theft, there is a law which says, imperatively, Thou shalt; for it says imperatively, Thou shalt not steal.

Even when the physical law comes nearest the moral law, the distinction is to be observed. The physical law of health tells the young man a certain fact, that sinful indulgence breeds disease; and it suggests the salutary inference that if he continues in the sin, he must expect to reap the fruit of it in loathsome agony. Even here, however, it is not that law which speaks with a voice of command, but the law which says, Thou shalt not commit adultery;—Lust not in thy heart;—Thou shalt not covet.

In the fourth place, it is a consequence of this element of rightful supremacy residing in the moral law, and distinguishing it from all the others, that the breaking of it is something essentially distinct from the breaking of any of them.

A man might be so wrong-headed as to insist on working

a question in arithmetic in defiance of the law of number, that two and two are four; or he might try to master a problem in geometry by going in the teeth of the law of extension, that two straight lines cannot enclose a space. Of course he makes a mess of his sum and his solution. It is an instance of mental aberration; the man is mad, we say; and that is all. A similar madness or wrong-headedness might lead some extravagant idealist, out-Berkeleying Berkeley, to act upon his theory of the non-existence of matter, so as to knock his head against every post,—coming into collision with all the material laws of force and weight.

But apart from extreme cases,—what are the terms, even the strongest terms, which we can fairly use in characterizing conduct that is opposed to what these natural laws would seem to recommend? It is ignorance, or inadvertence, or imprudence. The worst we can say of it is, that it is imprudence. And none of these terms are terms of reproach necessarily; not even imprudence. They are quite consistent with innocence, and indeed even with merit. A strong sense of duty, an impulse of patriotic or generous feeling, will be accepted, any day, by the people,—the best judges by far in such a matter,—as a set-off against the most flagrant disregard of all the ordinary considerations of caution and wisdom. And when either ignorance or inadvertence or imprudence is alleged as a moral imputation against any one who has acted otherwise than these natural laws, if they had been duly attended to, would have led him to act, and who has consequently brought misfortune on himself and others, it will invariably be found that the higher law comes in. Some precept or some principle of that law has been outraged. And the measure of reproach is not the violation, more or less wilful, of those natural laws, but the indifference or opposition which the act in question involves, in reference to the eternal law of rectitude and duty.

Then again, on the other hand, ignorance, inadvertence, imprudence,—any of these pleas,—may explain or palliate my conduct, viewed as in antagonism to the natural laws. But none of them, nor all of them, will meet the case, when the moral law is concerned. I did it because I knew no better; I did it without consideration and by mistake: it was very senseless and unwise in me to do it;—so you say when you have gone against any of the laws which regulate the sequences of events,—their following one another according to a certain order in the physical, mental, and social world: so you say: and there is no more to be said. You take the consequence. Or perhaps by some happy chance, or some shrewd after-thought, or some wise appliance under a system that admits of remedies and compensations, you escape the consequence. At all events, learning by experience, you are more wary in time to come.

Look now at Saul of Tarsus, consenting to the death of Stephen. He does it ignorantly; not knowing what he does; thinking that he is doing God service. He does it inadvertently, not considering sufficiently what he is about. It is the height of imprudence; even with the light he has he had better pause. A wiser and calmer man would not at that juncture commit himself against the Christians. Is that all? Does that exhaust the case? Then, what is the meaning of the keen remorse which seems always, in the midst of his happiest experience of mercy, to haunt the memory of Paul?

There is a law, the breach of which, whatever plea of ignorance, or inadvertence, or imprudence, may be urged, is a very different matter from the crossing or traversing of any of the other laws of nature. It is the Law the transgression of which is SIN.

Hence, finally, in the fifth place, it would seem to follow that the manner in which offences against these other natural laws are dealt with, affords no safe analogy for

judging of the procedure on the part of the lawgiver, which transgressions of this moral law may require.

Every law of nature is enforced, or enforces itself, by an appropriate penalty. The penalty is the destruction of whoever or whatever thwarts the law. It is a penalty sure and inevitable, unless means are found to make the person or thing offending conformable again to the law, and to prevent or repair the injury which his or its nonconformity might do to the system of which he or it is a part. It is a principle of the Divine government, even in the lower spheres of material and sentient nature, that the evil resulting from a breach of any of its laws is either worked out of the system by the destruction of the peccant member, or is repaired by some process of amelioration and neutralization; amelioration as to the peccant member, and neutralization as to the tendency of what is peccant to grow and perpetuate itself.

I fall, and break my arm. I break a physical law; and the penalty is the destruction of the limb. But there is a provision of nature which not only knits the fractured bone, but compensates the system for any harm the fracture might do to it. So I escape the penalty; I am safe in the use of my forfeited member still; and my body is all the stronger for the accident.

Upon this analogy, an attempt has been made, not wisely, as I think, nor successfully, to explain the manner in which, according to the Christian system, the great Lawgiver deals with sin as the transgression of his law. That law is held to be of the very same nature with the other laws on which the order of creation seems to depend. And the wonderful provision made by God for meeting the case of man's violation of it, is represented as identical in principle with those remedial provisions which abound in nature, and by which injuries happening under its laws are repaired and redressed, with no ultimate damage, either to the member offending or to the

system to which he belongs;—but rather with benefit to both.

It would be unsuitable to enlarge on this topic here, and now. Let it suffice to say, that such a view is not more dangerous in its theological aspect than it is inadequate, at least, if not unsound, in its philosophy. It confounds things that differ. It makes no sufficient account of that moral government, that divine and eternal system of jurisprudence, which such ideas as those of authority, right, duty, obligation, responsibility, guilt, blame, crime—ideas expressed in every language, and therefore indicating a universal instinct or intuition of the human mind,—prove to be the highest order in the universe. And surely we speculate somewhat too wildly when we aspire to master the policy of Heaven; as if we could grasp, in some principle or formula of unity that we think we have found out, the whole vast and complicated plan of the Divine administration. It is more in accordance with the humility of true science,—as well as with the humility which does not seek to be wise above what is written,—to accept the facts of conscience and the statements of revelation on the particular subject in hand,—the transgression of the moral law,—in their plain meaning, instead of aiming at so wide a generalization. And if we do, we shall stand on surer ground. We receive the combined testimony of both as to the demerit of sin, the reality of judgment, the necessity of satisfaction. And we adore the righteousness and love of the mysterious propitiatory sacrifice of the cross.*

Such, then, is law, as acknowledged by conscience and the Bible; the law to which both do homage.

The homage which conscience does to it is the recognition of its legitimate authority. That faculty or principle of our moral nature asserts a right of supremacy over all the

* I refer here with regret to a recent work by the author of the Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation."

particular affections, whether of self-love or of social love, by which men are moved to action. It has paramount authority within the domain of voluntary choice. It is, however, a delegated authority, and it is felt to be so. In fact, its own authority lies in its apprehension of the authority of law. To assert and vindicate the authority of law is its proper function. It is only in so far as it is competent to the discharge of that function, that its own title to command is valid. Can, then, its competency be relied on?

To interpret and apply the law is an office requiring information. The bearing of the law on any particular case can be rightly determined only when the information respecting that case is exact and full. It is not the province of conscience to collect information. It calls for information. It imposes the duty of inquiry. But the conduct of the inquiry is devolved on the ordinary powers of the understanding. These are liable to err through their own infirmity, or the absence of the means of knowledge. They may represent the case otherwise than it really is. The obligation of the law of right and wrong may, in consequence, be asserted erroneously. But, strictly speaking, that is not the fault of conscience.

Again, if the power whose function it is to vindicate the law is to discharge that function well, it must rule *de facto*, in fact, as well as *de jure*, in right. A usurper, displacing it from its seat of authority, may succeed in silencing it; or he may impose upon it by false representations; or he may subject it to a torture that makes it incapable of true discernment. Such a usurper is the will: the masterful will: backed by his accomplice, habit. No faculty or affection in us, except the will, can set aside conscience. But the will can do it. And it can do it so perseveringly, and so violently; it can so imprison conscience in its own den; and so bandage the eyes through which conscience sees; that law, the law of right and wrong, shall be

asserted very fitfully and very feebly, and shall soon cease to be asserted at all. But neither is this, strictly speaking, the fault of conscience.

Still, in so far as the understanding is fallible, and the will powerful, the competency, or at least the sufficiency of conscience, as the vindicator and asserter of law, is indirectly, if not directly, affected. And if the understanding is darkened, and the will debauched, by sin, the risk of fraud or force interfering with its fair and free discharge of that function is immensely increased. Nevertheless, the conscience is, on the whole, intact. The corruption of our nature has not, directly at least, vitiated the conscience. If it had, our guilt would have been less, and our recovery would have been impossible. For it is through the conscience alone that a fallen, but yet free, intelligence can be reached It is to the conscience that the violated law appeals. It is the conscience that accepts the sentence of condemnation. It is the conscience that pleads guilty of sin as the transgression of the law, and welcomes the assurance of a sufficient expiation,—an adequate satisfaction. Liberated from the aberrations of an understanding darkened by alienation from God, and from the excesses of a will at enmity with God—liberated from both of these extraneous influences,—the conscience rejoices in its recovered power, through owning allegiance to the law, to be the effectual as well as legitimate vindicator of its authority.

There is another manner in which the conscience may be set free—free to see, to know, to assert, the whole melancholy and appalling truth—when the guilty come to be dealt with, not in mercy, but in judgment; when they stand to receive their sentence at the bar of God,—and pass away to endure it,—compelled, in their own despite, to own the righteousness and majesty of law.

Such is the homage which conscience does to the law.

As to the Bible, not to speak of the glorious eulogies in either Testament which extol and celebrate the excellency of the law of the Lord, nor of the deep emotions of reverence and delight with which holy men meditate on its perfection; let the view which the Bible gives, throughout all its revelations, of the actual present government under which the human race is placed, be well considered. It is impossible to find consistency in the sacred records on any other supposition than this—that mankind are living on the earth under a respite. The analogy of religion, natural and revealed, can be fully brought out only upon that hypothesis. Men, here and now, are spirits in prison. The whole human family is under sentence of condemnation. The sentence is suspended. For the race, it is suspended till what Scripture calls the consummation of all things; for individual members of the race, it is suspended till the moment of death. It is, however, only suspended. And the condition on which it is suspended, the end for which it is suspended, and the ultimate issues of the experiment in regard to those who do and those who do not acquiesce in the condition of its suspension, and reach the end which the suspension is designed to serve,—are all submitted to the free choice of all. It is homage to law throughout.

On this subject it is relevant to quote, as summing up the argument, the closing paragraph of the "Examination of Maurice's Theological Essays," in which the controversy at issue between him and his examiner is reduced to a single question:—*

"That question, as it seems to me, concerns the nature of the government of God. Is it a government of law? Does God rule intelligent beings by a law? Certainly, I may be told. Who doubts it? The government of God

* See my "Examination of Mr. Maurice's Essays," p. 480. I peril the whole stress of my argument against the Essays on this one paragraph.

is a government of law,—of the law of love. But I must be allowed again to ask, In what sense is it a government of law? For the familiar use of the expression, 'laws of nature,' has introduced an ambiguity into this phrase. What is a government of law, a government by law? If I am absolutely dependent upon a being possessed of certain tastes, under the influence, let it be supposed, of a particular ruling passion,—if he and I are inseparably bound together so that I must make up my mind to receive all my good from him, and find all my good in him, such as he is; then, in his tastes, in his ruling passion, I have a law, conformity to which is the condition of my well-being. Obviously, however, this ruling passion in him is a law to me, in precisely the same sense in which any quality in matter is a law to me; in that sense and in no other. My intimate connexion with the material world makes conformity to the unchanging principles, according to which its movements proceed, a condition of my well-being as a creature endowed with a physical nature. My intimate connexion with the being or person with whom I am living, and am always to live, makes conformity to the unchanging principles, or habit, or ruling passion according to which he uniformly feels and acts, the condition of my well-being, as a being endowed with the capacity of feeling and acting as he does. Let his ruling passion be pure charity or love. Then, in one sense, there is a law of love brought into contact with my will. The law of love is unbending, and it has in it an element of wrath against the unlovely. My will is perverse, apt to incline towards subjection to a usurping tyrant or an intruding tempter, capable of almost infinite resistance. But the law of love works steadily on; it unfolds and reveals itself, it embodies itself in action, it is manifested wonderfully in a redeeming and regenerating

economy, and, ultimately, one cannot see how it can fail to bring my will, and every reasonable will, into accordance with itself. For anything I can perceive, government by law, in any other sense than this, is not recognized at all in the theology of these Essays. It is needless to add, that the whole theology of those who are commonly considered orthodox and evangelical divines, is based upon an entirely different conception both of government and of law. According to them, it is an administrative government that God exercises,—a government embracing in it legislation, judicial procedure, calling to account, awarding sentences; it is an authoritative law, with distinct sanctions annexed to it, that God promulgates and enforces. This is what they understand when they speak of God being a moral Ruler as well as a holy and loving Father. They cannot rid themselves of the impression, that both Scripture and conscience attest the reality of such a government and such a law. It is under that impression that they draw out from Scripture, to meet the anguish of conscience, those views of the guilt of sin and its complete expiation, the corruption of nature and its thorough renovation,—those views of pardon, peace, reconciliation, reward, which they delight to urge upon all men in the name of Him who "hath no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked should turn unto Him and live." And it is under the same impression that they think they find, in the essential freedom of the will of man as a responsible agent, an explanation, on the one hand, of the possibility of evil entering into the universe under the rule of a good and holy God; and on the other hand also, a probable explanation of the impossibility of there being any provision of mercy brought within the reach of men, which does not imply a provision also for the case of that mercy being neglected or refused.

II. Conscience and the Bible approve virtue as they acknowledge law. What is this virtue? And what is the approbation with which not only man, but God, regards it?

The first of these questions it is not very important, either for philosophical or for practical purposes, to answer. What is virtue? Is there any common quality that characterizes and identifies all the actions or dispositions that are called virtues? Yes, one may say;—they are all useful; useful to the individual: useful to society. Utility is the test of virtue. It may be so. Perhaps this is the simplest and most obvious common quality that can be named. The habits and frames of mind that win approbation are such as are useful. What then? Is it for their utility that they are approved? The instinct of mankind says, No. As supplying an argument from final causes for the goodness of God, the fact that the things which we approve as virtuous are found invariably, on the whole, to be useful, may deserve notice. That is not, however, the element which constitutes their virtue. Nor is much gained when we add the element of intention or choice, and resolve all virtue into a desire to be useful, or into benevolence, or good-will, or any other single affection. The truth is, the affections which we approve as virtuous vary indefinitely in their nature, and in the circumstances in which they are exercised. No attempt to run them up into one common attribute has succeeded. To discriminate, describe and classify them is all that can be done. That is the province of practical ethics.

The second inquiry, into the nature of the approbation with which virtue is regarded, or into the state of mind which it occasions in one contemplating it, is more interesting. Here, too, an extreme passion for simplicity is to be deprecated. What we call approbation, is a complex state of mind. It is not easy to give in short compass an exhaustive analysis of it. But if allowance be made for

what perhaps may appear fanciful to some, I think the harmony of conscience and the Bible on this subject may be placed in a somewhat striking and graphic light.

Take one of those states of mind which are admitted to possess a moral character, whether good or bad, and trace it in its effects upon the moral observer.

In the first place, the mere conception of it—the bare, naked apprehension of it in the mind—gives rise, instantaneously, to a double movement in the department with which it first comes in contact. That department comprehends the power or faculty of distinguishing what is true from what is false, as well as what is fair and beautiful from what is the reverse. These two functions, the judgment and the taste—the discernment of truth and the sense of beauty—are intimately connected, if, indeed, they are not all but identical. They are both of them immediate and instantaneous in their action, and they are mutually the handmaids of each other. A mathematical proposition or demonstration seen to be true, is felt also to be beautiful. It appeals to the taste, as well as to the judgment; and in proportion as it satisfies and convinces the judgment, it pleases and gratifies the taste. We speak of a beautiful theorem, and it is the sense of beauty, no less than the perception of truth, which, when the difficulty of the search is overcome, and the discovery successfully made, prompts the exclamation of delight, I have found it! I have found it! On the other hand, in the peculiar field of taste, if any object awaken the sense of beauty, it will be found, at the same time, to command the acquiescence of the judgment in it, as in what is true. When the eye rests on a fair form, or a beauteous scene, not only is it agreeable and soothing to the taste, but the judgment also approves of it as consistent with the truth of things. When I am admiring a picture, or statue, or landscape, I am con-

scious of a calm conviction of reality, similar to what I experience when I assent to an abstract demonstration, just as, in return, when I perceive the conclusive certainty of an abstract demonstration, I feel a gratification of taste, precisely such as the visible comeliness of nature calls forth. Nor is this connexion between the judgment and the taste altogether unaccountable. They are both simple acts or operations of the mind; and what is common to both, is the apprehension of contrariety and disunion removed, and consistency, compactness, or, in a word, unity, established or restored. In morals, this blending of the judgment and the taste is very discernible. Let an evil action, or an evil state of mind, be contemplated, and there is an uneasy apprehension of its opposition to truth, along with a painful and oppressive sense of its deformity and unloveliness. The judgment finds the true relations of things divided and dissevered, and the taste recoils from the dislocation. Let the opposite virtue be observed, and the faculty of comparison discerns agreement, coherence, union, in the fitness of things as now adjusted, while the sense of beauty rests and reposes in the harmony.

But there is a second and inner chamber into which these actions or states of mind, apprehended, in the first, as either true and beautiful, or false and foul, must now pass; and that chamber is the seat of the emotions. The transition here is from the head to the heart—from the mind, sitting in judgment at the gate, and looking out with quick eye for all that is grand or fair, to the bosom in whose depths the springs of feeling lie. Through the judgment and the taste, moral actions or states of mind reach and set in motion the affections; and, as in the department of simple apprehension, the outer hall of the soul, there is a double exercise of vigilance, and, as it were, a double scrutiny of all comers; so, in their reception within, there is a double

movement or excitement among the dwellers there. The affections are doubly stirred. Are both the watchers satisfied? Do both of them concur in warranting the intrant? Does the judgment attest his truth, and the taste relish his beauty? Then, as he enters in, the emotion of reverence or awe rises to bow before him; the affection of love opens her arms to embrace him. Thus the moral action or state of mind which, in the seat of the intellect, carries conviction of truth to the judgment, awakens, in the region of the affections, the feeling of profound veneration; while, again, in so far as it approves itself as beautiful to the taste, it calls forth complacency and love. For, as truth is venerable, so beauty is amiable. What is true is to be revered; what is fair is to be loved.

There is still, however, a third apartment in which these objects of our moral cognizance and observation — these moral actions or states of mind—undergo yet another process. Behind, and farther in than the region of the affections, lies the secret closet of the soul, the seat of self-inspection and self-judgment. From the mind or head, with its twofold faculty of judgment and taste—the discernment of truth and the sense of beauty—through the heart, deeply stirred with the emotion of reverence and the affection of love — there is a passage to the conscience, where the final act in this sifting trial is performed. And here, again, there is a double function, corresponding to the double functions of the other departments. In that sanctuary, that inner court of last resort, these states of mind come to have final sentence passed upon them, and the sentence has respect to the discernment which the judgment has of what is true, and the apprehension which the sensibility has of what is fair. Truth, compelling conviction, and commanding reverence, asks a verdict of acquittal or acceptance, and will have nothing more. Beauty, again, gratifying the taste, and win-

ning the affection of love, solicits a warmer welcome, and would wish to receive approbation and applause. In the one view, there is a demand to be justified; in the other, there is a desire to be praised and to be embraced.

It may be some recommendation of this analysis, or induction, that it combines different theories, and comprehends various principles of our moral nature which the framers of moral systems have been accustomed to isolate. Thus, the accordance with truth, or the fitness of things, which some have made the foundation of moral judgment (*Clarke*, *Cudworth*, &c.), and the moral sense or instinct to which others have appealed (*Hutcheson*, &c.), unite and conspire in the first act of simple apprehension, by which the mind takes in the conception of a moral action or a moral quality as right and good. Nor is moral rectitude and goodness, on this scheme, a matter of reason exclusively, or a matter of instinct or taste. The affections have a large share in the work of identifying virtue, and giving it life and warmth. (*Sir James Mackintosh*). The emotion of reverence, and the sentiment of love, dealing with what has passed the calm scrutiny of the judgment and the taste, touch the deep springs of holy awe and worship in the soul, and open the fountains of its tears and gladness. Nor does the trial end here. The judge, whose verdict is final, sits within. The moral action, or moral quality, under review, must enter within the vail—into the very shrine—the holiest of all in this living temple—where, on the throne, is the great arbiter, entitled, authoritatively, to justify what is true (*Butler*), and at the same time, ready, with lively sympathy, to commend what is fair (*Adam Smith*). The award of this ruler of the soul, which is the power or principle of conscience, is conclusive. It determines what is just and righteous, and bestows the meed of commendation on what is excellent and worthy.

But the scheme, as it would seem, has a still higher value. It is in fine accordance with the moral system of the New Testament. For it is no rude or unskilful artist, but a master-hand that has constructed the noble climax, in the Epistle to the Philippians (chap. iv. 8, 9): "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest," (*honesta*, σεμνα, *venerable*,) "whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure," (*ἁγνα, chaste, fair, clean, undefiled, and holy;*) "whatsoever things are lovely," (προσφιλη, *amiable, loveable;*) "whatsoever things are of good report," (ἐυφημα, *commendable, such as to move sympathy, approval, applause;*) "if there be any virtue," (ἀρετη, *power, stability, firmness;*) "if there be any praise," (ἐπαίνος, *what solicits and excites commendation;*)—"think on these things." There is something more here than a casual enumeration of moral motives. The Apostle was too much a master both of ethics and of rhetoric to heap up such materials miscellaneously and at random. There is symmetry in the structure; there is method and system in his fervid appeal. He traces and marks out the double line of approach or entrance, along which actions or qualities admitted at the door of the mind, are conducted, through the heart, to the conscience. For there are two sets of connected posts of observation in this sketch — two distinct series of successive mental acts. The six names read over in this muster, or roll-call, fall into two ranks; and each of these, at its termination, is represented by a single leader, as in the following tabular view:—

"Whatsoever things are true,"	"Whatsoever things are pure," (*fair,*)
" "honest," (*venerable,*)	" " "lovely," (*amiable,*
" " "just,"	" " "of good report,"
"if there be any virtue."	"if there be any praise."

Thus, of these epithets, the first three—what is true, what is venerable, what is just—rank as a column under the one

head—virtue; the remaining three—what is pure or fair, what is lovely, or amiable, what is of good report—are marshalled in the line of praise.

Or, to change the application of the figure, let us trace the subject of our scrutiny—the particular action or quality, whose moral character is to be ascertained—from post to post, in the citadel of our moral nature. At the gate it is challenged by the faculties of simple apprehension, the judgment and the taste, the sense of natural agreement, or fitness, and the sense of beauty;—is there in it anything true?—is there in it anything pure? Let it enter. Farther on, it has to encounter the emotions or affections, and they have to deal with it; the capacities of reverence and of love must be satisfied;—is there anything honest—venerable? is there anything lovely—amiable? Let it pass;—the soul standing in awe of its majesty, and rapt in the love of its gentler grace. But once more it is arrested. One having authority, but at the same time full of sympathy, calls it to account;—is there anything just—right, righteous, coming up to the high standard of strict duty? is there anything of good report—worthy, commendable, meet for being warmly honoured and approved? If there be any virtue, any inherent strength of conscious rectitude—if there be any praise, any moral beauty meet to be applauded—then, by all that is true, venerable, and right, in the stern integrity and firm standing of that virtue, and by all that is pure, amiable, and worthy, in the fair and soft charms of that praise, and in its warm yearning for sympathy—let us be adjured, let us be persuaded, to give earnest heed, and full practical effect, to that Gospel, whose highest aim it is to restore and readjust the whole moral nature of man, so that truth and righteousness, grace and love, may once more meet and embrace each other, in the holy home of a reconciled and renovated soul.

Were farther illustration needed of this complex system, it might be found in the discrimination, so exquisitely true to nature, which the same Apostle makes between two different kinds of character to be observed among men. Magnifying the divine benevolence, as manifested in the death of Christ, he puts it as an all but impossible supposition that "a righteous man" should find a friend prepared to lay down his life for him. He allows it to be more conceivable that "a good man" might win affection thus devoted and self-sacrificing. And he places in strong contrast that love of God, whose miserable objects had neither "righteousness" nor "goodness" to recommend them, but only sin. (Romans v. 7, 8.)

"A righteous man" is such a one as the poet describes, "just and firm of purpose," one who is moved by neither fear nor favour from his solid mind. Regulus, calmly turning away from his weeping family and the awe-struck Senate, to redeem his pledge to the Carthaginian enemy, and meet the death prepared for him, with its worse than Indian refinement of cruelty—Hampden defying unjust power—Latimer cheering brother Ridley at the stake—Knox before Queen Mary and Melville before King James, maintaining allegiance to a Heavenly Master against both the tears and the frowns of royalty—rise as examples before the mind. In each there is a stern integrity—which we apprehend to be "true"—which we feel to be "venerable" which compels us to recognize it as inexorably and inflexibly "just"—presenting, on the whole, a spectacle of moral courage and stedfast "virtue," almost beyond the reach of our commendation or compassion, such as rather inspires a sort of deep and silent awe. We scarcely presume to praise or pity—we stand apart and reverently look on. But let a touch of tenderness mingle in the scene—let it be the Roman matron presenting to her trembling husband the

dagger plucked from her own bosom—"it is not painful, Pætus"—or Lady Jane Grey bidding adieu to her lord, as he passed on to the scaffold, to which she was soon to follow him—or Lady Russell, pen in hand, gazing on the noble features she had loved—or Brown of Priesthill's widow meeting the rude taunt of the persecutor as he interrupted her in her melancholy task—"What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?—I thought ever much of him, and now as much as ever"—or, coming down from the heroic to ordinary life, let it be a character marked rather by gentle manners and kind affections than by strength of nerves, that is exhibited to us;—and our moral taste is charmed with its "pure" beauty—our heart is warmed with "love" towards it—we speak of it as not only unimpeachably correct, but positively "worthy"—and we award to it the meed of our cordial sympathy and "praise." The combination of the two kinds of character, as in some of the instances referred to, is the consummation of moral excellence. To be true, yet, at the same time, not stern or severe, but fair, pure, graceful—to be both venerable and amiable, calling forth in equal measure, the emotion of reverence and the affection of love—to stand before the tribunal of conscience and receive, not only the cold verdict which strict justice, caring for nothing more, extorts, *I find no fault*, but that also, which a softer sensibility asks, *well done*—in short, to be both great and good—such is the idea of a perfect man. Such was He who was not only "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners," but also "meek and lowly in heart"—"full both of grace and of truth." Such His Gospel is intended and fitted to make all those who, following, at a humble distance, His example, and changed, by His Spirit, into His image, unite with the "faithfulness unto death" which challenges "the crown of life," "the ornament of a

meek and quiet spirit," which not only is of good report and praiseworthy among men, but, "in the sight of God himself, is of great price."

III. Conscience and the Bible thus agreeing, on the one hand, in the acknowledgment of law, and on the other hand, in the approbation of virtue, are of necessity closely related to one another. Their mutual relations form the third subject of inquiry; on which a slight indication of the heads or topics must now suffice.

1. In the first place, they are to be recognized as distinct from one another, and independent of one another. It may be true, and probably is true, in point of fact, that God never has left us to discover our duty by the dictation of conscience alone, as he has never left us to arrive at the knowledge of his own being and perfections by the discoveries of reason alone. From the beginning God revealed himself and his will, by means of words, to men. He spoke to them of his own character, purposes, and plans. He placed them under an explicit and formal obligation of obedience to an explicit and formal commandment. That, however, does not impeach either the competency of reason to prove the truths of natural religion, or the competency of conscience to establish the principles of natural morality. It is of the utmost consequence, for the interests of revelation itself, to vindicate the independent validity, both of natural theology, and of natural ethics; to assert, not the sufficiency indeed, but the legitimacy, of the light of reason and the jurisdiction of conscience.

2. In the second place, Conscience, when once for all satisfied that the Bible is the word of God, bows in lowliest reverence before its paramount authority. She asks, and she has a right to ask, to be satisfied that the Bible is the word of God. She asks this humbly and with docility;

feeling how much she would be the better for the guidance of Him who sees the end from the beginning; who knows all things, and always judges right. She asks it calmly, dispassionately: calling in the help of manly reason to authenticate the voice of the Sovereign Ruler. But being satisfied, she gladly takes her place, beside her sister Faith, at the feet of Him who speaks from heaven; of Him who coming from heaven, speaks on earth, and speaks as one having authority. She receives the law at his lips. She learns of him what things are true, honest, just; what things are pure, lovely, of good report; what virtue is, and what is praise. And if in any difficult or doubtful instance, there occurs any apparent discrepancy between her conclusions and the clear intimations of his mind, she remembers how an erring understanding, and a wayward will, make her judgments at the best but probable;—fallible, even, when it is the conduct of man that is judged,—still more fallible when it is the conduct of God. And having confidence in the rectitude, truth, and love of the great Being to whom she owns allegiance,—for to none but a being possessed of these attributes would she, who approves them so warmly herself, yield any homage,—she is content to adore and to wait; the rather when she hears such words as these:—What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.

3. In the third place, conscience looks to the Bible for an explanation of much, in the present state of things, that she feels to be anomalous and inconsistent, or at least incomprehensible. In vain does she look elsewhere for even a tolerable guess upon the subject.

I cast my eye around the world, and long "for a lodge in some vast wilderness." It is not merely that my heart bleeds at the sight of suffering; my bosom swells under the sense of wrong. In the abodes of squalid misery, in

the very haunts of reckless crime, what cases innumerable meet my view, not only of injustice at the hand of man, but it would even seem, of most unequal treatment at the hand of God! That shivering victim of another's lust; yonder little one, bred in filth and profligacy from the cradle; the children of Africa, crushed into brutal apathy, or lashed into brutal madness; those sons and daughters of our own happier clime, that, by the force of circumstances, amid the cankering, festering sores of our social state, become well nigh as degraded as they. Why are they what they are? What makes them what they are? What chance had they of ever being otherwise? How can these things be; and yet this goodly world be justly governed? Alas! it is little wonder if a sullen fatalism, or an angry Atheism, begotten of sad despair, and a vehement resentment of oppression, reign among the outcasts, whom neither earth nor heaven seems to pity! No wonder, if looking on, conscience stands aghast, and feels as if she had no plea to urge in justification of God, nor any word in season to speak to weary man! In vain you tell her of general laws of righteousness and love, which, through inevitable evil, are slowly and painfully working out the highest good. Bid her go with that solution of the mystery into the streets, and see what a scowl of leering contempt or exasperated rage darkens every brow. Let her take it into her own study, and ponder it there; the memory of one beggar boy, one thin and naked girl, the gaunt face of famished manhood, the sigh of a wasted frame, the sickening groan of a broken heart,—one such dismal memory will scatter speculations by the thousand to the winds. It is darkness all—darkness more than ever. Conscience cannot say it is well, it is good, it is right. But she opens her Bible. She learns there why the race of man is so miserable as it is; and she

learns there, also, why it is not more miserable still. Sin has entered into the world, and so also has salvation. Sin has entered; it has tainted deeply, it has doomed the entire human family, and every member of it. Hence these tears, these groans of creation. But salvation has entered too. Hence these tears and groans are not yet, bitter as they are, what otherwise they must have been; what elsewhere, if not in one only way met and relieved here, they must inevitably be; weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. Struck and startled; struck with the truth of a representation, which, bringing so vividly out the sentence, the respite, the remedy, the issue, really accounts at last for this condemned world's strange and sad state;—startled at the thought that, while the respite lasts, the remedy is available for every one, for any one, of its condemned inhabitants;—conscience, the open Bible still in hand, rises in haste from her study, from her knees, and rushes forth on the trembling wings of fear and love, to speak of judgment and of mercy to whatever child of Adam she can reach;—to speak affectionately, for the case is worse than had been thought; to speak wisely, for there is need of delicacy; yet to speak earnestly, for the crisis is urgent; to speak promptly and at once, for the time is short.

4. Once more, in the fourth and last place, conscience finds in the Bible the solution of a problem which vexes her not a little; the reconciliation of law and liberty. How may virtue or moral goodness possess that element of freedom, of voluntary and spontaneous choice, which would seem to be essential, if it is to be approved as venerable and lovely,—and yet retain its original and inherent character of obedience to law? There is difficulty in answering the question; and, apart from the Bible, the difficulty may be pronounced insuperable. The idea of law, and the supremacy

of law, however it may be acknowledged by conscience, is irksome to the will. That masterful power is impatient of subjection to another, and inclined to boast of what it will do if left to itself. If it is to choose the good and reject the evil, it must be of its own accord. To expect that it is to do so upon compulsion and by command, for whatever reward or hire, and yet feel itself to be acting freely, is as unreasonable as it would be to imagine that bribes and blows can give a sense of liberty to the slave, as he drudges doggedly at his master's task. This attitude of the will, conscience is at a loss to meet. She owns herself perplexed and at fault. She cannot tame the proud spirit, or win its consent to be under authority. Not till she goes to the Bible, and there discovers the charm.

And the charm lies mainly in the opening up of the heart of God, whose holy nature the law expresses, whose just right of sovereignty the law asserts.

That great heart of the Eternal Father is opened up in his Son. God is light. God is love. That law which conscience binds me to acknowledge, the everlasting God acknowledges too. It is the law of his will; and he will himself see to it, that it shall become the law of my will also.

Yes; he will himself see to it. For this end, he rights my position, my standing, in his Son, and renovates my nature by his Spirit. The removal of the sentence of condemnation, the passing of an opposite sentence in my favour,—a sentence of acquittal, acceptance, justification,—all in terms of the law, perfectly fulfilled, adequately satisfied; this amazing harmony of law and love in the Father's manner of dealing with me, as represented by his Son, disarms me. My criminal grudge against law, my servile jealousy of law, cannot stand out against treatment like

that. My whole soul undergoes a change. The law is in my heart, as it is in the heart of God. It is no more a yoke of bondage to me than it is a yoke of bondage to him. Spontaneously, through his own Spirit moving me,—more and more spontaneously as my heart learns more and more to beat in unison with his heart,—I do the things that are true, honest, just; pure, lovely, of good report; virtuous, praiseworthy. And I do them in obedience to Him whose service is perfect freedom, whose law is the law of liberty.

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